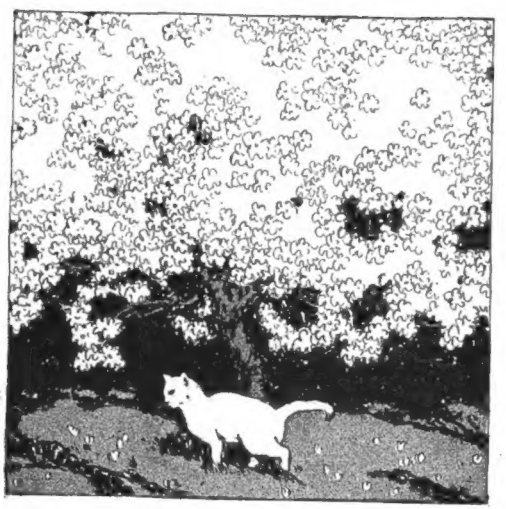

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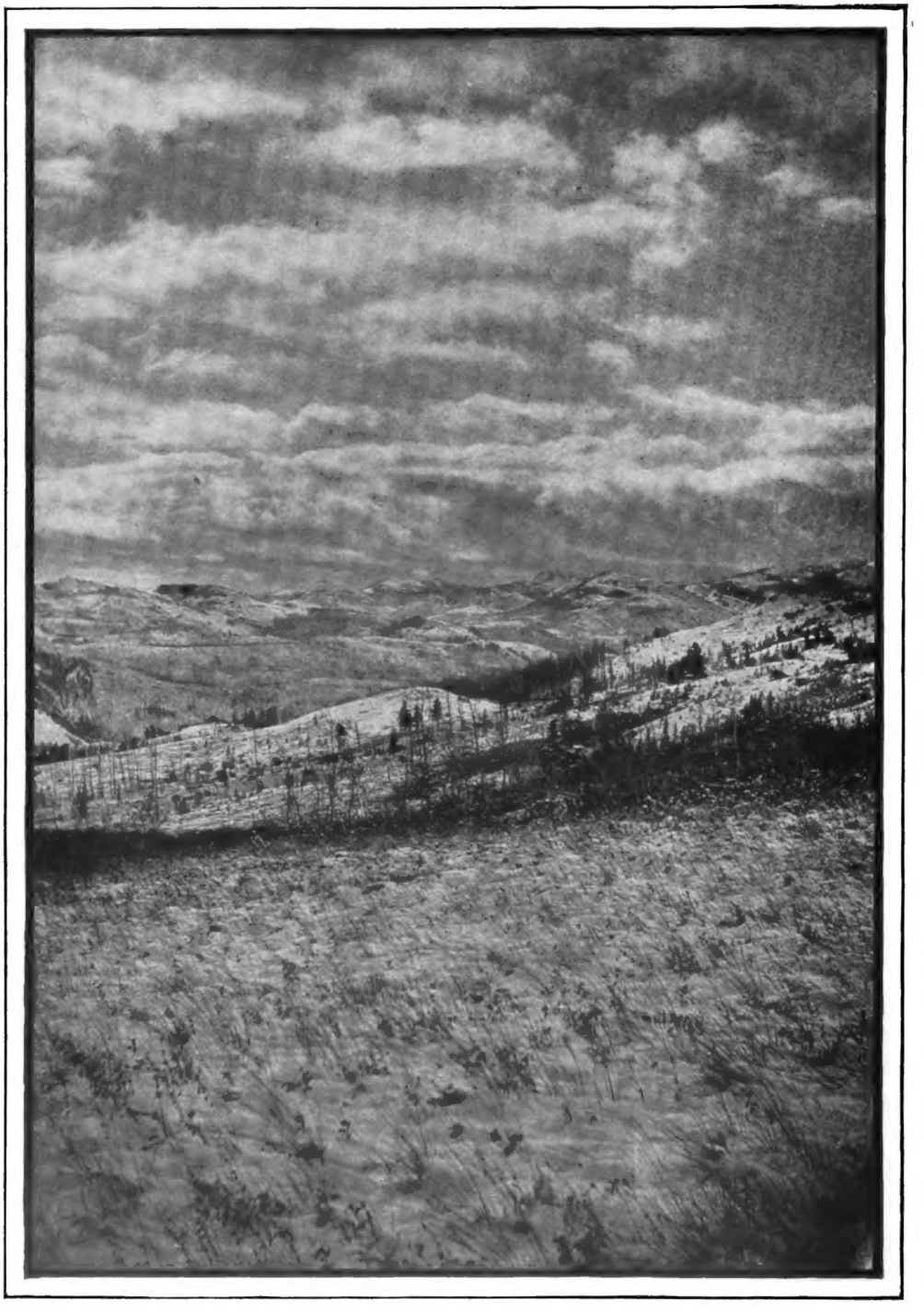

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS AFTER-PICTURE, DESOLATE, WRETCHED, HORRIBLE?

—The Slaughter of the Trees.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME XVIII MAY 1908 NVMBER 5

The Slaughter of the Trees

By EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "The Story of the Cowboy," "The Mississippi Bubble," etc.

In fifty years we shall have whole States as bare as China. The Appalachians will be stripped to bedrock. The Rockies will send down vast floods, which cannot be controlled. The Canadian forests north of the Great Lakes will be swept away. Our Middle West will be bare. The Yazoo Delta will be ripped apart, because no levee will be able to stand the floods of those days. We shall be living in crowded concrete houses, and at double the rent we now pay. We shall make vehicles of steel, use no wood on our farms. We shall pay ten cents for a newspaper, fifty cents for a magazine, as much for a lead-pencil. Cotton will be immensely higher. Beef will be the privilege of the few. Clothing will cost twice what it costs to-day. Like Chinamen, our children will rake the soil for fuel or forage or food. We shall shiver in a cold, and burn in a heat, never before felt in this temperate zone, meant by God as a comfortable growing place for splendid human beings—unless we wake up.

MY friend, yesterday a man took the meat from your table. To-day a man burned down your house. Do you care?

My brother, yesterday this was America, a rich and beautiful land. To-day much of it is a waste and a wilderness. Is that anything to you and me?

My brother, in ten years a man is going to force you to rent a house of him and to pay double what you do now. In twenty years very few of us will be able to afford even rented houses. In thirty years America will no longer be able to build houses of wood—unless you shall meantime remember that you own America, you who found it, fought for it, and who ought to have a pride in it, if only for the sake of what it might have been. Does this cause you any personal concern?

My friend, before a certain great revolution the peasants, who could not own timber of their own, gleaned firewood in the forests of nobles who swept their backs with the lash of insolence. In England men once prized the scant right to reap with peasant's bill-hook or shepherd's crook as high as they could reach among the dead branches of the trees. Soon you will perhaps fight among your kind and kin for the right to glean in another man's forest by hook or crook—you, who but now owned the widest and richest forests in the world. Do you care?

In Europe one may not fell a tree without paying, without asking. As Americans, we laugh at such restrictions. We are fools. Do you care? We call this the land of the free. It is not such now. We boasted of our land of opportunity open to all the world, but opportunity has been taken from the average man. Do you object?

Do you think such statements as these sensational, brutal, coarse? My brother, what pen shall be so bitter and abominable as shall make you writhe and say, "This is not true," and then make you look around and find that it all is true, and more is true?

When we first owned this country, one half of its total area was covered with the grandest

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forests that ever grew in any portion of the world, the richest, the most useful, the most valuable for the building of a civilization. Yes, we had trees. We had forests that set the first writers who saw this country wild with admiration men who came here from reforested Europe. They were all ours. Now they are gone. Are they reared in lasting structures of a great civilization? No, at least one half of them are ashes or rotted mold. Half of what we have left to-day also will be ashes or rotted mold. They will never rest in the beams and walls of abiding homes.

Our very classification shows how sweeping has been the devastation. We now classify as "pine" all sorts of pine—Norway pine, Jack pine, pitch pine—although we know that true white pine, once the only wood dignified with the name, is, as a great lumber tree, practically an extinct species. As to the hardwoods, twenty years ago we used only oak, walnut, hickory, cherry, maple, birch; now we add cottonwood, beech, sycamore, all sorts of gum trees, anything that will saw into a board. The desolation in the hardwood

YOUNG LODGE-POLE PINE AND ENGELMANN SPRUCE AMONG THE DEAD TIMBERS OF AN OLD BURN.

Had we gone on across this continent and left the remnants of our standing woods, we still should have abundance; but we have gone back a second and a third time, gleaning more exactly each little bit of wood, until we have reaped our forests as sheep reap the grass lands, leaving nothing behind to grow. We have used ever-increasing appliances for speed and thoroughness, to supply an ever-increasing demand, at an ever-increasing price. We are converging in ever-increasing numbers, with an ever-increasing zeal, upon what is left; and in our haste to get it all, we are permitting an ever-increasing waste and ruin of the original supply.

forests of the South is as unspeakable as in the pine forests of the North. Stave-makers, tie-cutters, vehicle and machinery makers, have ripped open the hardwood regions of Tennessee, Mississippi, and Arkansas, until the end is as close there as it is in the vaster pine woods.

On the Pacific coast we used not long ago only the finest of redwood, gradually then the Douglas fir or spruce. Now we cut in the West hemlock, cedar, lodge-pole pine, anything that will hold a saw blade. For a long time we thought these great Western stores

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exhaustless, just as not long ago we thought the forests of Michigan and Wisconsin exhaustless, where now remains in great part only a horrible wilderness.

All the time poorer species and grades of timber are employed, all over America, East and West. All the time the "estimates" of our remaining timber increase. But all the time the standing trees themselves decrease; all the time the fires rage; all the time the waste goes on, immense logs, the butts of giant trees, being left in the woods to rot because it does not pay to get them out of the woods "at the present price of lumber." All the time the loss to the people of America goes on, and the price to the people of America goes up. And all the time the people of America either do not know or do not care.

INCLINE UPON WHICH LOGS ARE CARRIED BY WIRE CABLE OVER A HIGH RIDGE.

We ought to care, and if we knew the facts no doubt we should care. What, then, are some of the facts? Plenty of facts, and very obvious ones, lie at hand for any one interested in any sort of building or manufacture requiring the use of lumber. What was $8 or $10 rough lumber, is now worth $25 to $30 a thousand. Ordinary clear building and finishing lumber costs from $30 to $125 a thousand. The price of all lumber has in five years risen over fifty per cent. We use lumber now that twenty years ago would have been rejected with scorn by any builder. Yet prices are going up, and still up; and the lumbermen wish these prices "protected," and ask that the Sherman law be revoked. In spite of these facts, the professional optimist in lumber attempts to soothe us with the assurance that there is plenty of timber "farther west"; that it will last "indefinitely" at the "present rate."

But the lumberman bases all his timber estimates on the *present* rate of cutting and on the *present* rate of demand. True, no one can prophesy or estimate the *accelerated*, the cumulative demand of the future. Decade after decade of our past has shown us that we could not dream big enough to cover the actual figures of this demand. Yet this unestimated factor is the element of danger for the future.

The lumberman does not figure on the million or more of immigrants we take in each year to house, not to mention an occasional American native born. *Worst and most absurd of all, he figures on the timber supply*

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newspaper needs twenty acres of pulp wood to make the paper for one edition. The Chicago *Tribune*, a chance instance, uses 200,000 pounds of paper each Sunday, or 400,000 each week. Do your own multiplying. We used of domestic spruce alone for pulp wood in one year, 1,785,680 cords. The average stand of spruce pulp wood in the regions where it is cut is probably about ten cords per acre; so that of such spruce land we require at least 178,500 acres annually. A ton of paper takes about two cords of spruce in the making—to be exact, about 1,750 pounds of paper pulp.

We use other woods for pulp now, hemlock, balsam, pine, poplar; 3,661,176 cords was our total for 1906. We used in that year 2,327,-844 tons of pulp. Since each ton probably cost on the average two cords of some sort of wood, *not allowing anything for waste*, there were over four million cords cut somewhere, mostly in the United States; which means something like a million acres a year for pulp. Call it a half million for close measure. Do some figuring. If it costs twenty acres a Sunday, or forty acres a week, or 2,080 acres a year to print one daily newspaper, what does it cost in acreage to print all the newspapers in all the cities and towns of America? Add to this the enormous editions of our magazines. Add to this the paper used in books. The total staggers the imagination, and yet the amount of timber cut for pulp in the United States annually is less than five per cent. of what is cut for lumber.

It would seem that we cannot afford much longer to read. Neither shall we long be able to write. Last year we made more than 315,000,000 lead-pencils. A lead-pencil is not very large, but the total number of lead-pencils required 7,300,000 cubic feet of cedar. We have cedar enough to last us just twelve years.

More than 100,000 acres of timber, in the whole United States, are cut over every working-day. We use many times more timber per capita than any other nation.

We have left not over 450,000,000 acres bearing commercial timber. Cast up in your mind some of the small demands of industry noted above. Multiply this by three or four to represent the total, including all sorts of sawn lumber. Remember that you are dealing in terms of millions of acres. Divide 450,000,000 by your total number of millions of *known* demand. What is the result? Do you find it pleasant? Do you remain willing to listen to the charming of those who are either ignorant or hypocritical in their "estimates"?

All our standing timber is estimated to be somewhere between fourteen hundred and two thousand billion feet. If we use forty billions per annum, we can run thirty-five to fifty years at the present rate, provided we do not have any waste. If we use one hundred billions per annum, our timber will last fourteen to twenty years, on the same basis. If we use one hundred and fifty billions per annum in nine to thirteen years our timber will all be gone! Counting the natural growth under prevailing methods, we could add ten years to these terms; but that means if there is no waste in any private operations, and we cannot control the operations on private lands *under any laws we now have.*

As to the woods most used to-day, we may find out something. Yellow pine is now first, about one-third of the total cut. At the present rate it will hardly last fifteen years. The optimists of the lumber trade say twenty to twenty-five years. Douglas fir is next in amount used. At the "present rate" it would last seventy years. Is that any ground for hope? Not in the least. We are just beginning to get into this Douglas fir country with roads and mills. No one thinks there will be any of it left twenty-five years or, at the most, thirty years from now. Its history thus far offers a close parallel to that of the white pine, once thought exhaustless; but we must look at the Douglas fir in the light of future history plus improvements, plus increased facilities for transportation, plus speed, *plus an always increasing demand.*

And yet there are some men, among them many Western men, who execrate the idea of timber reserves as "un-American." There are a few men who condemn President Roosevelt for using the last three minutes of the last session of Congress in signing up for the American people 17,000,000 acres of new natural forests or reserves. It was his last chance to do so. Congress was about to pass a law taking the matter of reserves out of the President's hands. Note now, if you please, that this pinch for trees is in the hands of Congress; that is to say, of American politics. We have now about 165,000,000 acres in our national reserves. If we had three times that much, we should not have enough.

Now where did our timber come from in the first place? Who first owned our public land? Was it disposed of in large or in small lots? The thirteen original states owned a

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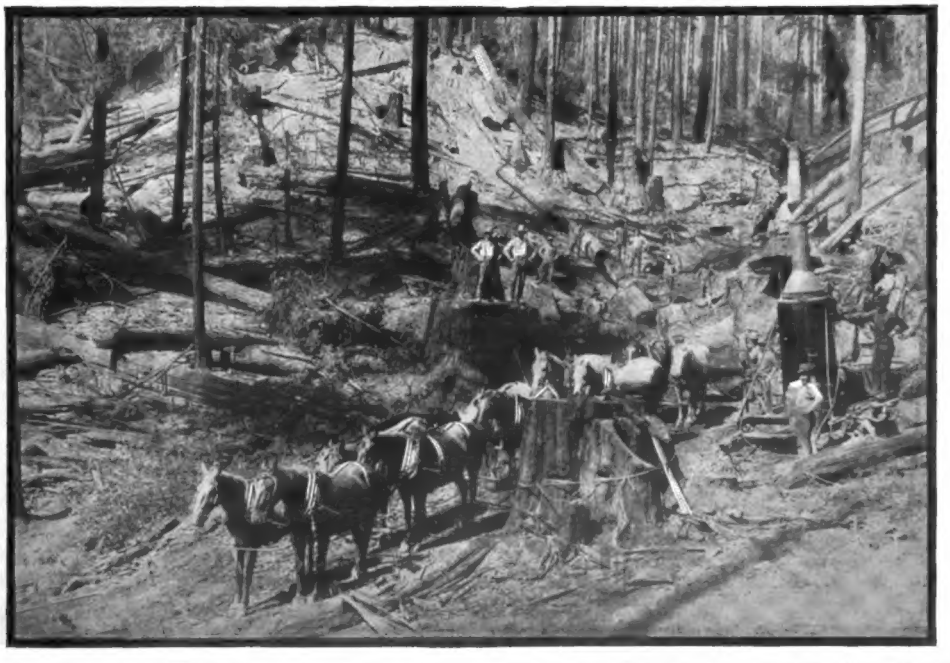
A LOGGED, BURNED, AND GRAZED SLOPE WITH LITTLE REPRODUCTION.



FELLED TIMBER AFTER BURNING AND PEELING AND BEFORE BEING SAWN.

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WHERE A GROUND FIRE BURNED AWAY DUFF AND KILLED BEECH, RED SPRUCE, AND BALSAM FIR-TREES WITHOUT HARMING THEIR STEMS.

great deal of it, and had great times over the question of final ownership, whether by state or by nation. One by one the early states ceded their "back lands" to the central Government for the later making of other states. Out of the public domain, which cost us on the average 6.36 cents per acre, we made many new states. But the public domain ran out into these states. We wanted to settle them, and so devised many laws for distributing these lands in severalty; homestead laws, stone and timber laws, etc. We issued quantities of scrip. We gave away unbelievably large tracts to railroads, to schools, to wagon roads, canals.

When our farm lands were gone, we encouraged homesteaders to move out into timber lands and starve good women to death there trying to farm. They retaliated by selling out to lumbermen. Stenographers, clerks, women, and children, after spending a summer on "timber and stone claims"—with their expenses paid by local lumber agents—bought in their claims at $2.50 an acre, with money advanced by the lumbermen, who perhaps added another $2.50 for profit to themselves. We invited perjury, encouraged theft; because we knew that lumbering is a matter of "big operations" and big tracts of timber. Thus, we sold stumpage at $2.50 per acre that was worth over $15, and much of it over $100, per acre. Under the Stone and Timber Act we lost $70,000 *every day*, and what we lost as a nation was gained by a few individuals. We sold from five to fifty thousand feet of white pine, such as cannot now be bought for any price, at $1.25 an acre, when each *tree* on it should have paid our National Government $1.25—to make our taxes that much less or perhaps our political stealings that much more. We invited our own corrupt fortunes. We prepared for our own American "unrest."

Whose bounden duty was the safeguarding of the national birthright? The Government's. Through whose remissness was it that our resources were grabbed and filched and sneaked and burglarized? Surely the men we placed in high office to take care of our Commonwealth. Shall you cry "Sinner" to the wolf that breaks into the careless farmer's sheepfold? For the condition that has us by the throat our natural protectors are most at fault. But upon the supine complacence with which all of us have viewed the dishonest commercialism of which timber-

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SHOWING MODERN METHODS OF FORESTRY, CONSERVATIVE LUMBERING, AND BRUSH PILED TO LESSEN FIRE RISK.

stealing is but one feature, must rest the real responsibility. Because a few prophets have cried aloud to heaven for vengeance, graft is to-day crime, and we are all denouncing wealthy malefactors. But yesterday these wealthy malefactors were our great men—the revered and respected citizens whose successful careers dignified our civilization! With our fatuous adulation of success, have we not encouraged these men in stealing the public domain? Fraudulent entry was only a polite evasion chartered and justified by high finance. Our shame is that we made them thieves and then fell down and worshiped them.

The record of this open thievery is but half told. Not only did we do these things, but for a whole generation we allowed any man who liked, to go out on a private tract of fraudulently estimated lands, which he had gotten by fraud, and then to cut what and where he pleased on public lands also, without any watching whatever. Most of our pine was stolen in the early days. Half of what was stolen was burned! That is our record.

But we were not content with this. In recent days we allowed any good lumberman to do as he liked with the pine of the Indian reservations—on lands sacredly pledged to the Indians by our solemn treaty, under the great seal of our Government. We made treaties with the Indians only to break them. We framed infamous "dead and down" timber laws, so that a lumberman might take a torch and smoke slightly the butt of any pine tree on an Indian reservation, and then go and cut it "legally." One Minnesota firm harvested $1,300,000 worth of pine for which it paid less than $200,000 stumpage.

We let timber lands go in vast tracts to operators who cut all around them fraudulently. In short, we gave away our public domain, and not being able to give it away fast enough, we allowed any one who liked to steal it, and to steal, moreover, from those to whom we had already given these lands, and whose title we were bound as a nation to protect! Was that enough? Not quite. We allowed the lumbermen to make their own figures as to prices and quantities of estimated pine on Indian reservations. Was that enough? Not quite. We allowed them to falsify even their own false estimates! Was not that enough? Not quite. We let them waste and destroy what they did not steal!

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The Chippewas fought because of this. We Americans have not the courage of Chippewas. We do not fight.

Any other people in the world would have waked up and fought such unspeakable depredation. The most daring operators did not even trouble to conceal their rapacity. The performances of the Shevlin-Carpenter Company in the Red Lake Indian Reservation country of Minnesota are a case in point. Swollen by his long-continued immunity, I once heard Tom Shevlin bully and threaten a score of Congressmen in a Minneapolis club where they were his guests. In effect, he said he would do as he pleased. A few enthusiasts were asking Congress to set aside the little Minnesota National Park at the head of the Mississippi River. For two years the Speaker of the House, then Mr. Henderson, was bluffed by the lumbermen of Minnesota, who threatened to cut down their campaign fund, and so for two years he refused to allow this park bill to come up in the House. Since then, it is comforting to state, the Government has reckoned with some of the more notorious Minnesota scandals.

It is too true that many of the large fortunes of the early lumber trade were founded on thefts of timber. A few colonized homesteaders gave the lumberman his start in a forest, and after that he cut where he liked. This simple plan of getting rich was followed all the way across to the Pacific coast. Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, was one of the few who got caught. But Assistant United States Attorney Francis J. Heney is catching more and more lumber thieves each year in the Northwest coast country. To denounce as thieves all men who own more than a section of timber land is to be grotesque. There may be clean hands in the lumber business. Many large holdings perhaps have been come by honestly enough. But that all great holders can have gained possession of millions of acres of trees without evasion of the plain law of the land, whether they themselves or their agents have been the tricksters, is impossible.

Perhaps the greatest of the lumber kings is Mr. Frederick Weyerhæuser, who is said to be as honest, personally, as any man, but whose agents in many cases were not. His career well exemplifies the larger ways of accumulation. A petty section or so, a few miles here and there, would not appeal to him to-day. Mr. Weyerhaeuser is said to be richer than Mr. Rockefeller. I saw a man once who said he had killed so many ducks that he couldn't pile them all in one pile. That is how rich Mr. Weyerhæuser is.

This greatest of the lumber kings is likewise the most reticent of them all. His hand is in all the big timber operations of the day, and no "trust" need exist beyond him alone; but his hand never shows. He is the inventor of the "minor holding" idea. He has interests in some fifty small corporations, which absolutely control the lumber fields of Wisconsin and Minnesota and also the best of the timber tracts of the Northwest coast, where the remaining wealth of our timber lies.

But the holdings of single individuals are small in comparison with the acquisitions—many of them won by wholesale depredation—of railroad corporations. A few years ago, for instance, certain railroads figured in a hundred-million-dollar grab—legal but shady. It was engineered as follows: the Government was asked to exchange a few million acres of the best forests of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Montana for an equal acreage of worthless lands. No other government but ours would have thought this a wise and desirable thing to do, but Uncle Sam is invariably susceptible to the bunco tactics of certain excellent gentlemen. In the session of Congress of 1897, well toward the close of the session, where it would attract little attention, there was put through Congress an act supposed to be in the interest of small holders of worthless lands that lay within the lines of the national forest reserves. The clause in consideration read as follows:

"That in cases in which a tract covered by an unperfected *bona-fide* claim or by a patent is included within the limits of a public forest reserve, the settler or owner thereof may, if he desires to do so, relinquish the tract to the Government, and in lieu thereof select a tract of vacant land open to settlement, not exceeding in area the tract covered by the claim or patent, and no charge shall be made in these cases for the making of the entry of record or issuing the patent to cover the tract selected."

It looks innocent, charitable, benevolent, does it not? This act was in force seven years. That was long enough for the completion of the handsomest piece of timber-grabbing ever known in the history of the world.

When forest reserves were established, about four million acres of worthless lands out of the enormous timber grants of the various Pacific railroads were included. These lands were worthless because they were above timber line or had been burned over. Immediately after the passage of the above "lieu selection" act, the railroads, in a simple, art-

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less way, proceeded to exchange these four million acres of worthless lands for an equal acreage in the vast unbroken tracts of the richest forests left on earth—the redwood, fir, pine, and spruce timber of the Pacific coast! These unbroken lands belonged to the United States, and were held for settlement by you and me. A quarter-section where the timber ran from 30,000 to 50,000 feet per acre would mean a fortune for a small fellow. But the big lumberman cannot deal in quarter-sections. The United States Government could not sell these lands in blocks. Hence this nice little act of 1897, which enabled the railroads to bring the two together!

For of course, as soon as poor old Uncle Sam had made this excellent trade, and given in fee to the railroads these solid blocks of splendid timber, along came the Weyerhaeuser and other syndicates and bought them from the railroads at about $6 an acre. The Northern Pacific sold one block of a million acres of these splendid timber lands at $6 an acre. Conditions have now made it worth over twenty million dollars, no one can pretend to say just how much. A section of this land cost less than $4,000. Mr. Weyerhaeuser sold one section for $76,000. It is not claimed that he had anything to do with the initial transaction; his acquisition of these lands from the railroads seems to have been an ordinary business deal. But unquestionably he was chief among those who profited.

Then there was the Klamath reservation deal, another fine trade of Uncle Sam's. Senator Fulton, of Oregon, engineered that. One hundred and eleven thousand acres of scattered sage-brush land, worth perhaps a dollar an acre, were traded for a solid tract of 87,000 acres in the choicest timber of the West, which is to-day worth over $2,000,000, at the lowest estimate. For acts so heinous as those that cost us this acreage of our public holdings, every public man concerned ought to be kicked out of office. Yet the title passed was a "legal" one.

Other forest owners trail along nicely after Weyerhaeuser. The Kirby Lumber Company of Texas has a million and a quarter acres of timber; and there are a lot of pikers who foot up a million acres or less—the Industrial Lumber Company of Texas, the Great Southern Lumber Company, the Crosette interests, etc., all through the Southern states. Then there are T. B. Walker, with several million acres; the C. A. Smith Lum-

EROSION GULLIES THAT HAVE RESULTED DIRECTLY FROM DEFORESTATION AND ONE GRAZING.

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ber Company, with a quarter million; and a few similar holdings in the North. In the worn-out South Peninsula of Michigan, certain interests still have a paltry hundred thousand acres or so, and in the North Peninsula the Isaac Stephenson interests run perhaps as much. So on through an extended list.

This then is what has become of our forests, which now are no longer ours.

Of all the pine now standing, only ten per cent. is open for public entry; ten per cent. for you and me—and it is far back from transportation, or so hemmed in by large holdings that it would not pay us now to locate it.

Did you ever see a pine forest—not the slashed-off mockeries of Maine or Michigan, but an actual primeval forest of waving pines? They stand tall and straight, these giant pines, pillars, columnar like the sheafed spears from which we get the old Ionic column. At the tops are Corinthian capitals of green and graceful boughs. Under these plumes, among these columns, lies a great soft carpet, beautiful in its splendid grays and browns, cushiony, sweet, silent, deep-piled, inviting. Dense undergrowth does not exist here. The aisles are sweet and spacious. There is a hush here, the calm of the centuries. You lean against the pillar of a tree, and you feel behind you the strength of the earth, the permanency of the hills. The body of liberty in all its vitality is at your back. You cannot grieve here, and you cannot despair. You are perhaps alone in the forest, and silent, but if any be with you, he, too, is silent, for the forests do not invite loud speech, more than any other cathedral. In this cathedral there is quiet, except that high up is an unceasing musical tree-whisper; and this filters down through the sidelong shadows where nothing noxious grows. Health, sanity, broadness, hope, liberty—I am sure you would say this is the message of such a forest.

And have you been where all this once was? Have you seen a lumbered country, matted with uptorn roots, ripped with scars where the flat hands of the pines had clutched as they fell? Have you seen the untold thousands of straight, giant, blackened stubs, maimed and useless, charred, broken, mourning against the sky? Have you seen the long, moss-covered trunks of fallen, half-burned trees, tangled over with thorny vines, covered with aspen thickets and jungle growth? Have you seen this after-picture, desolate, wretched, horrible?

Have you ever seen a forest fire? Perhaps you have seen one in the great pine woods of the West, say in the Rockies, or on the Pacific coast? It is a terrifying thing to witness. Once in a while some Hinckley disaster makes news bloody enough to print on the front page of a newspaper; but not enough of us really have seen a forest fire. See one yourself, at your peril, with its sweeping flames eating three centuries in three minutes. Feel the rasp of the smoke, the gusts of the heat, and note the veil of hanging smoke, miles and miles of it.

We have seen such pictures as pictures only, not reflecting on their consequence. They have moved us only to hunt a little farther over the range, only to journey into other forests not yet burned. Yet it was in these fires that you and I had our homes burned and through them that we had our rent raised.

II

WHAT will this country offer to our children when the trees are gone? Look at Persia, Assyria, the land of Canaan, China. They are wastes. China is the best instance of a land that never cared for forestry. She builds houses now of little poles, uses for fuel saplings, shrubs, herbage. Her children literally comb the hillsides for bits of roots and shrubs for fuel and fodder. The land is bared to the bone. It is a land of floods. Villages are swept away, hard-tilled fields ruined. Starvation always stalks in China. Irrigation is necessary, but since the springs are dry, water for irrigation must be raised in buckets from deep wells. Alternate floods and water famines follow the waste of forests—as the Pittsburg flood and others in our own country testify.

On the other hand, you may see what forestry has done for Europe. That continent has trees, although they have cost hundreds of years. In Germany he who cuts a tree plants one, and no cutting is done save with the consent of an expert. England holds as a pariah the man who sells his oaks. France plants trees in rows from seeds, as any other crop, and reaps the matured crop in strips. It is profitable to raise trees in a country where they sell twigs in fagots for fuel, sell the bark, sell each item of that forest product, as with passing years of civilization becomes most im-

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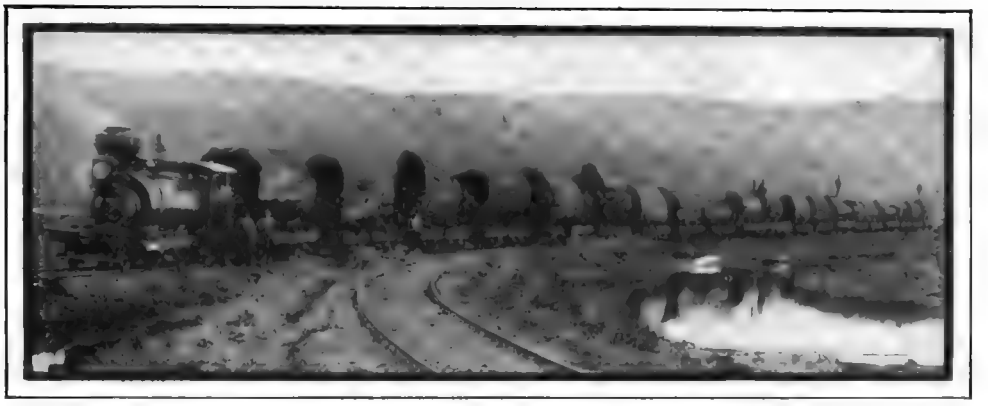

REDWOOD LOGS ON THE WAY FROM THE FOREST TO THE MILL.

peratively necessary. And Europe has proved that the states that spend the most in forestry get the greatest net returns on their money.

True, even here, thanks to Mr. Pinchot, our Government Forester, forestry is no longer considered a fad. The people are beginning to see that a forest can be put on a five per cent. basis; that it pays to cut trees in strips, and not damage young growth in doing so; that it pays to burn refuse with care; that it pays to cut matured trees and spare those not yet matured. This common-sense lumbering is now applied to all our national reserves. The Government has trees to sell. But! And again — But! The very simple truth faces us that this country cannot be saved by forestry, because *we have not sufficient land on which to employ forestry methods.*

How then can it be saved? Let us reason first from what we did not do. We had as good a chance as Canada in 1854 to know what a tree was worth; yet in that year Canada was levying crown dues that made two trees, sometimes one tree, pay her government as much as $1.50. We put a value of $1.25 an acre on our lands. Canada applied her tree money against her taxes. In this country we have preferred to raise millionaire lumbermen.

Suppose we had government dues of *twenty cents* a tree for the thousands of millions of trees cut in this country, and could collect that amount on the trees yet to be cut. We could pay national debts in cash and get the discount. In preference, we put a premium on successful dishonesty.

Last winter our Senate passed, for the second time, an act the aim of which was to make a forest reserve of the important watershed part of the Appalachian system. We wanted that forest reserve; we needed it. The states involved agreed to cede to the National Government the right to condemn and hold such lands as have come to them from the public domain, and the intention was that the National Government should buy the additional lands from the private holders. The bill started with an appropriation of $3,000,000, a small thing for a great and rich nation, although admittedly but the beginning in an undertaking so large. The future of all our vehicle and farm implement manufacturing in this country rested and *rests now* with the passage of that act by Congress. The tract would cover 17,500 square miles, would run about 350 miles in length, across Maryland, the Virginias and the Carolinas, Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama. Covering the ranges of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, its width would be from thirty-five to sixty-five miles. A White Mountain reserve of 812,000 acres was included in the same proposition. It was a splendid American enterprise and one sorely needed, no matter what the cost.

But the measure did not pass the House. It was held up by Speaker Cannon, because the Speaker said he was afraid of the grand total of expenditure. Yes, a splendid enterprise, one imperatively necessary to us to-day was blocked because "Uncle Joe" Cannon, Speaker of the House, seems not to have realized the tremendous needs of his own country. Anything further in forest reserves we must get through Congress. The House is half of Congress. Mr. Cannon is three-thirds of the House. This, let us observe, is America. In America, we may therefore sum up, forestry can go only so far as politics will permit.

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It is sometimes suggested that something could be done by the states, under their police powers, for the extension of good forestry methods into the private handling of these public utilities, the standing forests. Perhaps something might be done in this way; no one yet can tell. But certainly it would not be enough. We must enlarge our national holdings; which means that we must buy back large tracts, the "title" to which was bought from us for a song, or stolen from us with a grin. Suppose we should get absolutely crazy—or absolutely sane—and undertake to buy two million acres of land at $20 an acre. That would mean $5,000,000,000. Could we finance that with bonds bearing interest? Not yet. We have not yet been squeezed enough. We do not yet burn twigs and fagots.

And yet our salvation lies along precisely that line. The owning of larger national tracts, and the extension of national methods into private tracts—the regulation of private cutting and of private waste—certainly those two things cover the entire situation. *More forestry, and more national forests. That is the remedy. It is the only remedy!*

But, remember, there can be no remedy except such as you and I wish to apply. For the timber famine is a question that is strictly in politics to-day, and must be in politics from this time on. If I should say that the election of a Democratic Governor in Minnesota, by a plurality of 72,000 Republican votes, meant more than ten years of forestry for our trees—why, then I should be called vague, visionary, and obscure. But I do believe that. If I should say that President Roosevelt, in his breaking out of party tradition, and breaking into the clean old Americanism that does not confuse honest wealth with corrupt wealth, has done more for our trees than all our forestry work has done—why, then I should be called a rabid partizan, and a crank. But I do believe that, and am willing to remain standing until counted to that effect.

It is in clean politics that there lies the only hope for our trees. The problem is not solved. It will take able and honest public men a long time to solve it wisely. As for you and me, we can do our little toward solving it by voting straight across the lines of party tickets for the men that we know will be clean and honest when they get into office. To save our trees we must beat our politicians.

The undivested right of this great people exists to-day. This undivested title, this undelegated right, finds its expression in our eminent domain. Our successfully dishonest men may laugh at the idea of redress. Yet this country legally can take away from them the very ground on which they stand, even though they bought it honestly. The Government can take away the house over your head. A railroad can confiscate your land if you do not wish to sell it at a fair price. The split ticket and the direct primary can put honest men in politics; and honest men in politics can apply the doctrine of our eminent domain swiftly and practically in the solution of our timber problem. Honest men in politics can tax dishonest fortunes; and with the treasury thus gained can buy back, legally, swiftly, and surely, what was wrongfully taken from the public domain of this people. Owning it once more, and now understanding its value, we can operate it intelligently under methods permanently practical.

These measures are long. What offers as temporary remedy? One, at least, which should have been employed long ago. Canada has, and will have, trees. We have manufactured goods. Give us ten years of absolute reciprocity with Canada, and she would prefer annexation to the old commercial separation. This would have been easy ten years ago. It is possible now.

These, then, are our only remedies. And sooner or later—in truth desperately soon—civilization will demand them as remedies.

Yes, soon, for the truth is that the timber famine is on us now.

Of course, we can act or refuse to act, as we like. We can continue to import more population than we can house or handle, and can continue to misgovern that population. We can continue to respect nothing but "success," no matter how unscrupulous it may be. Perhaps, after all, we do not care for any remedy. Perhaps, after all, we prefer to show the world that the American republic is a failure; that its men and methods are corrupt; that its people are cowards at heart, unready, covetous, weak. Perhaps we shall prefer to see the day when America—in mental attitude if not in physical aspect a cross between the worst of Europe and the worst of China, a leper among the nations—shall sit outside the gate, with sackcloth on her unhoused head, and cry, "Unclean! Unclean!"

That picture is ours if we prefer it; but only if we intentionally and deliberately prefer it. Is it anything to you?

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THE GRIEF OF A PET CARABAO OVER THE DEATH OF AN INFANT MORO.

The Head-Hunter

By O. HENRY

Author of "The Four Million," "The Trimmed Lamp," etc.

Illustrations by Will Crawford

WHEN the war between Spain and George Dewey was over, I went to the Philippine Islands. There I remained as bushwhacker correspondent for my paper until its managing editor notified me that an eight hundred word cablegram describing the grief of a pet carabao over the death of an infant Moro was not considered by the office to be war news. So I resigned, and came home.

On board the trading vessel that brought me back, I pondered much upon the strange things I had sensed in the weird archipelago of the yellow-brown people. The maneuvers and skirmishings of the petty war interested me not: I was spellbound by the outlandish and unreadable countenance of that race that had turned its expressionless gaze upon us out of an unguessable past.

Particularly during my stay in Mindanao had I been fascinated and attracted by that delightfully original tribe of heathen known as the head-hunters. Those grim, flinty, relentless little men, never seen, but chilling the warmest noonday by the subtle terror of their concealed presence, paralleling the trail of their prey through unmapped forests, across perilous mountain tops, adown bottomless chasms, into uninhabitable jungles, always near with the invisible hand of death uplifted, betraying their pursuit only by such signs as a beast or a bird or a gliding serpent might make—a twig crackling in the awful, sweat-soaked night, a drench of dew showering from the screening foliage of a giant tree, a whisper at even from the rushes of a water-level—a hint of death for every mile and every hour—they amused me greatly, those little fellows of one idea.

When you think of it, their method is beautifully and almost hilariously effective and simple.

You have your hut in which you live and carry out the destiny that was decreed for you. Spiked to the jamb of your bamboo doorway is a basket made of green withes, plaited. From time to time, as vanity or ennui or love or jealousy or ambition may move you, you creep forth with your snickersnee and take up the silent trail. Back from it you come, triumphant, bearing the severed, gory head of your victim, which you deposit with pardon-

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able pride in the basket at the side of your door. It may be the head of your enemy, your friend, or a stranger, according as competition, jealousy, or simple sportiveness has been your incentive to labor.

In any case, your reward is certain. The village men, in passing, stop to congratulate you, as your neighbor on weaker planes of life stops to admire and praise the begonias in your front yard. Your particular brown maid lingers, with fluttering bosom, casting soft tiger's eyes at the evidence of your love for her. You chew betel-nut and listen, content, to the intermittent, soft drip from the ends of the severed neck arteries. And you show your teeth and grunt like a water-buffalo—which is as near as you can come to laughing—at the thought that the cold, acephalous body of your door ornament is being spotted by wheeling vultures in the Mindanaoan wilds.

Truly, the life of the merry head-hunter captivated me. He had reduced art and philosophy to a simple code. To take your adversary's head, to basket it at the portal of your castle, to see it lying there, a dead thing, with its cunning and stratagems and power gone—is there a better way to foil his plots, to refute his arguments, to establish your superiority over his skill and wisdom?

The ship that brought me home was captained by an erratic Swede, who changed his course and deposited me, with genuine compassion, in a small town on the Pacific coast of one of the Central American republics, a few hundred miles south of the port to which he had engaged to convey me. But I was wearied of movement and exotic fancies; so I leaped contentedly upon the firm sands of the village of Mojada, telling myself I should be sure to find there the rest that I craved. After all, far better to linger there (I thought), lulled by the sedative plash of the waves and the rustling of palm fronds, than to sit upon the horsehair sofa of my parental home in the East, and there, cast down by currant wine and cake, and scourged by fatuous relatives, drivel into the ears of gaping neighbors sad stories of the death of colonial governors.

When I first saw Chloe Greene she was standing, all in white, in the doorway of her father's tile-roofed 'dobe house. She was polishing a silver cup with a cloth, and she looked like a pearl laid against black velvet. She turned on me a flatteringly protracted but a wiltingly disapproving gaze, and then went inside, humming a light song to indicate the value she placed upon my existence.

Small wonder; for Dr. Stamford (the most disreputable professional man between Juneau and Valparaiso) and I were zigzagging along the turfy street, tunelessly singing the words of "Auld Lang Syne" to the air of "Muzzer's Little Coal-Black Coon." We had come from the ice factory, which was Mojada's palace of wickedness, where we had been playing billiards and opening black bottles, white with frost, that we dragged with strings out of old Sandoval's ice-cold vats.

I turned in sudden rage to Dr. Stamford, as sober as the verger of a cathedral. In a moment I had become aware that we were swine cast before a pearl.

"You beast," I said, "this is half your doing. And the other half is the fault of this cursed country. I'd better have gone back to Sleepytown and died in a wild orgy of currant wine and buns than to have had this happen."

Stamford filled the empty street with his roaring laughter.

"You too!" he cried. "And all as quick as the popping of a cork. Well, she does seem to strike agreeably upon the retina. But don't burn your fingers. All Mojada will tell you that Louis Devoe is the man."

"We will see about that," said I. "And perhaps, whether he is *a* man as well as *the* man."

I lost no time in meeting Louis Devoe. That was easily accomplished, for the foreign colony in Mojada numbered scarce a dozen; and they gathered daily at a half-decent hotel kept by a Turk, where they managed to patch together the fluttering rags of country and civilization that were left them. I sought Devoe before I did my pearl of the doorway, because I had learned a little of the game of war, and knew better than to strike for a prize before testing the strength of the enemy.

A sort of cold dismay—something akin to fear—filled me when I had estimated him. I found a man so perfectly poised, so charming, so deeply learned in the world's rituals, so full of tact, courtesy, and hospitality, so endowed with grace and ease and a kind of careless, haughty power that I almost overstepped the bounds in probing him, in turning him on the spit to find the weak point that I so craved for him to have. But I left him whole—I had to make bitter acknowledgment to myself that Louis Devoe was a gentleman worthy of my best blows; and I swore to

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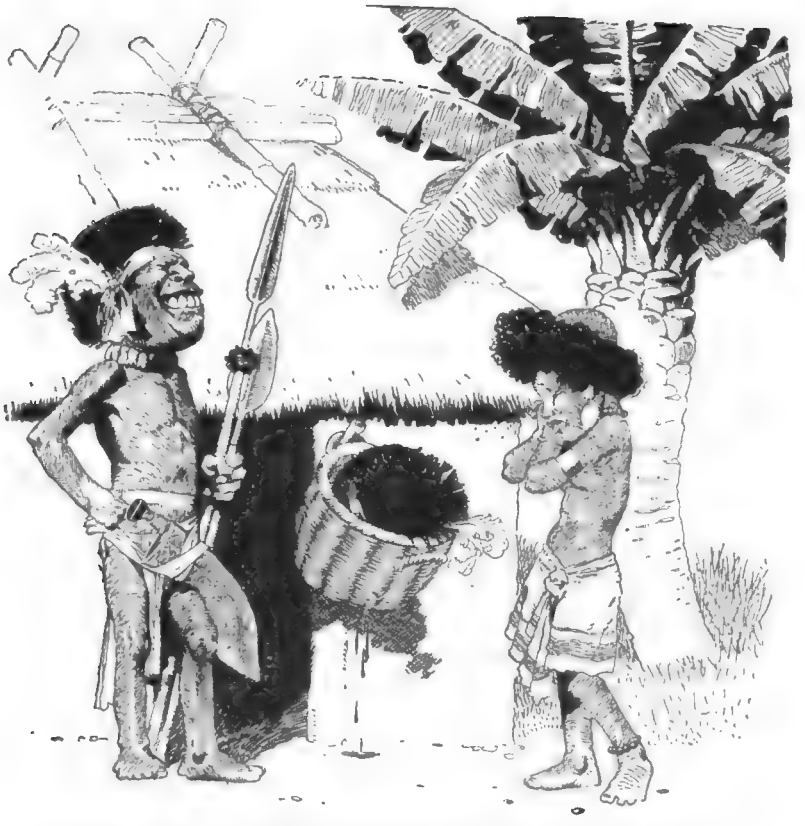

YOUR PARTICULAR BROWN MAID LINGERS, CASTING SOFT TIGER'S EYES AT THE EVIDENCE OF YOUR LOVE.

give him them. He was a great merchant of the country, a wealthy importer and exporter. All day he sat in a fastidiously appointed office, surrounded by works of art and evidences of his high culture, directing through glass doors and windows the affairs of his house.

In person he was slender and hardly tall. His small, well-shaped head was covered with thick, brown hair, trimmed short, and he wore a thick, brown beard also cut close and to a fine point. His manners were a pattern.

Before long I had become a regular and a welcome visitor at the Greene home. I shook my wild habits from me like a worn-out cloak. I trained for the conflict with the care of a prize-fighter and the self-denial of a Brahmin.

As for Chloe Greene, I shall weary you with no sonnets to her eyebrow. She was a splendidly feminine girl, as wholesome as a November pippin, and no more mysterious than a window-pane. She had whimsical little theories that she had deduced from life, and that fitted the maxims of Epictetus like princess gowns. I wonder, after all, if that old duffer wasn't rather wise!

Chloe had a father, the Reverend Homer Greene, and an intermittent mother, who sometimes palely presided over a twilight teapot. The Reverend Homer was a burr-like man with a life-work. He was writing a concordance to the Scriptures, and had arrived as far as Kings. Being, presumably, a suitor for his daughter's hand, I was timber for his literary outpourings. I had the family tree of Israel drilled into my head until I used to cry aloud in my sleep: "And Aminadab begat Jay Eye See," and so forth, until he had tackled another book. I once made a calculation that the Reverend Homer's concordance would be worked up as far as the Seven Vials mentioned in Revelations about the third day after they were opened.

Louis Devoe, as well as I, was a visitor and an intimate friend of the Greenes. It was

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there I met him the oftenest, and a more agreeable man or a more accomplished, I had never hated in my life.

Luckily or unfortunately, I came to be accepted by the family as a Boy. My appearance was youthful, and I suppose I had that pleading and homeless air that always draws the motherliness that is in women and the cursed theories and hobbies of paterfamiliases.

Chloe called me "Tommy" and made sisterly fun of my attempts to woo her. With Devoe she was vastly more reserved. He was the man of romance, one to stir her imagination and deepest feelings, had her fancy leaned toward him. I was closer to her, but standing in no glamour; I had the task before me of winning her in what seems to me the American way of fighting—with cleanness and pluck and every-day devotion to break away the barriers of friendship that divided us, and to take her, if I could, between sunrise and dark, abetted by neither moonlight nor music nor foreign wiles.

Chloe gave no sign of bestowing her blithe affections upon either of us. But one day she let out to me an inkling of what she preferred in a man. It was tremendously interesting to me, but not illuminating as to its application. I had been tormenting her for the dozenth time with the statement and catalogue of my sentiments toward her.

"Tommy," said she, "I don't want a man to show his love for me by leading an army against another country and blowing people off the earth with cannons."

I HAD BECOME AWARE THAT WE WERE SWINE CAST BEFORE A PEARL.

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"If you mean that the opposite way," I answered, "as they say women do, I'll see what I can do. The papers are full of this diplomatic row with Russia. My people know some big people in Washington who are right next to the army people, and I could get an artillery commission and——"

"I'm not that way," interrupted Chloe. "I mean what I say. It isn't the big things that are done in the world, Tommy, that count with a woman. When the knights were riding abroad in their armor to slay dragons, many a stay-at-home page won a lonesome lady's hand by being on the spot to pick up her glove and be quick with her cloak when the wind blew. The man I am to like best, whoever he shall be, must show his love in little ways. He must never forget, after hearing it once, that I do not like to have any one walk at my left side; that I detest bright-colored neckties; that I prefer to sit with my back to a light; that I like candied violets; that I must not be talked to when I am looking at the moonlight shining on water, and that I very, very often long for dates stuffed with English walnuts."

I WAS TIMBER FOR HIS LITERARY OUTPOURINGS.

"Frivolity," I said, with a frown. "Any well-trained servant would be equal to such details."

"And he must remember," went on Chloe, "to remind me of what I want when I do not know, myself, what I want."

"You're rising in the scale," I said. "What you seem to need is a first-class clairvoyant."

"And if I say that I am dying to hear a Beethoven sonata, and stamp my foot when I say it, he must know by that that what my soul craves is salted almonds; and he will have them ready in his pocket."

"Now," said I, "I am at a loss. I do not know whether your soul's affinity is to be an impresario or a fancy grocer."

Chloe turned her pearly smile upon me.

"Take less than half of what I said as a jest," she went on. "And don't think too lightly of the little things, Boy. Be a paladin if you must, but don't let it show on you. Most women are only very big children; and most men are only very little ones. Please us; don't try to overpower us. When we want a hero we can make one out of even a plain grocer the third time he catches our handkerchief before it falls to the ground."

That evening I was taken down with pernicious fever. That is a kind of coast fever with improvements and high-geared attachments. Your temperature goes up among the threes and fours and remains there, laughing scornfully and feverishly at the cinchona trees and the coal-tar derivatives. Pernicious fever is a case for a simple mathematician instead of a doctor. It is merely this formula: Vitality + the desire to live − the duration of the fever = the result.

I took to my bed in the two-room thatched hut where I had been comfortably established, and sent for a gallon of rum. That was not for myself. Drunk, Stamford was the best doctor between the Andes and the Pacific. He came, sat at my bedside, and drank himself into condition.

"My boy," said he, "my lily-white and reformed Romeo, medicine will do you no good. But I will give you quinine, which, being bitter, will arouse in you hatred and

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anger—two stimulants that will add ten per cent. to your chances. You are as strong as a caribou calf, and you will get well if the fever doesn't get in a knockout blow when you're off your guard."

For two weeks I lay on my back feeling like a Hindoo widow on a burning-ghat. Old Atasca, an untrained Indian nurse, sat near the door like a petrified statue of What's-the-Use, attending to her duties, which were, mainly, to see that time went by without slipping a cog. Sometimes I would fancy myself back in the Philippines, or, at worse times, sliding off the horsehair sofa in Sleepytown.

One afternoon I ordered Atasca to vamose, and got up and dressed carefully. I took my temperature, which I was pleased to find 104. I paid almost dainty attention to my dress, choosing solicitously a necktie of a dull and subdued hue. The mirror showed that I was looking little the worse from my illness. The fever gave brightness to my eyes and color to my face. And while I looked at my reflection my color went and came again as I thought of Chloe Greene and the millions of eons that had passed since last I'd seen her, and of Louis Devoe and the time he had gained on me.

I went straight to her house. I seemed to float rather than walk; I hardly felt the ground under my feet; I thought pernicious fever must be a great boon to make one feel so strong.

I found Chloe and Louis Devoe sitting under the awning in front of the house. She jumped up and met with me a double handshake.

"I'm glad, glad, glad to see you out again," she cried, every word a pearl strung on the string of her sentence. "You are well, Tommy—or better, of course. I wanted to come to see you, but they wouldn't let me."

"Oh, yes," said I carelessly, "it was nothing. Merely a little fever. I am out again, as you see."

TORMENTING HER WITH THE STATEMENT AND CATALOGUE OF MY SENTIMENTS TOWARD HER.

We three sat there and talked for half an hour or so. Then Chloe looked out yearningly and almost piteously across the ocean. I could see in her sea-blue eyes some deep and intense desire. Devoe, curse him! saw it too.

"What is it?" we asked, in unison.

"Cocoanut pudding," said Chloe pathetically. "I've wanted some—oh, so badly, for two days. It's gotten beyond a wish; it's an obsession."

"The cocoanut season is over," said Devoe, in that voice of his that gave thrilling interest to his most commonplace words. "I hardly think one could be found in Mojada. The natives never use them except when they are green and the milk is fresh. They sell all the ripe ones to the fruiterers."

"Wouldn't a broiled lobster or a Welsh rabbit do as well?" I remarked, with the engaging idiocy of a pernicious-fever convalescent.

Chloe came as near to pouting as a sweet disposition and a perfect profile would allow her to come.

The Reverend Homer poked his ermine-lined face through the doorway and added a concordance to the conversation.

"Sometimes," said he, "old Campos keeps the dried nuts in his little store on the hill. But it would be far better, my daughter, to restrain unusual desires, and partake thankfully of the daily dishes that the Lord has set before us."

"Stuff!" said I.

"How was that?" asked the Reverend Homer sharply.

"I say it's tough," said I, "to drop into the vernacular, that Miss Greene should be deprived of the food she desires—a simple thing like kalsomine pudding. Perhaps," I continued solicitously, "some pickled walnuts or a fricassee of Hungarian butternuts would do as well."

Every one looked at me with a slight exhibition of curiosity.

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"IT'S TOUGH," SAID I, "THAT MISS GREENE SHOULD BE DEPRIVED OF A SIMPLE THING LIKE KALSOMINE PUDDING."

Louis Devoe arose and made his adieus. I watched him until he had sauntered slowly and grandiosely to the corner, around which he turned to reach his great warehouse and store. Chloe made her excuses and went inside for a few minutes to attend to some detail affecting the seven-o'clock dinner. She was a passed mistress in housekeeping. I had tasted her puddings and bread with beatitude.

When all had gone, I turned casually and saw a basket made of plaited green withes hanging by a nail outside the door-jamb. With a rush that made my hot temples throb there came vividly to my mind recollections of the head-hunters—*those grim, flinty, relentless little men, never seen, but chilling the warmest noonday by the subtle terror of their concealed presence. . . . From time to time, as vanity or ennui or love or jealousy or ambition may move him, one creeps forth with his snickersnee and takes up the silent trail. . . . Back he comes, triumphant, bearing the severed, gory head of his victim . . . his particular brown or white maid lingers, with fluttering bosom, casting soft tiger's eyes at the evidence of his love for her.*

I stole softly from the house and returned to my hut. From its supporting nails in the wall I took a machete as heavy as a butcher's cleaver and sharper than a safety razor. And then I chuckled softly to myself and set out to the fastidiously appointed private office of Monsieur Louis Devoe, usurper to the hand of the Pearl of the Pacific.

He was never slow at thinking; he gave one look at my face and another at the weapon in my hand as I entered his door, and then he seemed to fade from my sight. I ran to the back door, kicked it open, and saw him running like a deer up the road toward the wood that began two hundred yards away. I was after him, with a shout. I remember hearing children and women

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screaming and sent them flying from the road.

He was fleet, but I was stronger. A mile, and I had almost come up with him. He doubled cunningly and dashed into a brake that extended into a small cañon. I crashed through this after him and in five minutes had him cornered in an angle of insurmountable cliffs. There his instinct of self-preservation steadied him, as it will steady even animals at bay. He turned to me, quite calm, with a ghastly smile.

"Oh, Rayburn!" he said, with such an awful effort at ease that I was impolite enough to laugh rudely in his face. "Oh, Rayburn!" said he, "come, let's have done with this nonsense. Of course I know it's the fever and you're not yourself; but collect yourself, man—give me that ridiculous weapon, now, and let's go back and talk it over."

"COME," SAID HE, PERSUASIVELY, "WHAT IS THIS TALK OF HEADS AND BASKETS?"

"I will go back," said I, "carrying your head with me. We will see how charmingly it can discourse when it lies in the basket at her door."

"Come," said he, persuasively. "I think better of you than to suppose that you try this sort of thing as a joke. But even the vagaries of a fever-crazed lunatic come some time to a limit. What is this talk of heads and baskets? Get yourself together and throw away that absurd cane chopper. What would Miss Greene think of you?" he ended with the silky cajolery that one would use toward a fretful child.

"Listen," said I. "At last you have struck upon the right note. What would she think of me? Listen," I repeated.

"There are women," I said, "who look upon horsehair sofas and currant wine as dross. To them even the calculated modulation of your well-trimmed talk sounds like the dropping of rotten plums from a tree in the night. They are the maidens who walk back and forth in the villages, scorning the emptiness of the baskets at the doors of the young men who would win them. One such as they," I said, "is waiting. Only a fool would try to win a woman by drooling like a braggart in her doorway or by waiting upon her whims like a footman. They are all daughters of Herodias, and to gain their hearts one must lay the heads of his enemies before them with his own hands. Now, bend your neck, Louis Devoe. Do not be a coward as well as a chatterer at a lady's tea-table."

"There, there!" said Devoe, falteringly. "You know me, don't you, Rayburn?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "I know you. I know you. I know you. But the basket is empty. The old men of the village and the young men, and both the dark maidens and the ones who are as fair as pearls walk back and forth and see its emptiness. Will you kneel now, or must we have a scuffle? It is not like you to make things go roughly and with bad form. But the basket is waiting for your head."

With that he went to pieces. I had to catch him as he tried to scamper past me like a scared rabbit. I stretched him out and got a foot on his chest, but he squirmed like a worm, although I appealed repeatedly to his sense of propriety and the duty he owed to himself as a gentleman not to make a row.

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But at last he gave me the chance, and I swung the machete.

It was not hard work. He flopped like a chicken during the six or seven blows that it took to sever his head; but finally he lay still, and I tied his head in my handkerchief. The eyes opened and shut thrice while I walked a hundred yards. I was red to my feet with the drip, but what did that matter? With delight I felt under my hands the crisp touch of his short, thick, brown hair and close-trimmed beard.

I reached the house of the Greenes and dumped the head of Louis Devoe into the basket that still hung by the nail in the door-jamb. I sat in a chair under the awning and waited. The sun was within two hours of setting. Chloe came out and looked surprised.

"Where have you been, Tommy?" she asked. "You were gone when I came out."

"Look in the basket," I said, rising to my feet. She looked, and gave a little scream—of delight, I was pleased to note.

"Oh, Tommy!" she said. "It was just what I wanted you to do. It's leaking a little, but that doesn't matter. Wasn't I telling you? It's the little things that count. And you remembered."

Little things! She held the ensanguined head of Louis Devoe in her white apron. Tiny streams of red widened on her apron and dripped upon the floor. Her face was bright and tender.

"Little things, indeed!" I thought again. "The head-hunters are right. These are the things that women like you to do for them."

Chloe came close to me. There was no one in sight. She looked up at me with sea-blue eyes that said things they had never said before.

"You think of me," she said. "You are the man I was describing. You think of the little things; and they are what make the world worth living in. The man for me must consider my little wishes and make me happy in small ways. He must bring me little red peaches in December if I wish for them; and then I will love him till June. I will have no knight in armor slaying his rival or killing dragons for me. You please me very well, Tommy."

I stooped and kissed her. Then a moisture broke out on my forehead, and I began to feel weak. I saw the red stains vanish from Chloe's apron, and the head of Louis Devoe turn to a brown, dried cocoanut.

"There will be cocoanut pudding for dinner, Tommy, boy," said Chloe gaily, "and you must come. I must go in for a little while."

She vanished in a delightful flutter.

Dr. Stamford tramped up hurriedly. He seized my pulse as though it were his own property that I had escaped with.

"You are the biggest fool outside of any asylum," he said angrily. "Why did you leave your bed? And the idiotic things you've been doing!—and no wonder, with your pulse going like a sledge-hammer."

"Name some of them," said I.

"Devoe sent for me," said Stamford. "He saw you from his window go to old Campos's store, chase him up the hill with his own yardstick, and then come back and make off with his biggest cocoanut."

"It's the little things that count, after all," said I.

"It's your little bed that counts with you, just now," said the doctor. "You come with me at once, or I'll throw up the case. You're as loony as a loon."

So, I got no cocoanut pudding that evening; but I conceived a distrust as to the value of the method of the head-hunters. Perhaps for many centuries the maidens of the villages may have been looking wistfully at the heads in the baskets at the doorways, longing for other and lesser trophies.

"OH, TOMMY!" SHE SAID. "IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT."

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Across the Fields

By BESSIE R. HOOVER

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

"I'D be ashamed to care for a feller that had give me the go-by," said Aunt Elizabeth Bates to her niece, Clare Ann.

Aunt Elizabeth was a fat, short, domineering old woman with masculine features; and to-day she seemed to fill the small farm kitchen to overflowing with her masterful presence.

"No feller has give me the go-by," tartly returned Clare Ann, who was sweeping the room with angry flirts of the broom.

"Sammie Winchell ain't took you buggy ridin' for months—nor been over once to set. I ain't sure but he's forgot you, for I see him cultivatin' every day without even a glance over here. Where's your Bates pride?"

Clare Ann said nothing, though she wielded the broom with extra vigor.

"And now there's Mr. Compton—" began Aunt Elizabeth, with a wintry relaxation of her wooden features which might have passed for a smile.

"I don't see what Mr. Compton's got to do with Sammie Winchell," remarked Clare Ann dryly.

"Neither do I," returned her aunt crossly. "Sammie Winchell's a poverty-stricken farmer, in debt for the land he works on. But Mr. Compton's a commissioner-runner, makin' big money every month; besides, he's a gentleman—not a clodhopperin' farmer—and he treats *me* like a born lady. He's goin' to stop here about four this afternoon for his answer—and I told him it'd be a favorable one."

"'Twon't neither," denied her niece.

"'Twill too," contradicted the old woman. "Just think, Clare Ann, if you marry Mr. Compton you can live in the city."

"It makes me homesick jest to think of the city," declared Clare Ann; "besides, I oughtn't to leave you."

"I guess I could sacrifice a little for your good. But if you go contrary to me I sha'n't give you none of the beddin' and linen I've been savin' for your settin'-out."

Though Clare Ann greatly desired the bedding and linen, she only answered stubbornly, "I won't marry Mr. Compton even for that."

"I want to see you well settled, otherwise I wouldn't influence you one way nor t' other," stated Aunt Elizabeth virtuously. "When I'm through with this property, accordin' to your grandfather's will it'll be yourn—and Mr. Compton he says he'll sell it for you and invest it so's it'll bring in more. He'll be here this afternoon," she added, as she went to take her midday nap, "and I expect you to make a favorable answer."

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Clare Ann felt sure that there would be no turning her aunt, who had been won over by Compton; and terror seized her at the thought of marrying him. His coarse features arose before her in imagination, and she shuddered at his smug complacency. He seemed like a great spider weaving a web about her.

As she heard the bedsprings creak under her aunt's heavy weight, Clare Ann slipped outdoors to think over the situation, and looked miserably across the alternating fields of knee-high corn and blossoming potatoes covering the three farms that lay side by side. There was her Aunt Elizabeth's eighty, which would one day be hers, then Sammie Winchell's forty, and beyond that a narrow strip belonging to Uncle Abiathar Jepperson, uncle to nobody in particular, but to everybody in general; an uncle by nature, a fine, generous old soul, whose love of man and love of the soil were about even.

Clare Ann looked mournfully over at Sammie Winchell, who was working in the next field; and she felt a great longing to know if he was really angry with her; if he was not, it would give her courage to refuse Compton. As Sammie cultivated toward her, coming down the long, straight row behind old Doll, his big gray horse, Clare Ann threw her apron over her head and ran across the fields straight toward him, not giving herself time to think whether or not she ought to do it.

"I come over, Sammie," panted Clare Ann, as soon as she was in hearing distance, "to ast you somethin'."

"Gee, Doll—whoa! Hello, Clare Ann, what say?" cried Sammie all in one breath, stopping his horse at the end of the furrow.

Sammie Winchell was a small, quiet man, with a boyish face and mild blue eyes, who would never set the world on fire; but should any one else attempt it, he might be depended on to help put out the conflagration. He was a thoroughly good little man, who had not escaped his share of tribulation in this world; and he worshiped Clare Ann from afar.

"I want to know—are you mad at me?" questioned Clare Ann abruptly, as Sammie rested against his plow.

"Stand still, Doll, can't you? Mad? No—whatever put that into your head?"

"You never come over to set any more," accused Clare Ann.

"I ain't a-goin' to come over to set—whoa, there, Doll, keep your blame tail out'n my eyes—till my mortgage is paid."

"Land o' livin'! what's that got to do with it?"

"I promised your aunt."

"What? She never told me one word about it."

"Then I'd better not," sighed Sammie.

"NO FELLER HAS GIVE ME THE GO-BY," TARTLY RETURNED CLARE ANN.

"I come over to tell you that I suppose I'm a-goin' to git married—leastways I'm a-goin' to promise to marry Compton if Aunt Elizabeth can wring it out'n me—this afternoon."

Sammie put the lines over his shoulders preparatory to starting down the furrow again. "Looks like rain. I must be peggin' on——"

"For the land sakes! Sammie Winchell, do you *want* me to marry Compton, after the way you've always acted toward me?"

"What I want ain't got nothin' to do with it," answered Sammie gloomily. "Your aunt come over here one day and said it wa'n't right for me to keep you from makin' a good match when I wa'n't in no shape to marry you myself—and that's

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"IF YOU WANT ME, SAMMIE, I'M YOURN!"

about right; so I promised I wouldn't come over, nor hang around you, till after I had paid the mortgage."

"Compton's talked her round, that's all. If she hadn't made you promise, would you want to marry me?"-asked Clare Ann desperately.

"Yes, I would. Of course I never knew how you'd feel about it."

"If you want me, Sammie, I'm *yourn*," avowed Clare Ann tearfully.

"I don't want nothin' else—in the whole world. I ain't got nothin' to offer you but two hands tied with a mortgage; but they're yourn—freely."

"Oh, Sammie, why didn't you never talk to me that way afore? You always was so offish," accused Clare Ann fondly. "Decoration Day you acted mad when I ast you about puttin' a cracked pitcher on your Ma's grave to be used as a permanent ornament and flower-holder."

"I was so lonesome that your wantin' to fix Ma's grave pretty made it worse, some way."

"I always had a inklin' that you cared for me a little," acknowledged Clare Ann.

"More'n that," sighed Sammie.

"And I'd ruther die than marry Compton," declared Clare Ann.

"Say, Clare Ann, as the old lady's pressin' you hard to marry him, *we* might git married ourselves. I ain't no right to *ast* you to marry me, on account of my promise to your aunt—but you and me could git married without askin'."

"Land sakes! Sammie, whatever put that wild idee into your head?"

"Seein' Uncle 'Biathar over there in his field buggin' 'taters, I suppose. He's justice of the peace, and has married lots of folks. We could go over there and git married—and then you'd be Mrs. Winchell—and you could go back and live with your aunt till the mortgage was paid off; and you wouldn't have to marry Compton, see?"

"Uh-huh, but——"

"And I'll raise the mortgage, Clare Ann," promised Sammie; "a-knowin' you're on the next farm waitin' for me'll be a turrible prod. I'll raise it—or bust!" This was always Sammie's most vigorous alternative.

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"Oh, Sammie, don't *over*do," cautioned Clare Ann with tender solicitude.

"I don't like to hear a man whine about his folks," said Sammie, "but as long as Pa and Ma lived you know how it was. They had old-fashioned notions, and were afraid for me to try anything *my* way for fear I'd fail, so I kept peggin' along in the same old rut. And then their doctor's bills didn't tend to help the mortgage none. But I'm beginnin' to git things straightened out now. So we'll go over and git married, and it won't be many years till I'll have you home. What say?"

"Oh, Sammie, how good you are! Yes, I'll do it."

Sammie Winchell put the lines over his shoulders again, grasped the plow handles, and started old Doll down the corn row toward Uncle 'Biathar's field. "Fall in behind, Clare Ann. I'll cultivate over, 'cause Doll won't stand alone—'twon't take but a minute. Git up, Doll!"

"Corn looks fine, Sammie," admired Clare Ann, following obediently in the shallow furrow.

"Haw!" ordered Sammie; "'tain't lookin' bad. Gee, Doll, gee, will you?"

"Say, Sammie, if you're goin' to marry me jest 'cause I'm a norphan and you're sorry for me," cried Clare Ann, suddenly struck with that terrifying idea, "don't do it, *please*."

"Haw there, I say, *haw!*" thundered Sammie, who continually spoke to his docile old plow horse as if she were deaf and especially unruly, "ain't you ever been hooked on to a plow afore? What say, Clare Ann?"

"I say you needn't marry me jest 'cause I'm a norphan."

"Aw, shucks, I ain't. Whoa there, Doll! Hello, Uncle 'Biathar. Come on, Clare Ann; 'twon't take long," he added nervously.

"But, Sammie, I don't want you to think I run you down, comin' over here bareheaded and tellin' you my troubles——"

"Aw, come on," grinned Sammie, as he tied Doll to a solitary basswood that grew on the line between the two farms.

Glowing with hospitality, Uncle Abiathar Jepperson rose from his potato bugging to greet his neighbors. Not far away worked his hired man, Bill Prag, a shambling indi-

THE SIMPLE MARRIAGE SERVICE, WITH THE BLOSSOMING POTATOES STRETCHING ON ALL SIDES OF THEM.

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vidual, coolly attired in a ragged shirt of no particular color, and sky-blue overalls faded by many waters; beside Bill, hoeing on the same row, was Ludwig Kettlehout, a prim little German, dressed in the awkward homespun of the Old Country.

"We come over to git married," informed Clare Ann abruptly.

"Whoop-ee!" yelled Uncle Abiathar. "I'll marry you gladly."

"I suppose we ought to do it right now, and I would, too, if I was sure Sammie wanted me," temporized Clare Ann miserably; "you see, he's kinder driv into it by my aunt's wantin' me to marry Mr. Compton."

"I'd ruther die than give you up," vowed Sammie, stung into that dramatic remark by Clare Ann's perplexities.

"But, Sammie, I don't want to impose on you——"

"Cut the foolishness, and I'll marry you to onct," interrupted Uncle Abiathar. "And as fur as Old Lady Bates is concerned, and Compton, who is only after the farm, they're a durned ornery pair of doodlebugs, and they'll git their comeuppance for their low-down schemes." With Uncle Abiathar, to be a doodlebug was to be beyond the pale of decent society.

"Git a-grindin', Uncle 'Biathar," advised Sammie, "'cause Clare Ann's aunt is havin' her nap, and we want to git it over afore she wakes."

"Stand here, Clare Ann and Sammie, both in the same row. Ludwig, drop that hoe, and you and Bill hang around for witnesses. These 'ere 'tater blooms, Clare Ann, ain't fur from orange blossoms.

"Straighten up, Sammie! Look pleasant, jine hands!" ordered the justice, his jovial voice growing more solemn every moment. "That's right."

As Sammie Winchell took Clare Ann's hand in his firm grasp, all her worries slipped away; and they both felt that everything was all right. The wonderfully kind old voice of their neighbor, Uncle Abiathar Jepperson, seemed to come to them from a long way off, as he said the simple marriage service under the great canopy of billowy white clouds, with the blossoming potatoes stretching on all sides of them, and the distant homes nestling, wood-colored, like quiet doves, on the edge of the fields. The awe-struck Ludwig and the fascinated Bill looked admiringly on; and the potato-bugs that Uncle Abiathar had spent all the forenoon collecting, crept unmolested from the rusty coffee-pot, and so gained their liberty at the wedding.

"Is that all?" demanded Sammie, as if he were at the dentist's, when the justice had ceased speaking.

"Show's over," announced Uncle Abiathar, "or jest begun—I dunno which. Sammie, salute your bride."

"And one word more," petitioned the justice after Sammie had kissed Clare Ann, and they had shaken hands all around. "The Lord love you and keep you one for the other," he said in a solemn voice. "And now, Clare Ann, Sammie's bound to change from a handsome Prince Charming to a common individual afore next 'tater-plantin' time; but see him as he really is—and still treat him like a fairy prince, and everything'll come out right.

"And, Sammie, maybe you'll find out when you git used to Clare Ann that she ain't a sky-blue angel at all, but only a little woman in a blue calico wrapper; but treat her sky-blue, always, and she ain't fur from it. And now, young folks, believe in your love's young dream, for sometimes such dreams are the realest things in life—croakers to the contrary."

"We're much obliged for what you've said, and we'll remember it when the time comes. You know I ain't a-goin' to take Clare Ann home with me till after the mortgage's paid," explained Sammie.

"Gosh!" ejaculated Bill disgustedly.

"Ach, so!" grunted Ludwig, and went back to his hoeing, his china-blue eyes very wide open with amazement at the way they did things in America.

"Now," said Uncle Abiathar briskly, to take off the solemn feeling lingering after the ceremony, "this thing'll be all safe and sound when I've made out the marriage certificate. Bill, you slip up and git it."

Bill served his employer in the double capacity of hired man and maid of all work; after a day in the field he did wonderful things with skillet and broom and mop.

"Hurry now," ordered Uncle Abiathar, "and remember, it's in the bureau drawer, or slipped into the Bible, or the dictionary. I ain't got but one."

Like an awkward bluebird, Bill half flopped, half flew over the potato rows; but he did not look in the top bureau drawer, neither did he search among the sacred leaves of the Bible, nor ruffle the erudite silence of

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the dictionary with his earth-stained paws; he went directly to the pantry, where a blank marriage certificate lay over a bowl of milk to keep out the flies. He had put it there himself.

"Where's your pen and ink, man?" demanded Uncle Abiathar when Bill returned with the certificate.

"You didn't say nothin' about 'em," reminded Bill.

"But even a blitherin' doodlebug ought to know enough to bring them implements along," complained the justice. "How'd you expect this thing'd git made out? Did you s'pose some literary ladybug'd lend me her fountain pen? Dumb such a rattlepate!"

But Bill was soon back with the pen and ink, and the document was made out on a pine stump near by, and duly signed, even to the peaked, slanting German signature of Ludwig Otto Kettlehout, and the loose, illegible scrawl of William Brompton Prag.

"I'VE BRUNG OVER YOUR WEDDIN' THINGS, CLARE ANN."

"I ain't no cash by me, not knowin' that me and Clare Ann was to be hooked up so sudden; but I'm goin' to give you that little east patch of 'taters for a fee," said Sammie Winchell.

"No, you ain't," returned Uncle Abiathar kindly, but firmly.

"Why?" demanded Sammie, looking blank.

"'Cause it's worth nigh on to twenty-five dollars, and you need the money yourself; but I'll take a couple of bushels of seed potatoes from the patch." And so it was settled.

"Fall in behind, Clare Ann," directed Sammie, and putting the lines over his shoulder, he began cultivating toward Aunt Elizabeth's, with Mrs. Winchell following behind in wifely submission. "Gee, Doll, gee! *Haw* now!"

"Good-by, Sammie; don't overdo," cautioned Clare Ann at the end of the row.

"Oh, Clare Ann," cried her husband, "it's worse partin' with you than I thought it would be. I dunno as I'm a-goin' to have the sand to leave you be till the mortgage is paid. I don't want you to go back to Old Lady Bates. Clare Ann, I hope you'll never be sorry you got married without fuss and feathers."

"No, I ain't sorry; but I'd kinder liked to have had them weddin' things aunt used to promise me," said Clare Ann wistfully. "Still I ain't a-goin' to feel bad about it. Come over and set, Sammie, whenever you can."

"Yes, Clare Ann. Good-by. Git up, Doll. Haw, *haw*, can't you hear nothin'?"

Though Aunt Elizabeth Bates had arisen from her nap, she had not yet discovered her niece's absence, and was seated uncomfortably on a hard kitchen chair, mending stockings, when Clare Ann returned.

"I've got somethin' to tell you, Aunt Elizabeth, that I know you won't want to hear," began the girl at once.

"Spit it out," snapped her aunt.

Suddenly Clare Ann felt sorry for the stubborn old woman. "I hate to disappoint you, aunt, but I can't marry Mr. Compton now—or never—'cause I'm Sammie Winchell's wife."

"What!" screamed the old lady, letting her mending fall to the floor. "Don't lie to me, Clare Ann Bates. You can't git out of marryin' Mr. Compton that way. Remember, I know Sammie's give you the go-by."

"No, he ain't," flared Clare Ann. "Uncle 'Biathar Jepperson married us over in his 'tater patch jest a few minutes ago; and here's the stiffcut.

"But I ain't a-goin' to leave you, Aunt Elizabeth," rushed on Clare Ann. "Sammie didn't break his word to you; he didn't ast me to marry him. We jest went over and done it. And I'm a-goin' to live right

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along with you till the mortgage is paid," she ended, anxious all of a sudden that her aunt should think well of her husband.

"Wants me to support you while he's payin' off the mortgage? The lazy good-for-nothin'!" shrieked the old woman. "I never will. *You can't live here any longer!* Marry a man and then not live with him! Well, I guess not! Pack up your duds and *go!*"

Smoke curled cheerily from the kitchen chimney of Sammie Winchell's house at supper time that evening, and the odor of frying ham came to him at the close of his day's work. "Aunt Finn's come to make me one of her long visits," he thought with a sigh.

But it was not Aunt Finn that greeted Sammie as he entered the kitchen. "Wash yourself at the pump, and then come in to supper. Yes, I've come to stay. You needn't look so flabbergasted. It's all right," assured Clare Ann.

No sooner were they seated at the table than the tousled head of Bill Prag was poked in at the door, his good-natured face decorated with an appreciative grin. In one grimy paw he choicely carried a package, which he deposited with great good-will on the table.

Behind Bill came Uncle Abiathar, glowing with satisfaction, and laid on the table a dozen solid silver spoons, which he took, loose, from his pocket. And before the bride and her husband could thank them, in popped Ludwig, and placing an ugly, elaborately carved box beside the spoons, gave voice to these explanatory words: "From Germany, to make the spoons in."

For the eagle eye of Bill had seen Clare Ann coming across the fields, with her bundle of clothes, to her new home.

"Them spoons, Clare Ann," informed Uncle Abiathar, "was my mother's, and now they're your weddin' gift; and I don't suppose they've ever been used a half dozen times. But if you don't use 'em, by jing, I'll take 'em back again. Here's a elegant case to put 'em in, made by Ludwig, who may be Dutch, but is true blue. And here's the most sensible gift of all," cried the old man joyously—"as good a pound of butter as was ever made and decorated by Bill."

Bill, the Canova of the nuptial butter, looked sheepishly at his melting present. "If it'd only a-helt together a little longer," he sighed; "but butter's perishin' stuff."

"I thought there was a mortgage here," cried the old man, "but it don't look much like it; and here's my advice to you, Mr. and Mrs. Winchell, serious, on that 'ere mortgage. Treat it formal like. It ain't one of the family. Feed it honest. Interest money'll keep it fat; but cut down the principal every year, and the first thing you know it'll be gone—vamosed with the doodlebugs.

"So long, folks," ended Uncle Abiathar in kindly farewell. "Come on, boys. Come over, folks, and see your uncle." And without Clare Ann or Sammie getting out more than a word of thanks, their neighbors melted into the gathering twilight, the mellow tones of Uncle Abiathar's philosophical bass rumbling softly in the distance.

The kitchen step creaked ominously, and there, with her arms loaded with quilts and linen, stood Aunt Elizabeth Bates, a real smile on her stern old face.

"I've brung over your weddin' things, Clare Ann. How de do, Sammie? No, I can't come in and set—it's too near my bedtime; but I'm comin' over soon."

"Everybody is so good to me!" cried Clare Ann with happy tears, as she took the quilts and linen from her aunt.

"You're a good girl, Clare Ann, and I dunno but you'd 'a' done worse in marryin' Compton. When I told him this afternoon that you had give him the go-by, he used disrespectful language to me; and if he wouldn't treat *me* like a lady—how'd he treat *you?*"

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THE ROSE—TREES

When I with Mamacita go
Among the rose-trees to and fro,
There is so much to think and see,
I find it quite bewilders me.

One tree has roses round and white
Like little lamps that shine at night:
And if I touch them—for surprise
They shiver like white butterflies.

The red rose-tree is very tall,
Not meant for me to reach at all:
The roses hang above my head
And smell so sweet and look so red!

But all the others seem to be
On very friendly terms with me:
I teach them all my secret games,
And give them little Spanish names.

My Tree of Doves I call the one
That shines like silver in the sun:
A flock of roses in it rests
As silken smooth as pigeon-breasts.

And where the rose-trees make a ring
To listen to the fountain sing,
Like people in our music-room,
The Roses of the Fountain bloom.

They love the water-music, too,
And understand it as I do.
It seems to know our secret games,
And calls us musical soft names.

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THE ROSE-JAR

No petal flutters from a rose
So soft but Mamacita goes
To find it—where the rose-trees are—
And lay it in the Chinese Jar.

The Chinese Jar is cool and deep,
And bears—its treasure safe to keep—
A twisted dragon great and green,
Like nothing I have ever seen.

His eyes that glitter round and red—
His shiny scales and ugly head—
All these are things I do not mind,
Knowing he is with rose-leaves lined.

Once lift the lid that is his head,
He does not hurt you, but instead
Looks friendly—all his fierceness gone—
And breathes out rose and cinnamon.

I often think how nice it is
That rose-leaves can be kept like this:
It must be pleasant for them, too,
Just getting sweeter as they do.

The bees and Mamacita try
To help the roses not to die:
The beehive holds their honey hid—
The Jar—their fragrance 'neath its lid.

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ROSE—ELVES

I asked one day—"Do you suppose
An elf could live inside a rose?"
And Pablo said of course he could—
And children see them if they're good.

For all he only digs and delves,
Old Pablo seems to know the elves—
And what he says they think and do
Is very likely to be true.

I notice one peculiar thing
That puzzles me like everything:
It's when the roses all come out
I hear so many elves about.

And then—if you were small enough
To live on dew and elfin stuff—
I thought what a delicious room
A big red rose would make—in bloom.

Besides—I whispered to myself—
A rose would make you think an elf,
And if I'm good as good can be,
One might come out to play with me.

I'm sure I try to be as good
And well-behaved as children should—
I'm really 'most discouraged though—
My goodness never seems to show!

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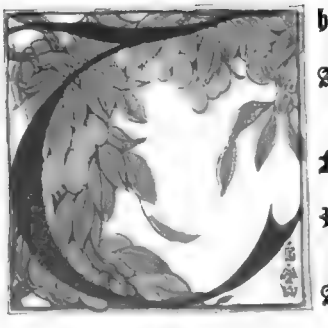
ROSE—DULCE

Within the shade of pepper-trees
There live the yellow-belted bees:
Their house is round and painted white,
Like the toadstool I found last night,
Or like the queer-shaped cactus-dome
That Pablo makes the dulce from.
The bees make dulce too, but they
Must mix it up a different way,
For when you stop to taste it well,
It tastes the way the roses smell.
They work so hard and every day,
And never have the time to play—
But they must like it, I suppose,
To creep and hide within a rose.
In fact, as far as I can see
There's not a rose but has its bee
To store its dulce on a shelf
Within the beehive by itself.
I wonder how the roses feel
About the bees that come to steal?
Of course they know that bees can sting,
And dare not scold or anything.

FRECKLES



The freckled Ladybug I found
  Was climbing up a rose:
And she was freckled all around—
  Not only on her nose.

My nose has freckles I can see
  By squinting up my eyes—
But if they're on the rest of me,
  That would be a surprise!

And when I asked them if my back
  Had any freckles on it,
They said her freckled red and black
  Were just her dress and bonnet.

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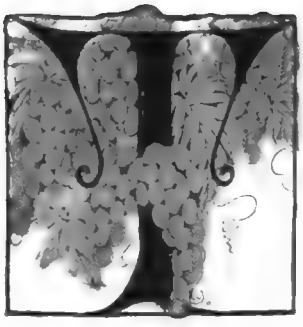
E N V O Y



here must be other gardens
With children in them, too:
And elves in other roses
Beneath a sky as blue:
O other garden children,
I wonder what you do?

And have you any Pablo
Who talks and digs all day—
To tell you in soft Spanish
What elves and pigeons say,
And help you tend your flowers
In just the proper way?

When I am not too busy,
I think and think of you—
And sing quite softly to myself
To tell you what I do:
Oh—won't you hear me singing
And like my garden, too?

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The Loyalty of Willie Binnie

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

Illustrations by Hermann C. Wall

IF I were asked to describe Willie Binnie, I should say that he is an elderly, middle-aged, young man, with snow-white hair, and just in the prime of his life. We all know Willie in our town of Aurelia, and some have begun to suspect furtively that Willie Binnie knows us. This does not add much to our comfort, either, although we are a good people in Aurelia, proud of our rectitude, prone to consider that we are upright and truth-telling and just. Perhaps we are just a little too just, or a mite more candidly truthful than we need be, or, if I may say so, a little more upright than we have any right to be. Perhaps we are—I do not know. But I believe Willie Binnie knows, for he has had fourteen years in which to inspect us critically—fourteen years in which I have been an exception to the rule that Willie Binnie never spoke to Aurelia, nor Aurelia to Willie Binnie.

My neutrality demands no praise. Child, youth, and man, Willie Binnie has always been as close to me as Willie's reserve would allow him to be. Willie we called him as a child, a thoughtful, reticent, and gentle young one; as Will Binnie we knew the growing boy, still quiet, still gentle and thoughtful; and there was no pale, sickly sentimentalism about him either, but just an honest, simple kindliness—only that, I tell you. As young Mr. William Binnie, it was quite the same; indeed, the only time I have ever known Willie to astonish me was when he fell afoul of the Williams boy, Hen, a young town-Mohawk of ingenious deviltry. It was only about a cat—a half-blind pet of old Getz, the shoemaker, but I think the thrashing Hen got did him good, and I don't think giving it did Willie any harm.

Oh, yes; I know Will Binnie pretty well. I helped to bring him into the world, in fact—and since then—am I constrained to tell you at what ungodly hours I have risen and gone forth to hear the young Willie whoop into the face of his distracted mother; or with how much midnight viburnum compound I have drenched him during boyhood's successive seasons of unripe fruit; or how I have been called through rain, snow, dawn, or darkness to watch Willie speckle with the measles, or swell with the mumps, or sniffle with a cold?

Yet, outgrowing these puerile maladies, has Willie Binnie released me to a well-earned repose? I am old enough to be his father—if my boy Ted, who died in the cradle two years after I lost his mother had only lived, he would be a man of the same age as Willie Binnie—but through all the years Willie Binnie has continued to cost me sleep. Why? *Because!* Because, though a family doctor may be called in at all the inconvenient hours of day or night to drench, physic, and prescribe for all the bodily ills that flesh is heir to, where in the pharmacopœia is the simple or the elixir that can effect a cure of souls? Is there a balm in Gilead? Only one I know; I spell it slowly so that you may understand: T-I-M-E! I am called in a hurry—a broken heart—a hungry soul—a weary breast! Imagine the prescription:

℞: *Ung. Tempus.*
To be taken ad lib.

It is a bitter draught to administer, nor can you compound it in pills with a sugar-coating. Also, it effects cures with a distracting tediousness.

There is the tragic side to it! Bones we general practitioners deal with largely, bones and the suffering flesh upon them—or only bones—the skeleton in the closet—and there is the true tragedy. Tragedy! Hunh! Look you: Is there a man of any profession on earth that does not believe himself fitted for a higher success in some other? Here am I, a doddering old fool of a country sawbones, pottering about the vacant roads, year in and year out, with a black leather bag of clinking pill-cases, dreaming no more of drugs or diagnoses than you dream, perhaps, of esoteric Buddhism; but of what, instead?

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Of the *stage!* I believe, I tell you, in the possibility of the American drama—some day I promise myself to write the great American play. I shall lay its scene in my own country, and make to walk through it in all their dramatic simulation, marionettes—but living and breathing, mind you—of my own folk. It shall be a classic because pure and true; only whenever I sit down to write, so many characters proffer themselves that I am too confused in the choice to begin. I am trying again, now, and in my secretary is laid by a new, clean ream of ruled foolscap with this much on the uppermost leaf:

Willie Binnie.....By himself.
Hattie Sanders.....By herself.

Only, of course, the names shall be changed before the finished drama be deposited in the bank, where it is to remain until all the characters are dead. Until I am dead, too, please God, because I am a man afraid of adulation, and what does it matter after death whether you are the parent of the great American play or not? Another confidence—I am in doubt regarding form; the mind becomes confused among the varied schools of construction and technique—three acts or four—which is the better? And regarding the precise length of each act? Freytag, whom I have read back and forth, up and down, and on all sides, gives no inkling; and though I have bought a sheaf of the very best acting versions—indeed, they all *listen* equally well—and have carefully counted the words in each, no two are exactly—

WITH DIGNIFIED SCORN—

Tut! Tut! My pen lays me open like a bistoury in the hands of a demonstrator! But that is my secret. Return to Hattie Sanders, and forget an old man that strives for Freytag's solid pyramid and constructs but a castle in the air. Hunh! Hattie Sanders—the daughter of old Sanders, a roaring, bibbling, drink-befuddled wreck in human shape—and *he* the father of *her!*

I remember, perfectly, the morning that Paton gave me his news—Paton, whose headstone faces the parsonage window where he used to sit and compose his spiritual prescriptions—Sunday sermons, one part Tinct. *opii*, and the rest waters of Lethe. Good old fellow—he gave to *his* beloved sleep, old Paton did!

"Well," said he solemnly, stopping me on my way to visit the Milliken boy, "she's left him—Martha Sanders, I mean. She's returned to her people in Bradbury, and I can do nothing more."

I was not astonished. But Paton's next remark bowled me over. "The girl hasn't gone with her mother. She's sticking to her father. She says there's no chance of saving him, but still she won't leave. What do you think of that?"

I thought a great deal about it. A country doctor knows a good deal more about the folks around him than you might believe. He's bound to know; it's a part of his stock in trade. Yet there was something about this Sanders couple hazy and unusual. I can't explain it; but they lived as if they owned a secret between them, and as if it were only this secret that held them together. No—confound it—I didn't pry into their affairs; I hate a busybody, I tell you; but there are others in our town of Aurelia not so squeamish by a long chalk. We have few secrets among us; they are not permitted. Indeed, I concede the innermost flutterings of my own heart to be as plainly open to the ladies of the sewing guild, for instance, and as openly discussed by them, as the Butterick pattern with which they work. These, if you please, are a few of the anatomists that lay bare to publicity our secret human maladies—a cancer of destroying sorrow, perhaps, or the gangrenous tissue of some inner shame, or, as likely as not, the aneurism due to a full and bursting heart.

Little escapes such skilled research; but the case of this Sanders family seemed too indefinite for easy diagnosis. We knew this: that the woman had departed cityward, a vain, beautiful, and flighty creature, going, as she said, to hunt a position; and that in brief time, Sanders, a once discarded suitor, had

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followed. We heard in time of the marriage; they disappeared then—or, at least, we heard no more of them for a while—and then one morning we woke up to find that Sanders and his wife had returned, bringing with them the child. That was all; there was a whisper about the young one, a suspicion, as I say, that failed shortly; and man and wife took their place among us with only that fading cicatrice of ugly rumor left to remind us of the affair.

"I can give you another bit of news, too," said Paton, watching me narrowly; "I know young Will Binnie is very dear to you—mind you, I'm not gossiping—but I believe he has gone and engaged himself to Hattie Sanders."

I lost my temper at that, and I think I shocked my old friend Paton. "Damn it!" I cried; "damn it—what business is it of any one in this town to whom Willie Binnie engages himself? He is his own master!"

Paton allowed my burst of anger to consume itself. "I was not thinking of the town nor its opinions," he observed dryly; "I was considering the boy's father."

She was no woman companion, I tell you. I'd as lief associate for companionship with a bottle of *Aq. Quassiæ* as with Annie Harper—a good sight rather, in fact!

But old Binnie—not so old, after all, and proud, ambitious for his boy; cold, austere, and upright, precise, owing nothing and asking no more, dominant and arbitrary, and pledged in every detail of his narrow life to a narrow observance of his narrow creed—what of him?

Well, Willie, thought I, you may marry Hattie Sanders if you will—and she is a very sweet and lovely girl and very desirable, admitting even the fact of her father and mother, and the fact that your father crosses the street whenever he meets them. A fine girl she is, indeed; but, Willie Binnie, you will have a bad quarter of an hour of it before you march down the church aisle with Hattie on your arm. Nor was I wrong.

That very night I had my foreboding of trouble confirmed. Quite late, I was reading before the lamp a new dramatization of

—SHE WHIPPED THOSE CURS OF LOAFERS FROM HER PATH.

Willie Binnie's father! It was perhaps well that Willie's mother had died before he reached the courting stage; but I should also like to say right here that it is not good for two men to live as these two lived without woman companionship. No, I don't forget my own case; and I don't forget, either, their housekeeper, Annie Harper, a horse-like female with a tongue as loose as a clapper of a bell.

"Hard Cash," when the door-bell rang with a clatter. Willie Binnie stood in the porch, and I saw that he was very white.

"Good God, Willie—what's wrong?"

He threw up his hands with a gesture of strong emotion. "Come up to the house at once, won't you? Something's happened to father!"

Then he turned and ran down the path.

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I clapped on a hat and followed, making for the big stone house by the Bradbury road. The door was unlocked, and without waiting to ring I walked in, and up the winding stairs. Old Amos Binnie sat in his bed, his hands gripping the sides, and shaking as if with a palsy, and the first look showed me one side of his face stitched up in a muscular contraction that gave itself the mimicry of a ghastly grin.

"I've had a shock," he stuttered, wiping the sweat from his face: "I fell down, and I think I'm in a bad way."

I hastened to reassure him, but indeed the man was in pretty bad shape. His heart fluttered like a withered leaf; and there were other significant evidences of what had befallen him. But though I suspected the direct cause of his shock, I put on a professional manner, hemmed and hawed a moment, and then, like a fool, asked him what had happened.

"I've had a shock," he repeated irritably; and then for the space of ten seconds he looked up at me as if reading into my very soul. "A shock, I tell you. Do I look as if I had been hit by a train? A mental shock, I say."

I hardly heard him. I was listening to the creaking of the hall floor, the sound of quiet tiptoeing outside the door. Some one was listening—Annie Harper, the housekeeper, maybe—and he heard, too, and suddenly raised his voice. "Look you!" he cried, and fixed on me a pair of eyes blazing like the orbs of a cockatrice. I saw in them malice, venom, and unregretted hatred burning with a vital fire; and with a slow and horrid precision, each word dropped like a malediction —for the benefit, I think, of that listener by the door—old Binnie had his say. "Look you!" he cried; "if my life or my very soul depended on telling you what had happened to me, I would go straight to hell to-night before I would tell you, such is the shame I feel!"

Step by step, tiptoeing cautiously in retreat, I heard outside the footfalls of that stealthy eavesdropper. He, too—old Binnie —heard those creeping, careful feet, and a savage gleam of exultation lighted up his face. "Well," said he, as if in dismissal; "that's all. I'm not going to die yet, anyway!"

There was Annie Harper as I came down, waiting at the foot of the stairs, still listening, I told myself. "Well, what d'*you* want?" I demanded, tartly enough; and without giving her time to answer, asked for Willie Binnie.

"Oh," said Annie, grinning in my face; "Mr. Will jus' come down the stairs an' went out!"

So it was Willie that had been eavesdropping! Noting my astonishment, I suppose, Annie gleamed at me evilly.

"Is he hurt much—old Mr. Binnie, I mean?" she asked, with a sudden crafty look about her, as if she dared not face me. I s'ared at her coldly. "I mean, how bad is he? They fit orful, I tell you—him and Mr. Will—I heard them, I did. It was about Hattie Sanders. The old man screamed tarrible—I couldn't help but hear. He said his son shouldn't never marry a thief's common brat—that's what! It was tarrible!"

I stopped her clack by walking out into the quiet night. And is it to my discredit that I was terribly upset, or that I encouraged the drifting of my mind into other channels? At the moment, ignoring all else, my mind wandered from the actuality, and I was busy with a great tragic circumstance in which the detail of Annie Harper appeared as a pseudo-comic counterfoil to a situation of intense and tragic emotionality.

But I had no sooner considered the probable entrance for Annie, the cue arranged to bring her on, than all at once the full significance of what the woman had said burst like a rocket upon my intelligence. *A thief's common brat!* In God's name, what did she mean? Turning on my heel, I straightway regained the door. "Annie Harper!" I cried fiercely, and I wagged my finger in her face; "don't you dare tell what you have heard to-night, or I'll take steps that will astound you. You hear me?" I haven't the vaguest idea what those steps might have been; but the threat was effective.

A "thief's brat"—what in the world had happened? Later I was to learn—but not that night, nor in the days following, nor for many other days each piled up in its succession into a weary round of years. Only I did hear, a week later, the open announcement of Willie Binnie's engagement, and then it was my turn to have a shock, too—a shock to my professional esteem. For nothing happened to old Binnie, though I had warned him against another shock. He neither dropped dead, nor had a fit, nor even retired to the bed from which he had just arisen. He was up and out, I tell you; and that evening I met him stamping down the street, his stick tapping loudly on the pavement, and his head held proudly in the air. Oh, one

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must have looked twice to detect then the physical weakness that the professional scrutiny saw at a glance. "Hey—hullo, you!" he cried, and began to chuckle shrilly; "I'm not dead yet, you see." But the next instant his head sank forward, and he muttered gloomily that he might die any moment, after all. Why? Well, hadn't I warned him? And switching suddenly, he asked me what I knew about the orphanage at Bradbury. "Hunh—you scatter your nostrums there. Is it worthy? I'm going to leave it some money, I tell you."

"Binnie—Binnie!" I cried; "what are you doing to your boy?"

He cackled back at me in a fury. "My boy, hey? He don't know about it yet—but I've warned him—I say I've warned him!" he was crying, when we two had a diversion.

For down the street came old Sanders, proclaiming himself to the world, rocking along the sidewalk, with a rabble of small boys hooting at his heels, and the loungers by the curbstone grinning and jibing at the sorry spectacle. His hat was pushed back on his head, and, as he stumbled along the village street, he was laughing and roaring, yelling back to the gaping bystanders with a crapulous and monstrous joviality. His beery eyes, goggling about, rolled from one loafer to another; then, as he fished his way along, the man spied us two looking on from the corner, and with a shout he lurched down upon us. "Hello, ol' frien' Binnie," he called thickly; "heered my gal'n your boy's goin' git mar'd. Come'n have a drink—hey?"

I tried to interfere, but Binnie, strong in the inspiration of his rage, thrust me powerfully aside; and, leaning on his stick, bent a raging glance upon the drunkard. "You lie, old man Sanders," he said, his voice as keen as the note of a tautened wire, hardly above a whisper as it was; "you lie, I tell you. While I live, my boy shall never so disgrace himself. You are a drunkard, Sanders. You are a thieving scoundrel, and that girl—oh, she *ought* to belong to you, and you lie, I tell you. *You* know what I mean!"

That was all. An utter silence had fallen upon the crowd, none daring to raise a voice; and in that quietness one heard their uneasy feet shuffling like the tread of pall-bearers passing with the burden of the dead. Even in his befuddlement of drink, old Sanders seemed shocked into a semblance of intelligence; for he stared at his accuser helplessly, his weak mouth opening and closing like a cod's; and so we stood—and might have stood until doomsday, but that I saw Hattie Sanders come flying around the corner, hatless and white of face. Some one had told her. "Come, Binnie!" I commanded; and took his now unresisting arm.

Please God, no womankind of mine—what though I can call none to mind at the moment—please God, indeed, that none we love shall ever know such tragedy as spoke in that young girl's face—tragedy all the more speaking because its emotions were controlled. Only by the whiteness of her face did she show it—in my born days never have I seen such a look of dignified scorn as that with which she whipped those curs of loafers from her path; and taking old man Sanders by the arm, she led him toward their home. Hattie Sanders was slight—almost little; yet she walked that day with the superb dignity of a goddess of Olympus. I saw her; and had I been old man Binnie then, my son might have married her, my blessing into the bargain, were her father a leper or either one of the thieves gibbeted upon the cross. But old Binnie never said so much as "boo!" I got him home, somehow, shaking and thick of tongue; and between clapper-tongued Annie and myself, we made shift to put him into his bed, and tucked the sheets about him.

"Am I going to die?" he demanded, and a dreadful fit of shaking got hold of him again. "Because," he rumbled horribly, "if I do die before a fortnight, I'll rise out of my grave by the very will of me, and see this thing to an end."

That he meant his son's affairs I had no doubt, but still I said nothing. In truth, I was afraid of opening my mouth, lest in my rage I might commit myself. Disinherit his son! God A'mighty——

Now, I put it to you bluntly whether the time-worn artifice of the disinherited child is not one to provoke your contempt? It is a labored situation of the most trumpery class; and I, too, am one to hail it with a titter of mockery, whoever the artisan that builds upon so sorry an artifice for reality. But here, thrust home upon me in the actuality of real life, it gripped me with a profundity of emotion that even the tragic fate of a *Hamlet* might fail to effect. Willie Binnie disinherited!—cut off with a shilling in the old man's will! Huh! I am afraid I came near at the moment to devising myself a dramatic situation that even the French school, with its delectation in horrors, might balk at—the

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spectacle of a middle-aged lob of a country doctor throttling a helpless patient on his couch!

Misled old man! A week later we got our wedding cards—banal they seemed to me in their conventionality of script and paper—a whited shroud about the dead respectability of a family name—and yet my heart was full of pity and love for that girl. "Mr. and Mrs. Abel Sanders request the honor of your presence," etc., etc.; and as cards were somewhat of a novelty, those days, in Aurelia, they and their graven lie of a man and wife together—"Mr. and Mrs. Abel Sanders"—of course caused a sensation. I had mine in my pocket when I walked up the Binnie stairs; and I tell you I was thinking a deal about that young girl, making ready for her marriage in the house of a drunken father, and facing with a bitter, hidden pride and God knows with what an aching of her heart all the tragic circumstances of her young mating.

Old man Binnie sat up in his bed, a writing-board slanted on his knees; and as I pushed the door open I was conscious of a sudden movement that whisked something beneath the bed-spread. But I was not one to be fooled like that; I was determined—prying, if you like, and, on a pretext, I gave the covers a shake: out flapped scraps and scraps of written sheets, all torn into bits. Old Binnie sat up with a scream.

"Give me those! Hands off!" he shrilled, and fell to snatching them under the covers. I restored them and said nothing. But had I known then as much as I have learned this day, I should have possessed myself of old Binnie's writings and walked out of the house with them—and damning testimony they would have made, too.

Poor, poor deluded father, and wretched, miserable son! Many a night I lay and thought of them. I could not compose my thoughts, and my beloved plays became futile to distract me. I awoke from troubled slumber every dawn with the weight of their woe on my breast, went out on my rounds with that—and only that—on my mind, and—look, the wedding-day had come.

I chanced into the street where Hattie Sanders lived—indeed, I think a premonition dragged me there—and as I turned the corner, whom should I see coming down the steps but old man Binnie, livid, tottering, shambling of foot! In *His* name! Into my mind leaped the silly inference that he had gone to that house to forgive and to be forgiven, that he had made his peace with the woman who was to be his daughter. More fool I! Another look and the bootless sentimentality died, strangled in its nativity. For the man, espying me, thrust out his hands with a gesture of petulant concern, turned, and went sidling crablike down the way, as if a demon pursued him. And so I let him go; no act of mine could mend matters at such a pass.

So there came the hour of seven-thirty o'clock of the night of young Will Binnie's wedding. In a half-hour it would be done. I stood before the glass tying my white string tie and writhing uneasily in a new and overtight coat made specially for the occasion, when I heard the door-bell ring. Serena, the hired girl, was a spry creature, unusually swift at her duties; yet I think I lived a lifetime before she reached the door and opened it. Then I lived still another lifetime while I heard the metallic voice of Annie Harper clanking from without. "I be'n a long time gettin' round," droned Annie through her nose; "but here's his'n, an' you jus' give it to him, right away."

There was a mutter of lowered voices in the hall, and then I heard Serena cry out sharply in a tone of pity.

"No," said Annie Harper, answering with a shrill hilarity; "there ain't a-goin' to be no weddin'!"

I would that my impoverished diction might translate to you the woman's malevolence of tone—her acid and impious satisfaction in the part she took. In three bounds I was down the stairs; at the second the door slammed on Annie Harper's retreating figure. Little need to arrange plausible exits for Annie; I think the perpetual cue to that walking part of hers lay in Prov. xxviii: 1. Go look it up, if you like, and be guided.

I snatched the note from Serena and read it in the light of the study lamp. It was in old Binnie's vigorous hand. "Mr. Amos Binnie begs to announce that the marriage of his son, William, to Miss Harriet Sanders, is indefinitely postponed."

That was all. I turned the thing over, poring on the doubled note-sheet in a stupor, as if it were my own death-warrant that I read. For in twenty minutes by the watch, Will Binnie would have stood up in church, and what— Snatching up a hat, I made at a gallop for the house by the Bradbury road; it was dark, unlighted, silent, enveloped in an ominous secrecy. Yet it seemed, while I

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I HAD OFTEN SEEN HER AT THE WINDOW, A PENELOPE WAITING AS IF FOR THE DESTINED COMING.

stood waiting, after the mysterious tinkling of the bell had died on that profundity of silence—it seemed, I say, as if I heard a cautious foot creeping along the upper floor, as if a soul came secretly hearkening, and waited. I shook the knob and cried aloud; no answer came, and with a last futile beating on the panels, I turned and sped toward the church. Dark, too! But one glimmer of light shone in the vestry; and there stood Paton turning away a few people that had not received their notices.

"Where's Willie Binnie?" I roared, and there came the boy to answer me in person.

He raced up the path, a raging, wild-eyed, human fury, grotesque in the disorder of his half-completed wedding attire, and crying in an incoherency of wrath and piteous anguish:

"Where is my father—where is he, I say?"

I strove to quiet him. I bade him tell me what had happened; and for answer he thrust into my hand a sheet of crumpled paper. There had been a fine handing about of notes that night, I thought; now what was this? The light was dim; I lacked my glasses, and as I strove to make out the writing, Willie, with a quick and furious gesture, snatched the paper from me. "*I'll* tell you what it is!" he cried in a sobbing voice; "*I've* read it!" he almost yelled, crumpling the paper in his hand and gritting his teeth in an utter abandon to heart-broken misery. "She's thrown me over—she won't marry me—she's dragged me to the altar to break my heart and soul! It can't be true! It's not true—tell me it isn't!"

My hand reached out to detain him, gripped the air. Willie—my poor boy—had gone, running; and bidding Paton leave the matter to me, I followed. I knew where he would go; he would seek his father; and when they met——

There was Willie Binnie fumbling at the door. I heard him crying beneath his breath, and, as I live, he had his shoulder to the panels. Within, all was dark; but a streak of moonlight along the porch showed me the sobbing marauder heaving and straining at the implacable portal of his father's house. "Willie—Willie!" I called. The answer came in a crash of rending woodwork; and there I stood, facing the vacancy of an open doorway, the darkened house looming

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above, silent, ominous; and so I waited, wondering. I had not long to wait.

A faint luminescence glowed in the pit-murk blank of the hallway, grew and diffused its radiance about. And there stood old Binnie by the library table, a small lamp in his hand, his eyes fixed on the door; and from the floor above I heard the footfalls of the son raging about in his quest. Then they thudded to the stairs—he was coming; and I saw old man Binnie's eyes roll about as if in sudden, furtive hope of escape. I saw the two meet.

The old man had put down his lamp beside him, and stood there with hands outstretched in appeal. But the appeal was overlooked.

"Don't touch me!" the boy cried, so bitterly that his father cringed; "tell me—is this some damned work of yours? Are you responsible for this?"

Still the old man stood with his hands outstretched; and after a while he spoke. "All I have done," he answered thickly, "I did for your good. For your good," he repeated. "As God is my judge!"

I saw Willie Binnie stride nearer; I should have interfered, but something held me back. "Then this *is* a part of your work!" cried Willie Binnie, and thrust the crumpled letter into his father's hand. It fell unheeded to the floor.

"I tried to save you," the old man went on, still thickly; "I knew—I tried to save you. You had left my house never to return!" (Ho! thought I, there's news for the eavesdropper. Left his house, eh?) "I could not bear it! Oh, my boy, I love you so, and I tried to save you!"

Willie Binnie cried out again in scorn. "Curse you! *Was* this a part of your doings?" he demanded fiercely, and stirred the crumpled paper on the floor with his foot. "I'll make her tell me if you won't—I'll make her tell me if it was. I'm going to her now!"

Old Binnie swiftly reached out quivering hands. "No—no; you must not go to her," he cried back, his face distorted. "Wait—wait," he appealed, and looked about him with desperate, evasive eyes. "Listen—I must tell you—do you hear? You must listen—it's something I've tried to keep from you. You must not go to her—because—because—" Once more his eyes looked about him with that same guilty evasiveness; then, wetting his lips, he leaned forward and said something to the boy—something I could not hear—and then——

"Oh—oh—don't—oh, my boy!" wailed old Binnie, and I saw him totter; "look at your father, won't you—won't you?"

For Willie Binnie, crouching back from him like one that avoids a leper, cried aloud in agony and buried his face in his hands.

"Look—look at me," pleaded the old man; and Willie Binnie, lifting his face, turned on him eyes blazing with horror and with scorn.

"Look at you? Yes—I look," he said, with a slow and terrible distinctness. "I'll look now, and I hope to God I shall never look again—either on your face—or on hers!"

There was a loud crash. I looked, and could not see old Binnie. But lower down beside the table legs a huddled figure lay twitching, limp and formless in the shadow; and *that* I knew was old man Binnie. He had had his shock, as I promised him.

An hour later I went down the path to head off Annie Harper, just returning from her eventful evening out. "Annie," said I, quite quietly, "you'd best go away from here. I will not be responsible for your comfort if Willie Binnie finds out what you've been doing tonight. Do you understand me?"

Annie gasped in fright. "Is old man Binnie dead?" she asked, a terrified expectancy in her face.

"Annie Harper," said I, and for the second time in my life I threatened a woman, "go away from this house now, and don't speak to a soul of what you know. If you do, Will Binnie has a way to make you sorry such as you can never dream of—and I will help him. Go, I say."

With a white face, Annie Harper shrank back from the door, and at the gateway she turned and ran.

We used to see old Sanders pottering about the town after this—never sober, always mumbling, incoherent; pitiable. This one piece of business seemed to have robbed him of his last shreds of respectability; he had surrendered himself inertly to his downfall.

I won't say that Aurelia had taken sides in the matter. For one and all, it appeared, had accepted the theory that old Sanders and his daughter had become the innocent victims of an inconceivably horrible and degrading conspiracy. Loud voices spoke pity for him, and louder voices cried contempt and vituperation upon Will Binnie and his father—some of the same voices that had pronounced it a shame that the Binnies should be tied to such a family as the Sanders. Nor was there lack of fresh fuel to feed the popular

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feeling. We heard that all old Sanders's money was gone; that his home had been mortgaged and that the mortgage was on the verge of foreclosure; and we heard, too, that it was old man Binnie to whom this mortgage had been given.

We were in a fine, ripe condition for an uprising, I tell you; and I, for one, was glad that Willie Binnie kept to his home, and glad, too, of the town's general belief that old Binnie had taken himself elsewhere for a season. I believe I encouraged this report — no, old Binnie was not dead; the shock had not killed him. Where had he gone, then? Well, even now I cannot convict myself of a lie. "Oh," said I, seizing an easy answer to this clack and gossip, "why, I believe he has just gone away a while!" He had been very ill, I said, and required quiet.

It was a full two months before Willie Binnie showed himself on the street; and I hardly believe that even by intention could he have chosen a worse time to trust himself to publicity.

It was half-way along in the afternoon of a summer's day. I saw Willie Binnie coming from a distance, and stood and watched. At the corner by the bank, Tibbie Williams, who had been a friend of the boy's mother—Tibbie Williams, in her best alpaca, with a sunshade held on high, would pass him. She tipped back her parasol when she saw Willie, looked at him with a little smile, and then I saw her tilt her sharp nose into the air and sail by, leaving him standing there, his hat in hand, while she paraded onward to the meeting of her church guild. It was too manifest—there was no chance that he should mistake the intent of this episode; and I saw him start on hurriedly, the victim, I believe, of the first affront of its kind known in the history of the town. But when I started toward him, the boy saw me, turned abruptly to the crossing, gained the other walk, and with his head in the air he, too, marched on down the main street, looking neither to the right nor to the left. I understood: he was determined to have it out alone. I saw people turn to stare at him; but he gave no heed. Then, at the same corner where his father had denounced old Sanders, he and old Sanders met.

The boy saw him and edged away in the effort to evade him; and old Sanders, too, seemed confused. He stopped, shambled on, halted, his eyes shifting trickily; and then a sudden rage transformed his empurpled face. I was too distant to hear the first of that encounter—dumb silence on Willie Binnie's part, and old Sanders huskily shouting his vituperation. The climax came as I elbowed a way through the bystanders. "Hey!" he was crying, his besotted face thrust close to Willie Binnie's; "d'ye think I'd let my daughter tack her name to that name o' yours? Hey—better'n ole man Sanders, are ye, an' can make my girl's name a joke, hey? I'll show ye—what're ye got to say, now? Why don't ye tell 'em ye got us mortgaged, an' can chuck us into the gutter—why don't ye, heh?"

I was too late to prevent the outcome. Willie Binnie turned, trying to get away, and Sanders clutched him. I saw the old man whip back his hand in a threat; the crowd murmured an encouragement, and, egged on by that open acknowledgment of his wrongs, he struck Willie Binnie in the face. Still the boy made no effort to defend himself; the blow rocked back his head with the force of it, and blood started on his lip, trickling down his chin and dropping to his coat. But he wiped it away quietly, still trying to get free of Sanders's clutch, and at this the crowd set up a jeer. "Hit him again, old Sanders!" some rowdy yelled; and, grinning, old Sanders struck Willie Binnie once more. That ended it. The man's befuddled wits, keyed up to the moment's rage, relapsed submissively to their accustomed level—there was the poor drunkard again, the heroism of his wrath all spent, giggling, loose-limbed, incompetent, his mouth twisted into a silly smile, and again, with a pitiable good-humor, joking the bystanders about him. He was, indeed, striving to wheedle the price of a drink from them, when I stepped up and took him by the arm.

"Go home!" I commanded Willie Binnie; and without a word, the boy turned and walked off up the street. A mocking jeer followed; then the crowd dispersed; and I led old Sanders to his home, rang the bell, and left the huddled, mumbling wreck on the doorstep fiddling with his fingers. That was the last I saw of him alive, looking foolishly at the blood upon his knuckles, with his lower lip hanging out in wonder. A month later he was dead, and Hattie went to her flighty, vain mother, and for a long while we saw her no more.

But old Binnie—you ask where was he? I had that very question put to me at every turn of the way; and there was many an in-

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vestigator that I was kept constantly dodging around the street corners, or across lots, or down the handiest alley way. But some cornered me; and, once cornered, I tell you they got a dose they weren't looking for. There was Tibbie Williams for one—when I got through with her, my friends, her face was as wry as the sourest styptic ever compounded by an apothecary could make it. "Now what's your interest in the Binnies?" I asked her. "I saw you cut Willie Binnie in the street; and d'you wish to tell old man Binnie you're sorry?" Tibbie Williams flushed to her ears. "I do not, indeed!" said she, and advised me that she had acted according to her conscience. "I'm a Christian woman, I'll have you know," she continued; "and if those Binnies were as much, there'd be no call for neighbors to show 'em what they think."

Yes, thought I, departing—yes, Tibbie, you are a Christian woman, if parading three times to church of a Sunday makes you one, or never missing a prayer-meeting, or sitting up with your hands folded every time a church bell rings. And you have a conscience also.

But has this conscience of yours been affected by the several facts that old man Binnie wouldn't buy stock in your husband's woodenware factory, or that Willie Binnie wouldn't do business with your son, Hen, because, as it was suggested, Hen was too mean and too close and grasping to get on even with kindly Willie Binnie? No, I suppose not, Tibbie Williams. You are merely like all the others of this entirely staid and respectable community—a mob ready to fly at the throat of the under dog. Was I imaginative? The active diagnostician, as a rule, is that or nothing; but maybe I had gone too far in looking upon my fellow townspeople as a mob.

Yet listen: we speak of the simple sports and recreations of a simple people—d'you include the shivaree? I am not aware that the mimicry of the stage has ever displayed this effect of a simple people's joyous mood; and yet its license and the very freedom of its direct and uninvolved methods offer the widest dramatic possibility. I had no full idea of its utilities, however, until that very same evening, when it was preceded by a singular and equally dramatic act of charity, the one act of its kind that I recall in a long acquaintance with Annie Harper. I had just returned to my house when the door-bell rang at my back; I opened, and there stood Annie, white and shaking, her face twitching with excitement.

"They're after the Binnies—Hen Williams an' a lot o' others," she gasped, plucking me by the sleeve. "Come quick. They've got up a shivaree party. It's orful!" Then Annie fled, following, nevertheless, as I saw, in the track of the mob, and bound to see whatever happened.

It was a long run for a man like me, for years a stranger to violent exercise, yet I made the distance at a pace that would have astonished you. There by the Bradbury road stood the dark, quiet pile of the Binnie house, a shadowy bulk among its surrounding trees. No outbreak yet; indeed, at first I thought Annie had been misled. But as I came up to the gate, I saw vague figures hanging over the palings; in the yard shadowy forms moved about in the gloom beneath the trees; and already a few had advanced to the house itself and were peering about the edges of the curtained windows.

I knew the make-up of that mob before I saw it; men, the vicious, scrofulitic element of stable and barn-yard, and hangers-on at tavern and bar; boys half-grown and witless of the outrage that engaged them; urchins that ought to have been in their beds and were dragged out, now, to lend their shrill enjoyment to this cruelty—all were there in that ruck! Fine sport, eh?

A ray of light shone from a window at the side; and as I ran in to take a hand, I saw Tibbie Williams's boy, Hen, tiptoe into its arc of brightness and peer beneath the shade. He was the nearest to me of all that rabble, and I saw his sly, mean face spread into a clownish grin, while over his shoulder he beckoned on the others. Ah, but it was all so sudden! I strove to get there—But quick as I was, it was all too late. Hen Williams, with his face pressed close to the glass, had seen what I had looked upon twice a day for many days and was to look upon, day after day, for years to come. He fell back with a sudden cry—a cry piped half in amazement and half in terrified dismay; and the crowd took that shout for its signal. A sudden roar went up from the mob of men and boys, an abominable clatter of tin pans beaten lustily, mocking shrieks, catcalls, and whistling; and then Hen Williams threw up both his arms, and in a voice of piercing horror cried: "For God's sake, STOP!" What!—Tibbie Williams's boy, Hen—what!—would you cut short at the outset all this fun of your own

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"LOOK AT YOUR FATHER, WON'T YOU—WON'T YOU?"

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creation? But again he screamed the appeal, and at that moment I began to lay about on cringing shoulders with my stick.

For—as I say—Hen Williams had seen within that room what I had looked on for many a sorrowful day. There in the glow of a lamp upon the table, the Binnies—father and son—were revealed. Old man Binnie, his legs spraddled widely, sat on the floor, his son beside him, and the two played with paper dolls. On the old man's face, wan and weak-muscled, drooling, loose-lipped, and pitiable, a faint and ghastly smile was fixed, the mocking, mirthless wraith of a dead intelligence, while with fumbling, ineffectual hands he toyed with these paper effigies. His poor, dulled eyes, rambling aimlessly in their vacuity, lightened only as they returned to the paper playthings, which he dandled with a childish intentness, gleefully crooning to the boy who sat there patiently indulging the poor old blighted man in his idiocy. For so the shock had struck old Binnie! It had not killed him; but, falling upon his brain, had ruined the mind and left him this hapless imbecile, playing with his toys upon the floor.

My rough hand dragged off Hen Williams before he could look again, and sent him crashing into the shrubbery. Alarmed, Willie Binnie had leaped to his feet and raised the curtain; and the mob, filled with a sense of horror, fell back from the house. I looked within, and saw old Binnie, a finger upon his lip, a gleam of childish pleasure in his eyes, poised waiting with seeming eagerness another burst of that impious demonstration.

But enough of this! The door to the side porch flew open, and Willie Binnie showed himself. He stood there in the light from the room beyond, solemnly regarding the faces of that mob. A long while—a very long while we stood there, as silent, as fixed as the figures in a tableau; and then, with a slow gesture, he pointed toward the gate. They stirred themselves, then; they slunk off, treading upon one another's feet, their pans and kettles sounding hollowly; and with a sudden little panic they crowded through the gateway into the road. At the fence corner, a few set up a mocking jeer, but it was half-hearted and abruptly stilled. Then silence came.

Our town knew it all that night. We two—Will Binnie and I—had our secret no longer; and yet out of the evil done there came some good. A new sentiment evinced itself; it grew strongly from that moment, and the community—turned about and ready to go to the other extreme—was on the verge of another popular demonstration. There were new rumors flying, too; it appeared, said some, that the Binnies perhaps had been more sinned against than sinning. I believe that was the expression. It was whispered that we might have been too hasty—God! I could have shown that to them long before—and there crept into the talk an inconsequent animosity toward the dead Sanders. We even heard a whisper of forgery—something to do with that Binnie mortgage—and we had on top of this the revival of the cankerous rumor impugning Hattie Sanders's birth. There were some dreadful things said in that time, in the usual careless way; but once again the talk blew by.

It becomes a difficult matter now to compress into a paragraph a span of no less than fourteen years; yet the drama would effect this with reasonable simplicity. "Between Acts II and III," says the playbill, "an interval of fourteen years is supposed to elapse," though I am bound to say there is greater reality when the action is confined to a limited period—say, to a day for each act, or, better still, to a single twenty-four hours. "Morning—Noon—Night"; there is an excellent time-outline for the conclusive, logical, convincing drama—or so it seems to me.

Only, in the case of Willie Binnie, were I to set forth the romance in such form, I should add a fourth term—and I consider this a very neat and effective thought on my part. Here you have it: "DAWN!" Dawn—the curtain down—the players vanish from their shadowy stage, the house darkly quiet, and yet through the dark a radiant light glowing, luminous and clear—the effulgent memory fixed in the departed spectator's mind of that triumphant climax. A climax effected by no mere theatric stage delusion, but a slow falling of the curtain on the boards emptied of all but the principals and the sublimity of their final happiness. Herne and Pinero reveal my meaning—the way has been shown by them; and I say——

What in the world does any one care what I say about Herne and Pinero? There in Aurelia we looked for fourteen years on Willie Binnie growing gray in his loyal service to that hapless old man; and in that time, though Willie Binnie still kept himself hedged about in his seclusion, there grew upon the town something akin to sentiment for him, and a

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deep and settled respect for his unwavering fealty to a thankless cause.

But I knew him beyond that—beyond the little they saw or knew. I knew him for a quiet, repressed, uncomplaining man, bearing on his shoulders the weight of a fault that had never been his; saying nothing in bitterness, and carrying his burden in silence. Yet it was a big and human heart, unwarped by what would have shriveled yours or mine till it cracked—it was a heart that beat for others! Need I tell you, to make clear my point, what deeds his right hand did without knowledge of his left—how I could bring to him no tale of another's woe that the man would not heed with an eager willingness to aid, shocked by the very thought of even a stranger's trouble, his own forever hidden and unspoken. The town knew naught of this; at evening they saw him in the streets, a grave, gray fellow going silently on his way, his face, year by year, fixed in a deeper preoccupation; and at times, too, they saw him walking in his garden, piloting beside him a shambling, babbling, unmanned derelict of life, and smiling with a patient indulgence when that poor wreck turned up its face to croon at him in infant pleasure.

That other partner in this romance, Hattie Sanders, seemed effaced from the scene; and yet somehow we were aware of her, ever present beside that stage, waiting there beyond drop and border for the cue to bring her on for her final appearance. All this, I know, is purely figurative. She lived—if you will have facts—still at Bradbury, and, driving by, I had often seen her at the window, her head bent above her sewing, now and then looking up the dusty highway of the Aurelia road, a Penelope waiting as if for the destined coming. Once Willie Binnie had spoken of her—that was ten years ago. "Have you seen her?" he asked after a long silence in the winter's dusk. I nodded. His hand reached out and touched my sleeve. "Doctor," said he, speaking slowly, "if she is in need—ever—if she needs help, will you—you understand, don't you?" There was another silence; then he added: "I can help that way, secretly. It's the only way I can." It was the one time he spoke of her—the only time until these fourteen years had passed, the fourteen years of waiting that ended yesterday at dawn.

And now I have just come from the Binnie house—and it was worth it, I think—her waiting and watching beside the long and dusty sweeping level of the highway. How long beyond this we might have waited—how long we might have lived in doubt and sorrow, God knows, but for the chance that set this affair to rights. It was our town clerk Culberson—Culberson, whom I must drag in by the heels—who brought the drama to its climax; and though I allow that this bringing on of unexpected characters to force your curtain is but a bungling, makeshift practise, I can plead only its truth as justification.

"Doctor," said Culberson, coming to me in the noon hour, "if it's true that old Binnie won't live out the night, I've a mind to chance that blistering tongue of yours, and tell you something you might like to know." Heigho, thought I, what now? "Say," said Culberson, squinting at me sharply; "d'you know that old Sanders forged his wife's name to that Binnie mortgage? If you don't, I do."

Forgery, eh? I had heard the whisper, and now here was the fact revealed. So this was the crux, then, of the doings that night, fourteen years ago, this the cause of old man Binnie's rage that had broken two hearts and ruined himself. If this were the fact of it, was I to take a hand in the matter; to run a seton, if you please, in that living, scalding anguish, and make shift to drain it of its purulency. Had the time come for me to meddle, now that old Binnie was going? Should I try to bring Willie Binnie and this woman together again—try to wipe out all these years of suffering and wrong?

I thought a deal about it, I tell you; and then that afternoon, still thinking, I climbed the stairs of the Binnie house to look at the dying man. There, of course, still sat Will Binnie, at his endless vigil. I looked at old man Binnie—the tide was slipping fast—and back again at his son.

"Willie Binnie," I said to myself, "Willie Binnie, you have been a pretty loyal son to that father of yours. He would have died long ago but for you; and though you have charged yourself during these fourteen years with the impotency of that old man, you have long overpaid the punishment. There is something coming to you now on the credit side, and I purpose to bring it to you." Then I spoke aloud. "I have just found out," said I, not daring to look at him, and in a tone as if my thoughts escaped me, "I have just found out, Willie Binnie, that old man Sanders forged his wife's name to that mortgage; and I am going to Bradbury now."

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HE STOOD THERE, SOLEMNLY REGARDING THE FACES OF THAT MOB

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He caught me at the head of the stairs, his face livid. "Don't meddle," he warned me, and fell to shaking weakly; "you don't know what you're doing. It was not that; not the forgery, I tell you!"

But my stubborn mind was made up, and I was determined to probe this matter to its depths. It had gone quite far enough, and I told him so.

Willie Binnie looked at me wildly; I had upset the man's balance by my roughness, and I cannot say that I cared.

"Do you know what it was?" he whispered, looking about him with a half-frightened glance, as if he feared the walls would drink in what he said. "Listen—I'll tell you. Do you want to know?"

He leaned forward, his breath hot upon my face, and one hand still gripping me by the wrist. Then he told me—told me what his father had leaned forward and whispered to him that night fourteen years ago. "Oh, my God!" said I; and plumped down weakly on the stairs.

"Now you know," said Willie Binnie; and, with another look, turned back to his vigil at the bedside, leaving me still sitting there, overwhelmed.

For the secret the man had revealed was monstrous—inconceivable. I could not believe it; indeed, I *would* not. It must be untrue; it was but the fiction of a madman; and for the moment, I believed Will Binnie's mind unbalanced—that he had dreamed it. Standing on the stair, I called to him again. "Willie—Will Binnie, I have not changed my mind. I am going to Bradbury, I tell you."

I heard him crying after me as I turned into the Bradbury road, but I gave no answer. Dusk was coming on; long shadows trooped across the plain; and away beyond I saw a single gleam of light shining from a window that I knew. It was late in the night, when I came homeward, with a quiet, pensive figure on the seat beside me, and only the shuffle of the horse's feet to break the silence, or the creak of the wheels as they rocked along the frozen ruts. But at the gate there were a few words spoken. "I am willing," said the quiet figure at my side; "but I fear I come too late."

"You do not know Willie Binnie," said I, opening the weather-beaten gate.

My faith in mankind had been put to a pretty serious test and had failed; and yet out of the wreck arose a new trust in human hearts. For there was the loyalty of Willie Binnie to stay me, his unceasing vigil beside that ruined creature all these slow, patient years; and I clucked to myself in satisfaction at the thought of such unwavering devotion, such integrity, unasked and unrepaid. I threw back the door and stamped my way up the stairs; and there was Willie Binnie still at his vigil. He looked at me quietly. "Well?" he asked, as if he had forgotten.

"Will you get me my glasses, please?" I said, bending over the figure in the bed. "I left them on the sitting-room table."

Then I tiptoed to the door and stood listening, while Willie Binnie's footfalls beat along the passage, trod the stairs, and passed on their way into that room beyond. There a cry arose.

"You—is it *you!*"

It was Willie Binnie's voice; and I closed the door.

"Old man Binnie," said I, turning to that inert, stalwart figure on the bed; "old man Binnie, listen to me!" His large face, turned upward to the light, lay among the pillows, white and placid. Sleep had composed the imbecile's features with a kindly hand—sleep, the ape of death, its herald now, for old man Binnie would never awaken in this world. The white coverings of the bed lay smoothed upon his limbs; and there was a compelling majesty in that recumbent bigness. I looked upon the man and mused, delivering my apostrophe to that silent, marble thing—a mere cell it was, from which the soul had been wrenched a long fourteen years ago; and I bade old Binnie listen. If the soul, the mind that had left him, still hovered above the tenement it had quit, I bade it return and hearken; for I stood to charge him with his crimes. "Hear me," said I; and the man's lips moved, fluttering as if that soul had returned, and strove to deny me now. But I had the truth, and would not be denied. There lay before me, as I charged, forger, perjurer, thief—and I must have my say!

I had wrung the truth from the lips of one that knew—and they, too, were guilty lips. For it was from Mattie Sanders, the mother of the girl—from her, I say, that I pried the truth about her daughter's birth—the fact that saved us, as you shall learn—the shameful confirmation of old rumors that now might make possible a lasting joy for the two lives that old Binnie had gone so far toward ruining. "Listen," I whispered, leaning down toward him; "I know,

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old man Binnie—I have found out; and *he, too*, shall know!"

Forger—perjurer—thief: a stealer of two souls' happiness. That was it! Old man Binnie had long known of Sanders's forgery, but had kept the fact concealed until his boy's engagement fell like a bolt out of the blue. Then, wild in his wrath, Binnie had told his son not only of the forgery, but of that ugly whisper against the young girl's birth; and the boy had mocked him, saying that she, at least, was innocent, whatever the case against her parents. Old Binnie had his shock then—the first one—a mere warning. But during that sickness, the man's mind had gone to work—if old Sanders were indeed a forger, why might not he and his family be fought with the same tools? So what had Binnie done? You remember the time I had found him propped up in bed with a writing-board across his knees? It was then that his crimes began; for on that day old man Binnie had achieved a very creditable forgery, a letter above his son's signature jilting the girl in terms of the most insulting cruelty that a devilish ingenuity could inspire. But, further, the man had revealed to her old Sanders's forgery, and, with a threat to prosecute, had forced the frightened, shamed young thing into writing that letter Will Binnie had thrust at me in the church porch.

Oh, it was an evil thing, ingeniously done; but old man Binnie had not looked far enough ahead in his evil doing. In that wild moment when his son confronted him—the night Willie had faced his father fourteen years ago—old Binnie had seen his fabric of lies totter like a house of cards; for Will Binnie had sworn he would have the truth from the lips of Hattie Sanders herself. Then, fearful in his agony, inspired as he was by the damnable genius of his rage, old Binnie had added perjury to his sins, a perjury so inconceivably shrewd and dreadful that one must believe the man to have been mad when he spoke it. This was what he had told his son—this the thing he had leaned forward to whisper, that dreadful evening:

"My son—oh, my son!"—it was this, I tell you, he had told him, while I, an eavesdropper, looked on—"she is base-born; and I—I am her father!"

That was his lie—a lie, as I knew; for I had dragged the truth from Mattie Sanders—that was his lie, and I leave to your own imagination the far-reaching results of it in the hearts of those two wretched lovers.

The figure upon the bed moved, its white hands fluttering gropingly; and I needed no more to warn me. One glance, and I made my way down the darkened stair. I went loudly, by intent; but the two in there heard nothing. Willie Binnie was crouched upon the floor, his arms about her knees and his face in her lap, and both her hands were stroking the gray head buried there. "Come," said I; and when he looked up, I motioned him to follow me.

In the room above, the form of old man Binnie had not moved. He lay quiescent, his massive head resting among the pillows, his arms outstretched, his long fingers playing at the coverlet. Will Binnie looked down upon him, deep in reflection, his chin sunken in his hand. I wondered what he thought, now that he had learned, but he gave no sign. This was the end of his service—enduring, doubly trying; for how much more they serve who only stand and wait. Was there a reparation—could there be any repayment? I cannot tell. If old Binnie could but have awakened now to the knowledge of that grievous loyalty of his son—*I*, at least—*I* should have been repaid. But I should not have cared to be old Binnie awakening—in the knowledge that his guilt was known—that his sin had found him out. Yet such loyalty—

The dying man stirred, breathed once loudly, and then lay still. I saw the last faint quiver of his passing agony; he had gone softly, like a child; but still Willie Binnie stood waiting, watching, his vigil still lasting at the lamp, though the flame was gone. For a long while we stood there silent. Then I nodded; and he knew.

"Dead?" he asked. He looked at me a moment with a quiet surprise, and turned again to that large, almost noble face, now set sternly in the transfiguring mask of death. Leaning down, he drew the covers gently like a curtain upon that last act; and looking up, stared across at me.

"Thank God!" he said, softly; and I left him.

Now I put it to you, could Herne or ——

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The Real Self and Drugs

By WILLIAM HANNA THOMSON, M.D., LL.D.

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ABOUT the only things worth noting in investigating the nature of our mental operations are unmistakable facts. On that account we invite the reader to come with us to a familiar fact, viz., a drug store. On the shelves of the store are bottles filled with facts which, when taken in, will start in us a multitude of thoughts, with this peculiarity, that each bottle awakens its own kind of ideas and feelings. To demonstrate this remarkable truth, let us see what happens to people when they freely sample the different bottles.

The first customer is a man who takes laudanum, not in drops as a medicine, but by long habit he can now swallow it as a drink. That done, soon a sense of intense interest is awakened in him similar to that of an amateur fisherman when he gets a strong bite. All fishermen know that every concern in life is displaced for the time by that pull on their line. At first our customer scarcely knows what his laudanum-born interest is about. But soon a crowd of thoughts arrive, bringing with them the pleasing assurance that to produce such a succession of splendid ideas this thinker at any rate owns a first-class brain. Up he ascends, as if to take a seat on a cloud where he can serenely look down on this poor mundane sphere, feeling himself quite above its fussy littleness. After a while, grand visions may come between seasons of a sleepy repose when he is like that Eastern deity

> Who floating on a lotus leaf
> Dreamed for a thousand years. Then, awakening,
> Creates a world, and smiling at the bauble,
> Relapses into bliss!

Such conditions are graphically described by De Quincey in his "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," and we refer the reader to this classic book.

As might be inferred, the man is all the while centered on the creations of his own imagination, and therefore the opium-eater is solitary and dislikes interruption by others. But after the effect has passed off, it is succeeded by a sense of horrible vacancy sometimes referred to the pit of the stomach, which causes a restlessness that nothing will relieve but more opium.

The next in order is a man who, if the store is in a prohibition town, asks with a slight movement of one eyelid for *spiritus vini gallici*, vulgarly known as brandy. It first makes him smile, and soon he shows that not so much his thoughts as his emotions are excited. As it is not natural for a man to keep his feelings to himself, but rather to share them with others, the alcohol taker contrasts with the opium taker, in being very sociable. The usually reserved man admits people into his confidence and talks familiarly with everybody present. When a number are sharing their drinks and feelings together with laugh and song, the swift flow of emotions may unhappily strike some rock, which so violently deflects the stream that heads collide and the scene ends in a general row. Other developments are too familiar to detain us, as our present object is rather to note the characteristic workings of alcohol on the mind.

One of the drugs that are most striking in their effects is hasheesh, or *Cannabis Indica*, largely taken in Asiatic countries, where I used myself to meet its votaries. Its chief peculiarity is to make one believe with all his might whatever is suggested to him. If he is an Arab, tell him that he is a sultan and straightway he becomes chesty, to use Devery's term, and royally orders heads to be cut off. Tell him he is a rooster and he will crow. I knew of two Americans who

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experimented on themselves, and when the first was told that he was like a locomotive, he snorted and whistled, and kept going round the table puffing and blowing until he dropped from sheer fatigue. The other somehow conceived the idea that he was dead, and forthwith gave elaborate directions for his own funeral, till he waxed wroth at the unseemly mirth of his companions when they should have wept. Whoever wishes further details about the weird play of this drug on the mind may consult Hugh Ludlow's book on the hasheesh smoker, for he writes as if he still kept up the habit.

THE ARTISTIC POISON

Passing by other drugs, like cocaine, etc., each of which has its own way of making people crazy, we conclude with what may be truly termed the artistic poison. This is the mescal button, which grows on a low cactus in the valley of the Rio Grande, and fortunately is scarce and hard to get. Chewing this button causes the most gorgeously colored scenes to appear before the entranced vision, far surpassing, according to descriptions, the most magnificent sunsets. It would seem to be the drug for landscape painters, but, unfortunately, whatever other things drugs do, they never increase efficiency. It was first discovered among the Kiowa tribe of Indians, who used it in their religious rites till missionaries induced the United States Government to remove the Indians from where they could get it. The following account, given by a scientific experimenter with it, will give an idea of the extraordinary properties of this drug:

> "When I chewed the fourth button there followed a train of delightful visions such as no human being ever enjoyed under normal conditions. An ever-changing panorama of beauty and grandeur, with infinite variety of color and form, hurried before me. I thought that I had experienced great pleasure on many former occasions, but the experience of that night was quite unique in the story of a lifetime. The colors of the objects were wonderful, like colors of the spectrum, intensified as though in the fiercest sunlight, while the pictures were some like tapestry designs, others of human beings in dances, processions, etc., and others were lovely scenes in Nature."

So far we have been reviewing the purely mental or intellectual effects of these different drugs. Would that we could stop with those mysterious results! But each of them can and does do infinitely worse things, and each again in ways peculiar to itself. The man or woman, as the case may be, who habitually takes drugs, becomes so changed into either a ridiculous, pitiable, detestable, or most reprehensible being, that it is unjust to the poor brutes to speak of such a one being brutalized, for no brute is so bad as some human beings who have long drugged themselves. Instead, there is truth in the common term used to designate them as such or such a "fiend."

The opium fiend, from long living in an unreal world, becomes transformed into the most all-round liar in the land, the very embodiment of unveracity. One of them victimized me with a loan that he might go and close the eyes of his dying mother, when her eyes needed no such closing for years afterwards. Another sent from a Western city to his wife a telegram which purported to come from an undertaker demanding money to pay for shipping his body home; this money when it came he—and unfortunately no undertaker—pocketed, and then went his way. I have had such fellows tell me with tears in their eyes that their chains had been broken the night before in answer to their earnest prayers, when I could see that they had taken a dose that same hour. And so their deterioration progresses till all sense of honor is gone and they sink below that last refuge of self-respect—shame.

We all know what the confirmed drunkard becomes, but not till the Judgment Day will the whole story be known of the griefs and tears of the innocent ones whom the drunkard made to suffer while he was here.

ARE WE MACHINES?

But how about all this and ourselves? We seem to feel and to think, and therefore to be, according to what we swallow. One can readily admit that his physical frame is made from foodstuffs, but here we note that if we take enough laudanum, we think and feel and act as opium-takers do, and every one knows how different a whisky sot is from a teetotaler. Our brains therefore appear to be like those music-boxes which turn out different tunes according to what disk is put into them. If this be not so, then why can drugs so specially modify our whole mental and spiritual being?

According to some, these actual facts and many others of a similar kind prove that, after all, we are but material mechanisms, which work solely according to their make-up. The

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logical conclusion from this statement is that man is altogether a thing, and a desirable or an undesirable thing just as he happens to be constructed. If he is made badly, as by birth from a bad stock, he will, and indeed must, be bad, while if he is well made, he will stay good. It all depends on the material conditions of his material brain.

DRUGS DO NOT AFFECT THE BRAIN

No sensible person believes this, and yet this doctrine seems to fit in with so many facts that some clear demonstration of its fallacy is much needed. It is the physician who should be asked what he has to say on the subject, because naturally he is the one best qualified to know whatever is known about both drugs and brain. Moreover, lately he has made great discoveries about the relations of the brain to the mind by observations, which he alone could make, of the effects of local injuries to brain matter caused by disease or by accident.

But how different the facts about these two subjects are from what most people imagine, he shows by saying that *drugs no more affect the brain than insanity itself does—that is, not at all!* In support of this statement about insanity, he can refer to the most complete description of the microscopic structure of the brain lately published, which is by Dr. A. W. Campbell (Cambridge University Press, 1906), and is based on the laborious investigations of eight normal human brain hemispheres compared with the brains of two chimpanzees and one orang. But of the eight human hemispheres six were those of lunatics who died insane, Dr. Campbell merely remarking of them "that he was convinced from a lengthy experience in the pathological laboratory attached to the Rainhill Asylum, that in such lunatics all the microscopic methods at our disposal will fail to disclose changes, either in the nerve cells or fibers, which we can refer to their altered mental condition." In other words, that insanity neither affects nor deranges the brain structurally.

As to the drugs which we have mentioned, he denies that any of them injure the brain, except alcohol, which does injure the brain, though not at all on account of its mental effects, but for the very different reason that alcohol has a chemical affinity for the albumen and fats of the tissues. By this chemical action it slowly alters and damages brain tissue, but this result in no wise differs from similar alterations produced by alcohol in the tissues of the liver and of the kidneys. Tissue changes in the brain will of course derange its working, as is illustrated also by the destruction of the mind accompanying that ruin of brain matter caused by the slow action of the virus of syphilis when it causes paresis, or the so-called general paralysis of the insane. But those drugs whose mental effects we have described never leave a trace of their action on the brain, nor do any other similar agents. Tobacco is a powerful poison, and yet no autopsies can show the least difference between the brain of a lifelong smoker and that of one who never lit a cigar. Likewise, the brain of an opium fiend is indistinguishable from any other brain, and so on for the rest.

Then as to the relation of the brain to the mind, the physician can demonstrate that the brain no more thinks than his pen thinks when he writes with it. No instrument ever does anything itself, however used. And that the brain is not itself the source or producer of thought but rather only the instrument of the thinker is proved by the discoveries made by the physician which show why it is that only one-half of the human brain has any relation to processes of thought. In this respect the human brain differs immeasurably from all other brains—not in its structure, for in this it closely resembles an ape's brain—but solely in that one alone of its two halves is the thinking brain, while the other half is only that of the animal Homo, because it does not think at all, but, like other merely animal brains, is concerned with nothing but bodily movements and sensations.

ONE HUMAN AND ONE ANIMAL BRAIN

Further, he has discovered that in what may be called the human half, in distinction from the animal hemisphere, are the actual material places where, and only where, the great and exclusively human mental faculties reside. Elsewhere in the head they are not found. The anatomist had noted before that our brain matter is collected in two symmetrical hemispheres, which are as perfect pairs as our two eyes and our two ears, while the physiologist is certain that originally both hemispheres are equally good for acquiring mental endowments. But neither anatomist nor physiologist can see the brain thinking. None but the physician, by his above-mentioned observations, would have discovered

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that even a special mental operation must have its own little special locality among the many other mind-endowed places in the human hemisphere.

HOW WE MAY LOSE OUR NOUNS

Thus, Ralph Waldo Emerson lived for some time no longer Emerson in word or thought. He began by losing not his verbs, but all his nouns, because the place for nouns in his left brain was spoiled. He had the same place all right in his other hemisphere, but it was then too stiff with age to take the impress of a single noun. But likewise all the chief mental faculties may go together, if the damage is extensive enough in the *thinking* half. One of the strongest thinkers and best trained writers in my acquaintance was suddenly so totally wrecked mentally that he was not only speechless, but could not recognize any one of his family, and he remained so for months, though till his death his right hemisphere was as sound as ever.

I have already explained in my article in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE in the July number, 1907, on "Brain and Body," why it is the left hemisphere in right-handed persons and the right hemisphere in the left-handed which is the human brain, as well as more fully in my book on "Brain and Personality," * so that we need not go over the subject again. Briefly, the two brain hemispheres in our head are analogous to two phonographs, because phonographs can no more themselves cover their wax leaves with words expressing ideas than they can make wax think. The phonographs are wonderful instruments, but they are never anything but instruments; and so the brain hemispheres are the instruments of the thinker, and nothing more, for if they could themselves think, then both hemispheres would think as a matter of course, when, as a matter of fact, only one of them has a single imprint of the human *mind* in it.

What is it, therefore, that thinks? Unquestionably the human personality, which is itself independent of the brain that it uses. So far as the brain is concerned, it is simply physical in its structure and chemical in its composition. But here in one of its halves we are face to face with the tremendous Exception to everything earthly. The evolutionist can make a good showing that in structure man's brain differs but little from the chimpanzee's, just as it ought to in the ascending series of animals. But when it comes to the human *mind*, the evolutionist has to quit. What but a mind worked by a man could both weigh and accurately locate in the heavens a great planet, which neither he nor any one else had yet seen? And so the human world abounds with innumerable utter impossibilities for mere animals to achieve. Every article in an ordinary city house, be it a thermometer or a book, or anything else in it, is equally an impossibility for animals, by any process of evolution, to attain the power of producing.

Mentally, therefore, man is as much out of keeping with the entire succession and developments of evolution as any being from another world would be, and those who would still say that because the human brain so closely resembles that of the ape, these two cannot be far apart, are themselves their only good arguments. Meanwhile, for this human thinker one instrument for thinking is enough, and he does not need two hemispheres any more than a violinist needs two violins. The second hemisphere is then only to provide against accidental damage to the first, when, if he be yet young, the thinker can in time teach it to become human also in mental powers, but not if its chords have become too stiffened with age.

BRAIN ONLY AN INSTRUMENT

The bearing of these facts on the subject of the action of drugs on the mind is this, that if the brain is as much the instrument of the thinker as his hand is the mechanic's, then the work which it can do will depend on the physical conditions of the instrument itself. A watchmaker may be as skilful as ever at his trade, but he can hardly mend a watch with gloves on, still less if he puts his hands in mittens. But that is much what the thinker does with his instrument for thinking when he gets drunk. Alcohol in one amount will hamper the working of his brain instrument as much as gloves would the fingers of the watchmaker, and in increased quantity will make it wholly unworkable. The best performer could not lead a church choir with an organ whose bellows will not work, while if a leak in the roof has half filled one of the pipes with water, touching its key would not elicit a sound, just as the pipe for uttering nouns failed in Emerson's mind organ. Instruments are never *more* than instruments,

* "Brain and Personality." Dodd, Mead & Co. New York. Eighth edition, 1908.

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however they work. The eye is the instrument for seeing, and man has invented an opera-glass to make it see better. If one of this instrument's lenses is made of blue or green or yellow glass, everything seen through it will appear blue or green or yellow accordingly; but is it the opera-glass or the person using it that sees?

MAN'S MIND NOT HIMSELF, BUT HIS

But if we are not our brains, nor our brains the same with us, then what are we? The wise injunction of the old Greek sage, "Know thyself," is as binding now as ever, for the Self in us is the hardest of all things to know, and therefore what facts modern medical science is able to add to that knowledge should not be neglected. Our subject of mind and drugs is now seen to be a test almost like a laboratory test of what the Self in us is, with the result unexpected to many that as we are not our brains, neither are our minds wholly the same with ourselves. *The real Self in us is as far superior to the mind as mind is superior to the brain. We shall see that the mind has little reason to dread the drug, but the Self indeed has, and should regard the drug as a most dangerous enemy.*

When we consider what the faculties of the mind are, such as memory, imagination, perception, and, above all, understanding or reason, it would seem that we could not ask for anything more to complete our individuality. But the truth is that a man's mind is not himself but *his*, and because it is his it is perfectly detachable from his true self, so that he can hire it out, as he would a wagon which he owns. This is just what lawyers do for their living. To his client the lawyer hires out his whole mental equipment of learning, power of expression, of persuasion, and of reasoning, and, if desirable, he will throw his emotions into the bargain. A noted criminal lawyer in New York had a valuable asset in his tears, which he had so well on tap that when he saw that the psychological moment had arrived, scarce a jury could stand the gush. But was he himself in evidence then, or only his lachrymal apparatus? Without his fee there would not have been a tear. But lawyers are no different from other people in this respect. Every one's mind is entirely distinct and separable from himself, as the further discoveries of the physician will now demonstrate.

We have already shown that at birth no place for a human *mental* faculty existed anywhere in the head. The places for those faculties are all found afterward in the educated hemisphere, because Something distinct from either brain or mind has meanwhile been dealing with the brain matter of that hemisphere as marble is dealt with by the sculptor. No one lesson of modern science about our make-up is more important than this. By purposive stroke upon stroke, the sculptor slowly fashions stone into the likeness of a man's head; and by what is very like repeated purposive strokes, called will stimuli, a man fashions a speech center within his head. This is how mind and matter really come together. There is no other way for this marvel to happen.

Neither the mind nor brain matter can itself create this union. A man may imagine and perceive and reason that it would be desirable for him to learn one of the great European languages which he does not yet know, but of what use would these mental exercises be for such a purpose? Not till by his own persevering effort he has slowly organized places in his brain for that language will it be there, and, moreover, only he can take the needed trouble of months and years of repeated purposive stimulation of the corresponding brain cells to make them do this new thing. Once he has created such a brain place, it is his indeed, more so than his hand or foot, because they can be amputated, but not so any *acquired* human faculty or endowment. It lasts as long as its brain place lasts.

THE REAL SELF IS THE WILL

We are thus brought finally to that centric element in us which, as we have said, outranks the mind as truly as the mind outranks the body. We are altogether what it is, whether we be strong or weak, good or bad, for as it slowly molds brain, so it slowly but permanently molds that most personal of things, character. It is the conscious Purpose alone in us which *does* anything, and what can a strong purpose not do, especially with brain matter? Helen Keller's brain was deprived by disease in childhood of all hearing and seeing cells; but her indomitable will, and nothing on earth but her will, dealt so with other brain tracts that she is now a highly educated woman in many languages, and an authoress. How this fact alters all standards of estimation! Excellence of body is good, but that does not lessen the number of hand-

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some fools, or of silly beauties. Fine mental gifts are great gifts, but that does not prevent many of their possessors from being failures in Life's upward way, because they had no staying power for the climb. *A man with a strong will can make his human hemisphere abound with great educated centers*, because he can take the time and the trouble to make them. The bright, but weak-willed, man does little after he is fifty but sigh over past indolence or, more commonly, whine at his bad luck.

HOW DRUGS INJURE US

But we must now come back to our original subject, drugs, though in such a connection as to make the mere mention of them repulsive. Yet this article is written to make that repulsiveness all the greater. On the one side is a splendid being, with a majestic endowment whereby he can rule and direct both body and mind, and himself make a brain matchless for its powers. On the other is a human wreck, wholly thus from addiction to a drug. Did that baleful agent injure his body? Not much, for I have known a victim of opium to outlive both near relatives and friends of former years. Nor do such things perceptibly injure the mind, for many of these poor creatures can yet talk beautifully and write elegantly. *But in them the Will can no longer rule! That is why the man is ruined. The drug has completely dethroned the will, and when the will falls, everything good in the man comes down with it.*

How the drug does all this we do not know. The giant Mauritania safely rushes past rocks and shoals because a small wheel in it, which a child can turn, rules a powerful mechanism under water, 680 feet from the wheel, and so directs the leviathan's every movement. It may be something like this in man which a paltry drug can so derange that life's voyage ends in total loss ere the haven is reached. It is sad, then, to note what a subordinate official the mind has been all along. Every day it protests with all its power of reason that the drug is a curse. That is what the great intellect of poor Coleridge told him that opium was, but he could not help himself, though he could still talk like a genius. Carlyle complained that when Coleridge discoursed, his words ran beautifully, but ran nowhere. De Quincey likewise was always entertaining when he talked, but soon he would ask his listener for a loan of money. Just for diagnosis I often surprise a business man whom I suspect of taking too much alcohol with the question whether he is not becoming inclined to postpone opening business letters.

Hasheesh makes its slave utterly useless for any service, and so with the other drugs; their victims one and all end in becoming do-nothings. Self-made do-nothings, or those who are so by drug-taking, are much worse than useless. As they usually do not begin till as adults they reach the working period of life, they become wretched burdens on the real workers, since our social system lacks any constitutional enactment whereby—as occurs in a community of bees—the workers systematically put their drones to death. They are worse than waste products, for every now and then we hear of something valuable being got out of a waste product. They cannot even be used as ballast in the ship, for ballast will stay put, which no desultory do-nothing will consent to at all. No sighs, therefore, at his funeral but sighs of relief, or else from thoughts of what he might have been. What one might have been is too often a self-regret when life's story closes, but most drug-takers end with too little conscience left in them to be sorry for anything or for anybody. A sadder finish this world does not know.

THE DRIVING POWER OF WILL

To sum up this aspect of our subject—what medical science now contributes to the better understanding of what we really are is: First, the creation, by the personality, of definite seats of mental faculty in brain matter. These, therefore, are material things, which can be destroyed by an umbrella-tip; as we narrated in a former article how the important speaking brain center in a man was thus destroyed. But no one really learns anything till he has molded a brain place for it, just as he did when he molded a speech center. For when a man has learned a number of different languages he has them imprinted on different brain layers, just as words are imprinted on different wax leaves in a phonograph. These brain layers are so separate that the man may suddenly lose one language by damage to its layer, while he can still speak in the other languages because their sheets are intact. But so is the whole of that educated hemisphere. It abounds in learned places, and in some persons it is wonderful how many trained brain seats they have

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where special knowledge, or special skill, reside; but any one of these can be mechanically ruined.

All this is beautiful, but, alas! why are we not made so from the start? No one is born with a single *mental* faculty. He must *acquire* everything of the kind. When he is a child he acquires such things easily. It is wonderful how much and how well a child learns. He will never learn so many new things in so short a time again, and all because his brain matter is then so plastic. But soon he has to go to school, and with school all fun in acquiring has departed. The reason is that before this period his mind, and not his will, was in evidence. The will is eternally tiring. Nothing fatigues like it. Left to itself, the mind enjoys nothing better than to feel and to think, provided that it be like a horse let out in a lot where it can freely run around and kick. But when its rightful owner appears with bridle in hand preparatory to mounting this horse himself, everything is changed. Soon this horse finds his head turned to a road leading to some destination which this heavy rider intends to reach, however long the way or steep the hills before he gets there. Then, but not before, is an object achieved, but only as that man of great achievement, Thomas Edison, described it, by "inspiration two per cent., and perspiration ninety-eight per cent."

The reason this is all true is that for a man to become a man of any worth, one of the hemispheres in his head must be organized accordingly, and as we have demonstrated, this can be done only by the purposive will. Hence how deep the criminality of him who continues to indulge in that which is shown to paralyze the highest element in him—the Will!

While studying the interaction of mind and drugs the physician finds himself confronted with the serious subject of Insanity. But now that it is discovered both that mind-deranging drugs do not modify the brain, and that insanity itself is not a brain disease, there come into view also other important nervous affections, such as migraine, neurasthenia, hysteria, and epilepsy, none of which shows the least demonstrable change in the brain. But this whole subject opens up so many far-reaching paths for us to tread that we must defer its consideration for another occasion.

Friendship

"For I have always loved you for many reasons and in many ways."—P. B.

By S. WEIR MITCHELL

THE daily tribute of the sun
Lives on, in tree, and fruit, and flower;
Lives on, with subtle change of power,
When the last hour of day is done.

And what the kindly sun has given,
Reborn in many a varied form,
Is in the wind, the sea, the storm,
And when the lightnings flame through heaven,

And is itself again; and so
Through many ways of diverse change
Has love equality of range,
And back again as love may flow;

For deathless, as God's sunlight still,
Its tender ministry renewed
In each divine beatitude,
Shall love its purposes fulfil.

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THE PRODIGAL

By PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

MARTIN McGUNNIGLE gazed meditatively out over the harried, dirty surface of the river, stirred and furrowed by a thousand keels, to where, in the dim distance, the water slobbered thickly around the dank arches of Westminster Bridge. Behind him, on the Embankment, there rose the shrill voice of the cockney exhorter who was holding forth to an audience consisting of three old women, a gaping Yorkshireman, and a small boy who carried in one hand a rush message and in the other a fish line.

"Look at the proddigle son, now," the speaker was adjuring; and the audience, obedient to his request, turned divers inquiring eyes in divers indefinite directions. "See wot 'e done. 'E went out skoylarkin' round in all manner o' onrespectable plices, 'sociatink wi' people wot 'e 'adn't no bizniss to 'sociate with, makin' a blime fool of 'isself, spendin' all 'is money for brandy-an'-sodas an' segars an' rum, an' gamblin', an' in all sorts o' deesgustin' an' ri'tus livin', ontil fin'ly it got that bloomin' bad he was rejooced to eatin' of 'usks along wi' the swines, an' nobuddy wouldn't notice 'im at all—eggscept p'licemen, who is that low they don't care wot they 'sociates with."

He suddenly realized into what dark and dangerous ways his oratorical obsession had led him, and he stopped, abruptly, to gaze about him with watery, anxious eyes. But there was not a "bobbie" in sight, so he continued:

"Well, dear frien's, byme-bye this 'ere prodiggle-son bloke 'e sees the light an' 'e reelizes into wot dep's o' shime an' degradashun 'is bloomin' feet 'as led 'im. So 'e repents 'isself in sackcloth an' ashes; an' then, as soon as 'e 'as repented sufficient, 'e sheds 'is sackcloth an' puts on 'is reg'lar clo'es, an' washes the ashes off'm his fice an' 'ands, an' combs 'em out of 'is 'air, an' 'e goes back 'ome agine. An' you may believe it or not, but 'is ol' man's that glad to see 'im that 'e comes a-runnin' an' a-'oppin' down the front steps an' out on to the sidewalk, an' 'e flings 'is arms around 'is son's neck an' 'e says, 'Gol bli' me, Bill, but I'm bloomin' glad to see yer 'ome agine! S'elp me bob 'f I ain't!' An' 'e tikes 'im into the 'ouse an' kills the fatted calf for 'im, an' there is feastin' an' rejoicin' at 'is 'ome-comin'.

"So, dear frien's, don't continner to be like this 'ere prodiggle-son bloke, but reelize the error of yer w'ys, too, an' go back 'ome an' every one'll be glad to see yer, an' the fatted calves'll be killed dead for you, too. We-will-now-jine-in-the-thirteenth-'ymn-commencin'-'There-is-room-to-'ome-for-all.'"

McGunnigle didn't wait for the singing. Instead, he moved slowly away down the Embankment, where he at length found that which he sought—a vacant bench. And upon it he sat himself down to ponder and to meditate; for the words of the speaker had impregnated his head with an idea; and ideas, with McGunnigle, needed careful and conscientious incubation.

It was now almost two years since he had left home, which meant New York, in a fit of anger and a cattle-boat. He had always felt that his departure was the fault of his father, and of a certain girl. But the father, and the certain girl, had always felt that the fault was his. Thus it is always and with all. Never are we ourselves to blame.

The trouble with his father had arisen at election time. The elder McGunnigle, a prosperous though exceedingly parsimonious contractor, had wished his son to vote for a certain candidate. His son had chosen to advocate the candidacy of another. And there were words, following which the son had put on his hat and vowed that never again would he darken the door of the paternal tenement; while the father declared that, if ever he did, he might regard it only as a flag station on the way to the morgue.

From the paternal rooftree he had gone

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to the abode of the certain girl. He had found her at home, as he usually did find her. Also, as usual, she was the center of a large gathering of devoted swains who filled to the point of suffocation the tiny fifth-floor parlor and who wore, upon visages shaven to the quick, expressions of transcendent adoration, and, upon manly bosoms, shirts of a color and stripe to make a spring rainbow, by comparison, seem drab and monochromous.

McGunnigle, ever since he had known the girl, had found existing these same exasperating conditions of acute competition. On divers and sundry occasions he had endeavored to "sit out" the rest of the competitors. But all unavailingly; for, promptly at eleven-thirty, it was the custom of the girl's father to appear, clad comfortably if not precisely *de rigueur*, in a nightshirt tucked insouciantly into a pair of suspender-bearing trousers, and after announcing menacingly and meaningly that it was "ha' past 'leven," to open the door that led into the hall. There he would wait until the last of the guests had bidden his daughter good night with a fondness that was much tempered by reason of the paternal presence; whereat he would slam the door and make a few remarks anent a "bunch o' night watchmen that t'ought nobuddy never needed no sleep"—remarks that would trickle warningly down the stairs and to the ears of the descending callers.

On the night in question, McGunnigle was in no mood for any such suitorial amalgamation as he found existent. His patience was not that of a Job. He had had trouble

CHARGING INTO BATTLE LIKE THE CUIRASSIERS AT BALAKLAVA.

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enough for one evening; he had come to the house of the girl with something to say; and he wanted to say it, and immediately. Furthermore, he intended to.

The girl herself answered the summons of his knuckles.

"Why, good evening, Mr. McGunnigle," she said. "Now who would have expected to see *you* here!" (This much for the amenities; for he came almost every night.) "Come in, won't you? . . . Put your hat right on the pianner. Nobody'll take it."

McGunnigle stood in the doorway. He did not add his hat to the homogeneous collection already heaped upon the cover of the instalment upright. Instead, he continued to hold it in his hand as, with eminent disfavor, he surveyed the masculine gathering in the tiny parlor.

"Have you met every one here?" queried the girl, mindful of her duties as hostess.

"Yes," returned McGunnigle shortly; "an' a lot more like 'em."

The gathered guests sat up suddenly.

"Say, Mamie," he said, turning to the girl, "flag the mass-meeting f'r a minnit, will yuh? I got some'n' I wan' tuh say tuh you alone. See?"

The girl stared in some surprise.

"Come on out intuh th' hall a second, won't yuh?" he requested. "I won' keep yuh long fr'm yuh convention."

The girl stood for a moment in perplexity. She did not wish to affront her guests. But she intuitively felt the tensity of the occasion. So, with a word of apology, she turned and went out through the door with McGunnigle, leaving her guests looking at one another, pulling down their cuffs, and commenting with wondering profanity on the "noive" of that "McGunnigle guy."

In the dim-lit darkness of the narrow hallway, the man and the girl faced each other. She leaned against the rickety balustrade. He stood before her.

"Well?" she said, at length, brushing a stray wisp of dark hair from her forehead and twisting it, with white fingers, into the clinging masses that crowned her head. "Well?" she said again tentatively; and the word rang coldly through the gloom. "What have you to say for yourself as an excuse for insulting my guests and making such—such a —nervy request?"

McGunnigle pulled at his big left ear with his big left hand.

"Well?" she said, a third time, and still more coldly.

He took a long breath.

"All I gotter say is this," he replied: "I've got good an' sick o' goin' up against a syndicate. Either you flag that bunch in there"—jerking his head toward the closed door through which they had come—"'r you flag me. I want yuh all to myself 'r not at all. I love yuh, an' I wan' yuh tuh marry me; but I don't puhpose tuh come round night after night an' set an' hol' hands with myself while I listen tuh a lot o' yaps tellin' what a gran' time they had at th' Sullivan Club chowder party, an' discussin' th' latest styles in shoits an' lids, an' whether a guy ought tuh wear a yellow or a red tie with a dress soot. . . . If yuh means bus'ness, that's me. If yuh don't, it ain't. See?"

As a diplomat, a tactician, or a strategist, McGunnigle, as will be plainly patent to all, was a flat failure, and worse. He knew about as much of femininity as he did of the flora and fauna of the Lower Silurian Epoch; and therefore he was ignorant of the fact that there never was a woman, from Eve down to little Honoria Panatella Mulcahy, who could take such a proposal as his with any other emotion than outraged hauteur, whatever her true inner feelings might be.

Mamie Shayne was no different from the others of her sex. For one tense, frigid moment she stood gazing at him in silent indignation. For one other tense, frigid moment she stood gazing at him in open anger. And then, with piquant little nose high-tilted, with red blood rich in her cheeks, and with eyes that would at any other time have shriveled him where he stood, she turned and, opening the parlor door, rejoined her swains, leaving McGunnigle alone in the dim-lit, smelly little hallway.

And so it was that McGunnigle took the cattle-boat. And so it is that our tale returns whence it started. And so it is that we find ourselves once again upon the Embankment beside Martin McGunnigle, who is still sitting on his bench, with the words of the speaker still in his ears and the burden of an idea still upon his brain.

The struggle for the necessities of life had hitherto kept him too busy to permit of his doing much thinking. Now he had no job and consequently plenty of time; and, sitting upon his bench, he began to think that possibly he had been a bit too hasty. He began to think, too, of home—home—and of all that it meant. And he began to think of the girl—

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of Mamie—and of that much greater all that she meant.

Suddenly he rose to his feet.

"I'll go home," he declared to the far-winking lights upon the opposite shore.

And he did.

II

STOKING a liner—shoveling huge scoopfuls of soft coal into great, blazing hells deep in the bowels of a ship, where you can work only for a few interminable moments before they have to take you away to squirt cold water upon your sweat-soaked, coal-befouled, blistering body—is not a recreation. And a week later, when McGunnigle landed in New York, he stood for a long time upon the dock, wondering whether he had better try to crawl away on his hands and knees or save all that trouble and die where he was.

Eventually, his week-old determination and the business end of a watchman's billy made decision for him; and an hour later he climbed heavily up the four flights of stairs that led to the home of his youth, and knocked on the door.

Now, he could not be expected to know that, in the interval between his departure and his return, his father's candidate, Costigan, had been elected, only to refuse McGunnigle *père* a fat contract that, before election, he had promised him—and that with a promise solemnly supported by many fat campaign cigars, such as only the hardy might smoke.

It requires no stretch of imagination to believe that when the elected Costigan not only forgot his promises, but even went so far as to forget Mr. McGunnigle himself, he straightway became hated to an infinitely greater degree than he had formerly been loved. And from this, in turn, it may be gathered that the son's elaborate apologies were not destined to have altogether the effect that he had intended.

When, in response to his knock, his father came to the door and he said, "Here I am, father; an' I'm sorry I didn't vote for Costigan," his father's under jaw shot out until it looked like a misplaced cobblestone, and his little eyes snapped. In the two years that had passed, he had completely forgotten that he had ever advocated the candidacy of Costigan, whom he since had learned to hate as only the Irish can hate; wherefore he now not unnaturally jumped to the conclusion that his son, in true Kerry spirit, had come back to take up the argument where it had been dropped. And if there was one thing that the elder McGunnigle enjoyed above all others, it was a good catch-as-catch-can debate.

"Ye're sorry ye didn't vote f'r Costigan, ar-re ye?" he howled. "Oi'll ma-ake yer sorry out av th' other soide av yer fa-ace, be hivins!" and he leaped upon his son, forgetting the stairs that lay just beyond.

It was a long flight, and a straight; and the next was virtually a continuation of it. Then came a turn and a landing, neither of which was sufficient to check the progress of the entwined and struggling McGunnigles, who rolled, pitched, and thundered down the two additional flights to the ground floor.

Seventeen small children, clad principally in dirt, who were pitching pennies, shooting craps, and indulging in other pastimes of the city's young, were knocked off the sidewalk and into the gutter by the human pinwheel as it made its hasty exit from the door.

With the stolidity of their kind, they merely expressed themselves curtly and pointedly upon the interruption of their amusements, and then stood calmly by, watching, while a policeman, a truck driver, and a couple of Wings, which are by courtesy called White, disintegrated the two generations of the McGunnigle family and bore them off in different directions. The elder man screamed vengeance upon his son; the younger was somewhat tempered by wonderment over an outcome that he was powerless to understand, as well as by the effects of being ricochetted down four flights of stairs just after having stoked a transatlantic liner from Liverpool to New York.

At Third Avenue, the policeman who had in charge the person of the younger McGunnigle stopped at a patrol box and, with his night stick, imperiously waved back the concourse of prying juvenility that had followed himself and his charge from the scene of battle. The officer in question was about to go off duty, and it's a whole lot of trouble to arrest a man. It takes time to make the complaint; and then, too, you have to get up early in the morning and go down to court to appear against him.

It was because of this that, before ringing for the wagon, the policeman turned to McGunnigle.

"'F I leave yuh go, will yuh promise not tuh make no more trouble?" he demanded.

McGunnigle nodded slowly.

"All right, then," commented the officer,

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loosing his hold on McGunnigle's collar. He gave him a shove in the small of his back with the end of his club. "On yuh way, youse," he ordered regally. "'N if yuh wan' tuh have any more o' them scraps, get on somebody else's beat. See?"

McGunnigle nodded again; and slowly, thoughtfully strode off down the avenue, trying his hardest to elucidate the problem of his father's sudden, and to him most inexplicable, outburst. And the adolescent concourse, with a few stolid and profane regrets about being cheated out of the last act of the show, retired to their juvenile amusements.

The six-o'clock whistles had been blowing when McGunnigle was chevied off the docks at Hoboken. It was after seven when he was rolled down the four flights by his irate parent. It was approaching eight when the policeman's billy prodded him into solitary progress. And now dusk had fallen thickly about him—a noisy, murky, dusty dusk, pierced by sundry and scattered glares of electric lights and made hideous by the clanging of the trolleys and the raucous rattle of the "L" trains above his head.

But the time and the place were nothing to him—nothing, that is, until at length, on narrowly escaping being run over by a cab that darted out of a side street, and being asked, caustically, by the driver, if he was "deef an' dumb," or merely "walkin' in his sleep," he stopped to look about him.

And he found himself before the narrow door that opened upon the dark stairs that led to the tenement of The Girl.

Almost subconsciously he turned in. Up the old, familiar, uncarpeted stairs he wound his way. And at length he stood before the other door that separated him from the little parlor.

His heart hammered heavily against his ribs, and his mouth was dry as dust. He stood for a moment wiping it on the back of his hand; and at length he knocked.

The door opened.

And She stood before him; and behind her, herded closely together in the tiny room, was the same group of the same ornate swains, with, to be sure, different shirts of different stripe, and different shoes with different shines; but otherwise all apparently just as he had left them two years agone.

She was the same, too—with the same little, tip-tilted nose; the same curved, red lips; the same lithe, slender figure; the same masses of billowing dark hair.

And, suddenly, McGunnigle found himself the same. The two long years, with their trials and their tribulations, their sorrows and their sufferings, fell from him, and he felt within him the same impatient impotence; the same grim purpose; the same absolute freedom from all suggestion of tact and diplomacy; the same dogged determination to have the girl for his very own, at once and for all time.

"Well, Mamie," he said slowly, "I'm back again."

The assembled swains rose *en masse* to cast upon him looks of surprise and scorn and amazement and amusement. For McGunnigle had suffered sorely as to personal appearance by reason of his comings and his goings, his stokings and his starvings, while his raiment had suffered even more sorely because of its being rolled down four flights of stairs while he himself was occupying it.

The girl eyed him closely.

"You!" she cried.

He nodded.

"Me," he returned. . . . "Are yuh ready tuh flag this bunch o' counter-jumpers an' come along wit' a white man?"

The flush of two years ago mantled her cheek, and its accompanying fire leaped to her eyes.

"Well?" he said tentatively, his jaw set square.

Just as on that other occasion, her little head tilted back sharply, her gleaming eyes shot upon him a look of outraged dignity, and the door slammed.

McGunnigle turned on his heel. Without a word, he made his way down the stairs and out into the night.

On the corner, in the pale, hard radiance of an arc light, he stood for many moments, thinking.

"I'll go down tuh th' hang-out," he muttered, at length. "Some one ought tuh be glad tuh see me—'r that prodiggle-son guy lied like th' devil."

A few blocks and he turned into a side street; a few steps and into a side door; and he found himself in the back room of a little saloon—a room holding a few cheap tables, more cheap chairs, a number of pictures of large, blonde ladies, and a goodly representation of the "boys."

There were Casey, Dugan, Doyle, Hennessy, Slattery, McGlinchy, and little Stubby Dempsey. All looked up as he entered.

"Hello, guys," he greeted, with as much joviality as he could muster.

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"HAVE ANY O' YOUSE GUYS GOT ANYTHING TUH SAY?"

The light was dim. McGunnigle, as I have said, was much changed, in face and form and raiment. And two years is a long time, particularly in the city, where men come easily to be welcomed and go far more easily to be forgotten.

Mr. Doyle turned to Mr. Dugan.

"Who's th' bench-warmer?" he asked, in mild interest.

Mr. Dugan shook his head.

"You can search me," he returned.

"Fresh, ain't he?" queried Mr. Hennessy.

"Dam' fresh," agreed, and amplified, Mr. Casey.

"Better bump him, hadn't we?" asked Mr. Slattery thoughtfully.

Mr. McGlinchy nodded agreeably. He turned to the dumfounded McGunnigle.

"Back tuh th' organ loft wit' th' rest o' the pipes," he commanded dictatorially. "We ain't got no room here f'r bums. To th' park, youse, to th' park."

"Yaaaaas," joined in Mr. Dugan invidiously. "Back tuh Ellis Island f'r yours an' get by th' inspectors right."

"Do th' Marathon. Do th' Marathon," ordered Mr. Hennessy, who had originally emanated from the classic depths of the Athens of America.

McGunnigle eyed them in bewilderment. He had expected—but just what he had expected he didn't stop to remember, for, suddenly, he felt his breast thrill and his head tingle, while his big hands curled up into two hard lumps.

"Yuh t'ink yuh smart, don' yuh?" he demanded of the assemblage. "F'r two cents I'd knock th' cakes off th' whole bunch o' yuh. See?"

Messrs. Casey, Dugan, Doyle, Hennessy, Slattery, McGlinchy, and little Mr. Stubby Dempsey straightened up with such suddenness that each knocked his respective glass of "suds" off the table to the floor.

"What!" they demanded in loud unison; and not because they did not hear but because they could not believe.

"Yaas, I mean it all right, all right," returned McGunnigle, for whose patience the untoward events of the evening had been too much. "Yuh gi' me a pain. See?"

For one tense moment Messrs. Casey, Dugan, Doyle, Hennessy, Slattery, McGlinchy, and little Mr. Stubby Dempsey stood (or, rather, sat) aghast. Then they saw. And, with seven bellows of rage, they charged, in a body, the defiant Mr. McGunnigle.

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The latter, as he saw them coming, armed himself with a chair. It was well that he did so. He needed it. And he used it.

The bartender, magneted to the spot by the noise of battle, gazed with trepidation through the little slide that, in conjunction with certain sums, monthly paid to the Powers that Were, enabled him to evade the Sunday-closing law. Then he silently fared forth into the night to seek that for which so many of us so often hunt, and so unsuccessfully.

Meanwhile the conflict raged.

Mr. Casey was first in the lists; and just in time was he to receive a swinging blow from a leg of the chair, which, alighting upon a nose that might, at some time or other in his career, have been Roman, immediately relieved him of all interest in what was taking place.

The same leg of the same chair encountered Mr. Dugan under the ear as he vaulted a table; and accompanied him to defeat and a corner, where both lay quiescent.

A second leg of the chair, shoved by stoking shoulders against that part of the anatomy technically known as the solar plexus, abruptly terminated Mr. Hennessy's immediate interest in the history that was then in the making, while Messrs. Slattery and McGlinchy, charging into battle side by side and close together, for all the world like the cuirassiers at Balaklava, were met by the chair-seat as it swung downward in a graceful and forceful arc. Locked in each other's arms, they lay down under a table and, with their ears pillowed heavily upon a broken beer glass, proceeded to commune with those who frequent the Astral Plane.

Mr. Stubby Dempsey thereupon gave one last, unlingering look and dived head first through the most adjacent window. He carried with him both sashes and one blind, though leaving behind him certain sartorial essentials that had been caught by the swooping fingers of Mr. McGunnigle.

And Mr. McGunnigle, holding in one hand the back of a chair and in the other a piece of lilac suspender plentifully adorned with hand-painted green shamrocks, went forth into the darkness; for he heard footsteps approaching, and he rightly surmised that they were those of an elusive and evanescent guardian of the peace who had been unwary enough to allow himself to be found.

After traversing three alleys, leaping two fences, and running through four side streets, McGunnigle at length came to a halt. Though all this had been easy in comparison with stoking a liner across the Atlantic, it had, nevertheless, been wearisome, and he needed breath. And as he got that breath, he thought.

But he did not tarry long. The lust of battle was in him, and so were the indignation and exasperation and rage of cumulative indignity.

"The Salvation Army guy," he muttered, waggling the chair-back savagely, "said that when th' prodiggle son beat it back home every one was glad tuh see him. . . . They ain' been so dam' glad tuh see me, though. . . . Look at th' way they've done! . . ." His jaw squared determinedly. "But I'll make some one glad tuh see me," he asserted from between clenched teeth, "if I have tuh cave their roofs in. . . . An' I'll quit this foolin' around, too, an' get down tuh cases." And, gripping the chair-back in his left hand and the segment of lilac suspender in his right, he strode off down the street.

Anon he stood before the narrow door that opened upon the stairs that led to the little tenement from which he had come so short a time before. And in, and up, he went; and anon he stood before the gathering-place of the swains of Mamie Shayne.

He didn't knock this time. He merely turned the knob with the hand that held the lilac suspender and, kicking the door open, strode in.

The assemblage was complete. And from Mamie herself to her latest suitor with his latest sartorial display, they turned upon him eyes amazed.

With chair-back dangling lightly from his fist, McGunnigle backed up against the instalment upright. His eyes were on the girl; and he ignored all others.

"Come here, Mamie," he commanded.

Impelled by what I do not know, she rose slowly to her feet.

"Come here," he ordered again; and, as she drew near him, he said slowly:

"You love me, Mamie."

The swains sat aghast, refusing to believe their ears. And the girl flushed red; her head started to tilt dangerously, and her eyes to snap. But McGunnigle minded not.

"You love me, Mamie," he said again. "I don't know how I know. But I do know just the same. . . . Don't yuh?"

She did not answer.

He leaned forward and, catching a slender wrist in the hand that held the lilac suspender, drew her to him.

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"Don't yuh?" he demanded again.

Still she made no response. Yielding, and yet unyielding, she stood silent.

"Don't yuh?" he demanded a third time. And then, suddenly, "Yuh do! I know yuh do!"

And of a sudden, so quickly that the surprised and helpless swains could scarcely see how it was done, she was close at his side, with her face buried upon his breast and his big arm about her lithe shoulders.

He turned to the assembled suitors, who had risen and stood in weak amazement, pulling down embarrassed cuffs.

"Have any o' youse guys got anything tuh say?" he demanded, waggling the chair-back significantly.

Apparently none had.

"Then beat it," he ordered.

And they did.

Mr. Shayne, in nightshirt and trousers, with suspenders dangling, chanced to enter the room at that psychological juncture, and attempted to take a hand in affairs. He was forcibly thrust from his own parlor into his own dining-room and commanded curtly to mind his own business. At which he was so bewildered that he sat in abject helplessness until a neighbor, whose intentions were better than his skill, attempted to terminate with a chunk of anthracite the endeavors of a feline Caruso upon the roof above Mr. Shayne's head. But the neighbor's aim was bad. He didn't throw high enough. And although Mr. Shayne suffered no more grievous injury than a large lump under his left ear, the coal irrevocably ruined a pane of glass and deeply dented one side of Mr. Shayne's favorite "growler." And he sat up until after two o'clock that he might tell his well-meaning, but unskilful, neighbor all that he thought of him. And he even got up twice after he had gone to bed, the first time to tell him something that he had forgotten, and the second to tell him something that he had just thought of.

"GO BACK TUH YUH ROOM AN' PUT YUH CLO'ES ON. THEN GO OUT AN' FIND A MINISTER."

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III

On that same eventful evening, shortly after eleven o'clock, the elder Mr. McGunnigle was aroused from a troubled slumber, interspersed with sundry realistic dreams of pin-wheeling down long flights of stairs, by footfalls in the hall. Anon some one tried the door of his flat. And a little more anon some one broke it down.

Mr. McGunnigle leaped from his couch and charged out into the hall.

"Hey, youse!" he yelled fiercely. "Now what th' divvle——"

He ceased abruptly; for his son stood before him; and beside him was a woman prettier than any he had ever seen outside of the windows of a Fifth Avenue milliner.

Mr. McGunnigle, senior, draped his *robe de nuit* chastely about his sparse figure and blinked wondering eyes.

"The divvle!" he said, in an awed, tense whisper.

His son was speaking.

"Go on back tuh yuh room an' put yuh clo'es on," he ordered shortly. "Then go out an' find a minister."

Mr. McGunnigle, senior, drew the folds of his nightshirt closer about him and eyed his son; and there began to come to him the recollection of his paternal position and its prerogative of authority.

"Who're ye talkin' to?" he demanded. "Why, ye yoong omadhoun, Oi'll——"

McGunnigle took his father gently by the scruff of the neck.

"Yuh'll do nuthin' but what I tell yuh tuh do," he contradicted curtly. "An' if yuh're gone over ten minutes, I'll throw yuh out th' winder. An' while yuh're out, you old miser, go on up to the All Night Bank and cash a check for a thousand plunks. Me an' me bride's goin' abroad for a weddin'-trip."

McGunnigle *père* dubiously opened his lips for one last attempt. But ere a protesting word found birth, his son picked him up bodily and, carrying him to his room, threw him on his bed.

"Now will yuh do what I tell yuh?" he demanded.

His father reached for his pants.

"Yis, Martin," he replied meekly.

By the rail of the same liner that he had so short a time before helped to stoke, Martin McGunnigle and his bride stood watching the pale, green shores of Staten Island sink beneath the western mists.

At length he turned that he might gaze down upon the girl at his side; and there was in his eyes a dull, soft, happy light.

"They may not've killed any fatted calves for this prodiggle," he muttered contentedly, "but I guess there's somethin' doin' in th' rejoicin' line just the same."

"Lovers' Lane"

By ELSPETH GRAHAME

IN my fancy the wind is sighing
Through the ruffled hedgerows again,
And the wraith of my youth is crying
To me from that love-haunted lane.

I watch the lads silently wooing,
I hear the girls whisper again,
I think of their joying or ruing,
Whose love-time was lived in the lane.

The days of those dreams are long over,
And never will come back again—
Yet life's at no loss for a lover
To walk for all time in the lane!

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A Clearing-House for Tramps

By ERNEST POOLE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A man who makes it his life-work to find jobs for hoboes and tramps, and who actually has placed forty thousand of these wanderers, must know something of the conditions in which they live. He must know how they come to break all the fetters that bind them to home life, and to place themselves within the meaning of the legal term "rogues and vagabonds." This is an account of the work of "Cap" Mullenbach, head of the Chicago Free Municipal Lodging-House. He begins the cure of souls by cleaning and feeding bodies. Then he shows his charges how and where to work. The story is hopeful and uplifting, rather than sordid, and it leaves you, somehow, with a feeling that there is a lot of sunshine in the world, after all.

IN Chicago, on dark winter mornings about five o'clock, if you will go over to the West Side center for cheap lodging-houses and hobo saloons, and enter a small, white building wedged in between factories, you will come into a long, bare, gaslit room packed with some two hundred hoboes, from gray old veterans to stripling boys; and here you will find a man named Mullenbach beginning his every-day work.

A man heavy-set, with huge shoulders, thick, brown beard, and kindly, twinkling eyes. At his request, I give only the outline of his story. He studied for the ministry, won a fellowship, and went abroad. On returning to Chicago, he went to live among the tenements. And here he learned two simple lessons: first, that a man's soul is closely tied to his body; second, that his body depends on food, clothes, and lodging, and hence on prices, jobs, and rent. He decided that he could do more for a man by getting him a job than by preaching him a sermon. So, entering the Police Department as head of the free Municipal Lodging-House, he began his work. And in the human tide that flows ceaselessly back and forth over the country, his name has already carried wide. One night a lean young tramp came in covered with black cinder dust from the "bumpers."

"Are you Cap Mullenbach?" he asked.

"Where did you hear about me?"

"From a hobo in Texas. I slept with him one night round a fire. I was dead sick of the Road. And he said, 'Go up to Mullenbach. He's giving jobs.'"

In the last three years some forty thousand, between the ages of twelve and seventy-five, have come and gone. Their stories are briefly noted on cards, and with thousands Mullenbach has had long talks in his private room.

"About two-thirds," he said, "come here because of drink. And it is easy to say, as most of the boys say themselves, 'It's all my own fault. Booze done it.' But although in the talks I have I get only glimpses into the past, I've come to believe that in most cases drink is itself the result of deeper causes.

"One night a man of thirty came in. His body was a wreck, thin and bent, and exhausted from a week's hard spree. Surely here was a clear case of drink. But later I learned that he had worked as a barber off and on for five years, and that during this time he was often laid up with inflammatory rheumatism. The pain of it started him drinking. Working backward, I found that from sixteen to twenty-two he had spent much of the time on hospital cots, with the same disease. And going back still farther, I found that *from nine to fifteen he had worked in a glass factory from six o'clock in the morning till six o'clock at night.*

"Of the forty thousand men I have

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questioned, about fifteen thousand, as nearly as I can make out, went to work before they were fourteen. In the last twenty years child labor has taken hundreds of thousands of children, and while most of them have not been permanently hurt by it, there are thousands whose life vigor has been all used up before manhood begins. And child labor is only one of the forces in industry that make men hoboes and bums. I don't say that a man himself isn't to blame. There are few hard places in human lives where the man with exceptional grit and perseverance can't pull through. But so long as most men are not exceptional men, if we are ever to rid the country of bums and tramps we must take men as they are, and search out the forces that jar them loose."

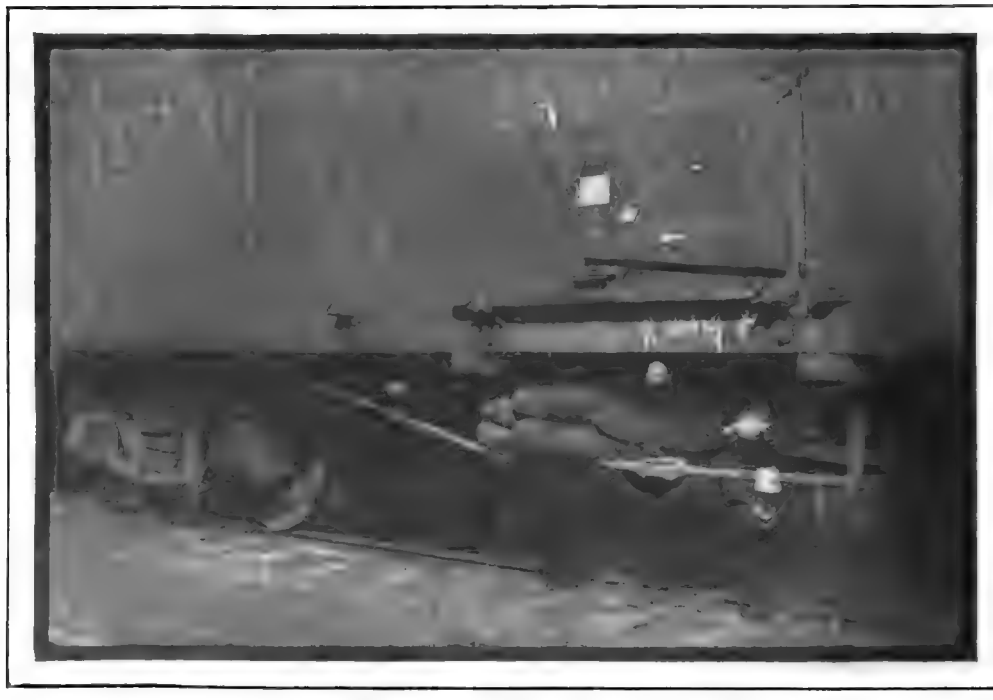
How are tramps made? Humanity is rich in diversity, and at first the stories of these men are bewildering in their differences. But those who have heard such yarns by the thousand have found that certain ones come again and again, for they are not the stories of individual wills but of deep social and industrial tendencies.

Every year, from the farms and the villages, thousands of youngsters come to the cities. From them the Road claims its most ardent recruits. "Buffalo Scotty" is one.

"I was raised," said Scotty, "widout a sound, on a farm in Illinois. Beside me there was only Dad, an' a thunderin' grouchy old dad at that. I ain't blamin' him. Me mother had always run the whole train, kept the lamps lighted; an' when she died, Dad had no reason for keepin' alive, so he shet up an' jest worked. He gave me the habit so deep that even now it keeps comin' on me like appendercitis. An' when it comes, it takes maybe three weeks on a steady job to cure it!

"Well, when I was fifteen, a railroad was bein' built ten miles north of the farm. I kept teasin' Dad to let me take a day off to see it; but the more I teased, the tighter he froze. At last, one afternoon in August, I was mendin' the fence in the lower corn-field, the wind kept blowin' the engine's whistle over the hills, an' every time them whistles came I felt me own steam risin'. At last I quit work. I jest stood and listened. An' about one minute later I was a hobo for life—wid legs cuttin' air!

"By the time I got there, it was dark. I sneaked up to the men round the fire, where a big Irish hobo was giving a yarn of a murder in Chinatown, New York. I crawled closer,



"RIDING THE BUMPERS ON A SIDE-DOOR PULLMAN."

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AT NIGHT THE PARK IS A SLEEPING PLACE FOR THE HOMELESS.

an' when the story got up to the stabbin', I was just behind the Big One. I grabbed his elbow tight. He jumped round, I yelled like a lost soul, an' was yanked into the ring—amid loud applause.

"When the audience got tired, the Big One brought me a hot dish of pork an' potatoes fried thick and soft. This fixed me up fine. I hid the next day, and when the camp broke up, I started me travels in a side-door Pullman [freight-car].

"In Chicago the Big One took me to 'Sam's' an' gave me a supper of oysters, lobsters, fish, pertaters, puddin', and pie. When I got dead sleepy, we went to the 'Waverly'; he took a room an' we went up. While I was pullin' me shoes off, he stood lookin' down—his big face dyin' for a drink an' yet tryin' to hold off. All at once he shoved me a two-dollar bill.

"'Even if I don't get back to-night,' he said, 'yez are to shtay here till I come.'

"An' I stayed. The room was the reg'lar ten-cent flop, a six-by-six box with a rope-net ceiling above the partitions. There was plenty of dirt in piles, the cot was awful hungry, and I was the meal. When day came I went down-stairs an' sat, an' after two hours waitin' I went to a lunch room and ate. Then I walked up an' down with me eye on the house. I did this all day, each time goin' farther. I had had supper an' was back in the house—when in come the Big One.

"He had been hittin' it hard. It had left his face white, his eyes red an' bleary. He took me out, an' said nothin', but walked fast. When we come to the river, out on the bridge he stopped quick an' stood lookin' down into the water. The red, yaller, an' little blue lights were dancin' down there like devils. I thought sure he was goin' to jump an' t'row me first, so I dug me legs into the rail an' braced back an' said, 'Say, don't yer do it!' Then he gave a queer, unsteady laugh an' pulled me along. We lit out of town in a empty gondola [flat-car] that night.

"I've stuck to the camps ever since. When I go to a city I generally get loaded an' lose all me pay inside of a week. Twice I've been rolled, which means held up, an' me roll [money] ripped out of me pants. Once they took most of the pants with the roll. But I ain't kickin'. An' I don't want no home, nor to be saved by no woman.

"You asked me how I came to be a hobo, an' I've give it to you straight. There's been a lot of talk about farmers' kids who run off wid circuses. Jest you take my tip. For

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runaway kids the real hot circus ain't no common elephant game. It's the railroad."

From all over the world this "real hot circus" draws its following.

"The steady railroad hoboes are the Eyetalian Guinnies," said a railroad fireman. "They work in their own gangs—kind of social distinction. No Guinny water-carrier is giving drinks to Americans, and no American carrier is giving drinks to Guinnies. I've watched 'em for years, and I've always noticed that your American hobo may be quitting the job any day after a week or a month, but the Guinny sticks right through from April to November. Then skidoo for Italy until next spring. He's a hobo all right, only he takes it in big stretches."

Giambetto's blue stucco cabin clung to a hill on the Sicilian coast. When he fell madly in love with young Tania and brought her home to be his wife, her mother and her grandfather came, too. And food became a problem.

In the spring an agent came, telling of splendid jobs on American railroads at nearly eight lire a day! It seemed a terrific distance. Tania's grandfather every night told Giambetto about a man who was killed and roasted on a pole by ten Chicago Indians. But the priest smiled at this, and promised to act as the reader and writer of letters. And Giambetto went.

Two months later he wrote that the first $30 of his pay was being held back for his passage money, and $5 more for the man who got him the job. The man who ran the camp charged $3.50 a week for board—nearly eighteen lire for one man's eating! And, worst of all, on rainy days both work and pay were stopped. In April and May it rained so much that it was late in July before he began to save. The old granddaddy called these ship agents and food men all Indians; he was sure that next winter again they must starve; and so worried did he become that in the torrid midsummer he died.

In December Giambetto arrived, dirty and ragged, with $48. By coming as a "stiff" (cattle tender) on a ship, he had saved his passage money. And the first evening he had not only red Chianti and kisses by the hundred, but also a complete surprise, kicking and gurgling—Tania's first bambino!

Tania's mother begged them to be frugal, so they managed to live along happily until March, when again Giambetto started for America.

From an Italian banker in Chicago he got a job on a North Dakota road, and there he worked until October. But the old freight car became freezing at night, except in the bunks next the stove; and Giambetto, being small, was always shoved into the far end. One night he jumped out, furious—built a fire and hugged it till daylight. And three weeks later, in the Sicilian cabin, he vowed to Tania that he would never be a hobo again.

But as the winter wore away, the money went, too. And in spring, the old feeling came back.

So for three years more did Giambetto range the world.

Then at the end of a hot September day, in Iowa, he stood under one end of a rail that some twenty men were heaving up on to a car. The men toward the other end heaved too soon. The rail, weighing over a thousand pounds, veered suddenly back on Giambetto's shoulder. And as railroad hospitals do rough work on Guinnies, he reached Sicily with an empty sleeve where his left arm had been.

Six weeks later a miracle happened. One afternoon, near the new tourist hotel, Giambetto heard a stout American signora having a frightful time with the peasant on whose donkey her boy had been riding. The peasant knew no English. With many gestures and smiles and a few English words Giambetto so delighted the signora that the next week she bought him a donkey, on which he was to give her boy a free ride every day. The rest of the time was left for pay rides, and by shouting before the hotel, "I speaka de Engleesh much as Roosavelto," Giambetto made a splendid success. As his Roosavelto English improved, he told legends about old smoking Ætna that scared the youngsters half out of their lives, making them all his devoted slaves.

He has two donkeys now, and also five bambinos, who are round as the lemons that grow on the neighboring hills. And all because of a miracle.

But miracles are rare. In the last ten years the railroads, the mines, the factories, mills, and docks have maimed over a million men. And the public is paying the pensions. For thousands of cripples, thrown out of their regular work, take to the Road; and, with no miracle coming to turn them back, become out-and-out tramps and bums, doing no work at all, begging and stealing their way.

Jim had been a freight brakeman on a road

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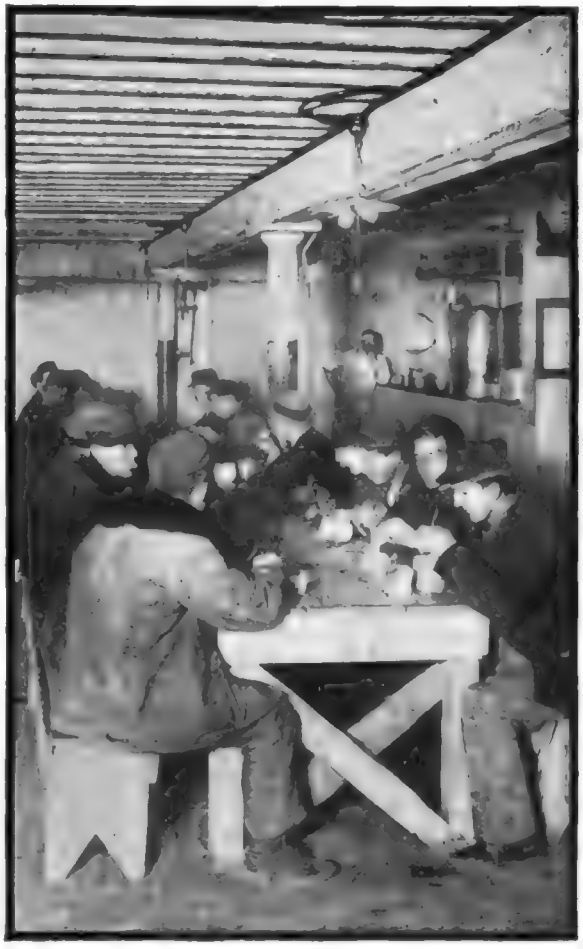

FEEDING HOBOES AT MULLENBACH'S MUNICIPAL LODGING-HOUSE.

"CAP" MULLENBACH.

SLEEPING HALL AT THE MUNICIPAL LODGING-HOUSE.

"Long rows of iron cots . . . rough and bare, but clean and wholesome."

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TYPE OF THE MORE INTELLIGENT CLASS OF HOBO.

Delivering ice to saloons where the bartenders always treated him to insure full weight, sent this man on the road.

"CHEYENNE JOE."

A famous character in trampdom, who is well known on every railroad west of Chicago.

in Iowa fifteen years ago. He was supporting a half-invalid mother who lived in a little town in the middle of the state.

"One cold fall night," he said, "the old train was coughin' hard and squealin' like forty-seven hungry hogs, pullin' slowly up round a hill full of curves. Brakes was just what she didn't want. So I was lyin' down close to the top of the car, huggin' my bones to keep warm. The cold made me logy, and I was half asleep.

"All of a sudden a yell came from the engine 'way ahead, and then a whole bunch of yells and cuss words. I jumped up and caught sight of the big yaller light of the Express that was tearin' down-hill. How did it look? Well, just then I didn't feel like no reporter. All I saw was when the engines came together they went up in the air like scared horses. And the next minute the old car I was on boosted me off toward New Orleans.

"I come to lyin' in a field. My left arm was about all gone, and before noon the hospital people took the rest of it. When I come out in three weeks, the company agreed to give me steady work as a switchman in my mother's town, if I wouldn't sue. So I didn't. They gave me the job all right, at the same wages, but two weeks after the legal time when I could have sued—they fired me.

"There was a mortgage on our cottage, cleared except for two more payments. I did what I could at odd jobs, but the house had to go. By putting up the furniture at auction, me and mother got $64, and went to board. I found enough jobs to make about $5 a week, but not a cent more; and when the $64 got low, mother got worse. That boardin'-house was no place for a weak old woman like her to be sick in. So she died.

"That's all there is to my story. I've been a tramp ever since."

Another force that tends to make tramps: As invention develops, new labor-saving machines have thrown tens of thousands out of employment; and admitting that these machines, by advancing industry, in the end make more jobs than they destroy, still that doesn't help the man who has just been discharged.

"Do I look like a genteel clerk?" The speaker was a tall, angular Scotchman. He talked slowly, between puffs on his pipe. "Well," he said, "I am. From twenty to

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thirty-seven I made out bills for a big wholesale store in this town. There were over eighty of us, and we were just enough. Most workingmen look down on clerks, but I've been in the harvest-field myself, and it's baby play compared to bill-making. If any one had told me then that a girl could take my job, I wouldn't even have taken the trouble to grin. That's because I was a durned fool. When the new bill-making machines were bought, us eighty—at $12 a week—went out, and about forty little girls—at $8 a week—came in.

"I hunted work for six weeks. My money soon went, my landlady growled, and at last invited me out. One hot June day I keeled over in the street. That night a mighty decent young hospital doctor said the farms were shouting for men; he had me fixed up with a ticket—and I went.

"I began in Kansas and I'd worked all the way up to the Canada line by the beginning of fall. I was tickled with the life from the start. The camp breakfast at five, in air that set the blood jumping—that came first. Then the sun rose over the edge of the ripe wheat and made it twice as soft and yellow. Next, the day's job, which all morning long had a kind of swing to it, as the old reapers sawed down the wheat by the acre. At dinner you ate enough for a week. In the afternoon the job got hold of your bones, until you were counting off minutes to supper. After supper you lay round a fire and smoked two or three pipes peaceful and slow, listening to yarns by hoboes who had hoofed it all over God's world. You lay there, trying to pick the truth out of lies, watching the faces. And then you crawled into your tent to sleep like a log. Only first, just for a minute or two, you could hear the big field in the night wind—moving.

"Why didn't I stay on a farm? First, because all this talk about farms wanting millions of men is a lie. Of course there are a few who will take a hobo to stay through the winter. But most of 'em want extra hands only in harvest. And second, as I moved with the harvest on and on, up to the Canada line, the hobo love of moving got into my blood.

"I came to Chicago with a great idea for the rest of my life. I was to be a clerk every winter and a harvest hobo from June on. I found a job at last in a shipping basement, but a basement is a long drop from a wheat-field. And in a month or two I quit. It has been like that with dozens of jobs in the last

A WOOD-SHED WHERE A MAN MAY EXCHANGE LABOR FOR A BED AND A MEAL.

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five winters. But I get along somehow till June.

"It's a great life. In the harvester gang you can find good hoboes from all over the world. They all have lives behind 'em, more or less, with stories that come out round the camp-fire—yarns that once in a while knock you clean over. Some have been all up and down the Road, from New Orleans to the Klondike.

"And then there's the wheat. I've worked in it, watched it, listened to it, till the boys say I'm kind of cracked on the subject. I know it on the flat plains and in the rolling country. I know it lying all quiet and sleepy like, and I know it waving and alive. I know all the queer soft kinds of night noises it makes."

The big man stopped, relit his pipe, and through the smoke he grinned.

"I may be a hopeless case," he said. "But ain't it curious how tickled I feel? If it hadn't been for that bill-making machine I'd still be on the same old job—like you—just writing."

Besides the harvests, scores of industries have their rush seasons, taking on hundreds of thousands of extra hands, only to drop them off when the slack times come. And every year out of the mass jarred loose there are always some new recruits for the Road.

"That's about the way it is," said a man in the steel mills, "half because of slack seasons, an' half because when a man gets a taste of the life on the Road, he wants more. I'll give you two yarns—one to show each way it works.

"Handsome Joe was what we called him, sure enough. A fine build, not heavy, but tall and straight as a bar, with black hair curling tight all over his head, and a smile that got you every time. He was one of the highest paid men in the mills; he made as high as $9 a day, and he spent it. Lived like a gentleman. I know for a fact that he paid $45 for one swell brown suit of clothes.

"But Handsome loved the Road more even than any real out-and-out tramp, because he only hit it about twice a year, and so all the fun was fresh. He used to brag that he'd never pay a cent to the railroads. When he quit his job he packed his trunk and sent it ahead, and then in his old hobo suit he'd take to the bumpers. He beat it on freights and passenger trains clear across the country six times in ten years. It was his way of taking a vacation.

FREE COFFEE FOR THE UNEMPLOYED, AT THE BOWERY MISSION, NEW YORK.

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"At last Handsome met a girl that was one too much, even for him. He married, settled down, and worked steady for years—and I've never seen him since.

"The rest of the story I read last fall in the paper. Handsome had been made an assistant superintendent, and had been sent down South on business. On the train going down he paid his fare and rode on the velvet. But when business was done and he started back home, the old hobo feeling came on him. He tried the bumpers again, just to see if he could do it—and got killed. The papers all made it a front-page story.

"That's one yarn to show how the Road gets hold of a man. But here's one that's ten times more common:

"Big-foot John was a Polack—and born slow. You know the kind. Not lazy. Old John tried like a nailer, because he had a wife and two kids to work for. But he was born slow. He never got above the common labor class, and it's that class that gets fired the most. John lost his job in the mills with nine hundred others one summer. He hunted hard and found odd jobs, and they worried along somehow till Christmas. I know how hard scratchin' it was, because I boarded in the next house. I had taken a shine to old John, and I helped him just a little.

"The week after Christmas he came to me with his face all lit up, and said he had a job in an ice camp up in Wisconsin. He was booked to start with a gang the next day.

"I knew what that meant. It's common talk among hoboes that the meanest job in God's world is ice-cutting. But I didn't tell John, because there was no other job in sight. So he went.

"The camp was on a lake, and his work was loading the ice on to skids to be hauled to the shore. At night the gangs were packed into board bunks in low frame houses. In these houses the floors, being built on the ground, are about the same as ice. To warm up the air they keep stoves going all night, and with no windows open you can make a guess at the air. The vermin were the hungriest John had ever slept on, and the grub, he said, 'was too much wid bugs.' But he got along all right till one day he slipped to his hips in ice-water. His clothes froze on him, and the next day the rheumatiz set in. That week it began to thaw, but they kept on the job for another ten days, till the water got too deep on the ice. Then they were all laid off for the season.

"When John reached town, he was so crippled and twisted up that you didn't want to look at him twice. We got him to the hospital, but there he seemed to get worse. When he came out last March, he was no good for hard work. And it's been nip and tuck with odd jobs ever since.

"He's a hobo all right, if walking the streets for a job makes a hobo. But poor old John has a home that he's dead in love with, and whenever he hits the Road it ain't for fun. He's a hobo who hates it. Made to be by things he can't help. That's John."

So much for the forces that help to jar men and boys loose, forces that have doubled in the last twenty years and are still increasing: New labor-saving machines, throwing more men out of work, new machines to make use of child labor, new machines to speed up the American pace and so turn out more cripples; rush and slack seasons, demanding more and more armies of surplus labor; the swift growth of industry, bringing to America millions of immigrants, over half of them young men who come alone; and most of all, the railroads, demanding increasing throngs of nomadic camp workers; the railroads, "the real hot circus," tempting boys to the Road and giving to all kinds of hoboes easy and free means of travel. Lastly, the huge tenement hives, where year by year people are packed in tighter, where year by year life grows more nervous and tense and restless.

And deep under all these conditions, responding to the chances they offer, the old human love of the Road that lies deep down in the souls of men—the "wanderlust" of humanity.

What are the effects?

"To begin with," said Mullenbach, "look at it from the city's point of view. From thirty to sixty thousand jobless men thrown into Chicago every winter. What does it mean to the public?

"First, an enormous burden on the public charity. Every winter thousands of old men and cripples and weaklings and hopeless drunkards, wrecks of the Road, come to the end in hospital, asylum, and poorhouse.

"Second, the increase of street hold-ups in winter. So long as the hobo army comes in, just so long you may be certain that hundreds of them will turn thugs before the winter is over. Their whole outlaw manner of living tends to kill the instincts for order, and most

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of them have been 'rolled' [robbed] so many times in the first week of sprees after reaching town, that it doubtless seems natural enough, when driven to it by hunger and cold, to turn about and work the same game.

"Third, they swell the city's vice. Hundreds of saloons, brothels, and dives of all kinds are run to get what money they bring. And besides spreading the most loathsome of diseases, they create centers all through the tenements for the children of our working men to watch—and grow wise.

"Finally—the lodging-house vote. This deep stronghold of political corruption is well known to most of the reading public. The newspapers have graphically described it, reform organizations have attacked it in many hard-fought campaigns. And still year by year it grows. I have talked politics with hundreds of hoboes, and they are quite frank about it. Their attitude is simple and very human. What have they to do with the general interests of a community in which they are to a large extent outlaws? But they have interests of their own, and these interests are met by the ward heeler. The dollar paid for the vote is only a small part of it; the bond between them is much more human. The boss is always their friend. When they are hard up, he gives them a drink and a free lunch in his corner saloon, or a free flop [bunk] in the lodging-house of a friend of his. He gets them odd jobs in winter. And in time of trouble with the police, he is again on hand. So he gets their votes. And he will —so long as the army of hoboes comes in.

"And so long will the hobo continue to pull down the physical, moral, and public health of the city."

"Do you see any real cure?" I asked him.

"To find it," he said, "will take a long time yet. Meanwhile, we are trying to prove that every lodging-house in town, with a rough, cheap, simple equipment like ours, can be run in such a way that it shall be no longer a menace to the city's health."

The Municipal Lodging-House is dingy —outside; but as you enter the big receiving-room you find it bare and rough—but clean.

As the hoboes crowd in on winter evenings, each one is registered at the office window, and is then sent down to the basement. Here he receives a loaf of bread and a bowl of black coffee, steaming hot. After that he must strip off all his clothes and put them into a large net bag, and these bags are hung in rows in the fumigating room, where the thousands of vermin are killed before morning. From there he must enter the bath-room, a long, low chamber with some ten showers. Here he is given soap and a brush and set to work with hot and cold water, under the vigilant eye of the janitor, who sternly checks every attempt to evade the scrubbing. And the janitor is king, for he has the towels. Two towels are given each man, and also a pair of slippers. Thence the procession files into another room, past a city physician, who is on the lookout for diseases contagious or acute. And from there they move on up to the sleeping-halls, where the long rows of low iron cots are provided with blankets, rough cotton sheets, and pillows. These you find fresh and clean. And so it is through the whole house. Rough and bare, but clean and wholesome.

"This house," said Mullenbach, "tries to act as a sieve, to catch all it can out of the human tide that pours through. The sick are sent to the city dispensaries and hospitals; the broken, helpless old men—the ones too sick and feeble to work—are sent to the relief agencies or to the city's places for old people. The runaway boys are sent home. This year we had 1,081 boys under twenty; most of these are already used to the hobo life; but a few, still at the beginning, can be turned back. Not long ago two boys came in, runaways from farms on the east border of Canada. Their wanderings would fill a dime novel. But they were ready now to quit; I wrote to their parents and held them here till the railroad tickets arrived. And since then their father has written announcing their safe arrival.

"But such cases are rare. The main service of this house is to put men to work. In the past year we have sent over fifty-five hundred men to jobs in the city and elsewhere. And this is by all odds the most hopeful way to turn them back into a regular life. Most people will smile at this statement, because most people believe that all hoboes are lazy bums. That is not true—at least not of the men who come here. By far the majority are not only willing but eager for jobs to tide them through the winter. So true is this, that on winter mornings after an all-night snow, they crowd out into the dark streets and spread over the city to get jobs shoveling snow from the railroads, from streets, sidewalks, and door-steps. And this they do when their clothes are thin and ragged, their feet in cracked old shoes, their hands bare. There

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have been cases, too, where men have come in from the ice camps with feet in such frightful condition that immediate hospital treatment was the only possible cure.

"Of course there are many who hate a job, and who, when once they get one, will leave it after a few days of shiftless labor. But we keep in touch, as nearly as we can, with the men and their employers: first, through a system of post cards; and second, through the constant work of the special policemen detailed to this duty. We give every man a good chance. When he gets a job, we keep him here free till his first pay-day arrives. And even if he throws up the first job we give him, we find him another. But if he persists in shirking, and tries to sneak back again and again under different names, then the only thing left is the Bridewell.

"So much for these first steps. We realize how small they are. But day by day, and year by year, together with scores of others in many big cities engaged in watching and helping the hobo, we are gathering the evidence, the facts that point to the causes behind, the diagnosis that may in the end lead to broad, wise measures for a more effectual cure.

"It seems sure that for many years ahead America's work will create a swiftly increasing army of wandering, homeless workers. To keep them workers, to save them from becoming bums, I believe that we need, first, a comprehensive system run by nation and state and city, of places like this but vastly improved; great free employment bureaus with free transportation, to shift the idle masses to the distant regions of the country where employers are crying for labor. Second, a much more complete and effective system to repress the professional bum: the policing of the railroads and the arrest of all railroad trespassers, the establishment of state farms and labor colonies. In short, restraint and prolonged discipline for the man who can work and won't; and an ample and permanent opportunity to work for every man who will!"

The Fishing of Suzanne

By JAMES HOPPER

Author of "Caybigan," etc.

Illustrations by Will Foster

MONSIEUR LE COLONEL was away at drill. When he had left, an hour before, his neck was bulging and red, his stiff white mustache rose in exclamation points on both sides of his nose, and, hardly in the saddle, he had sunk his spurs savagely into his Anglo-Arab, which, in a few long bounds, had disappeared down the lane leading to the garrison. Since that, judging from the shrieks of bugles, the roar of the "fanfare," and the heavy treading of columns, the garrison had been engaged in

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relieving, through exercise, Monsieur le Colonel's excessive emotion.

Madame la Colonelle was away at her marketing. She had left soon after Monsieur le Colonel, a tan parasol upon her shoulder, with Josephine, the cook, waddling after her, a gigantic basket upon her arm. Madame la Colonelle also was agitated. Her nose was shiny, and in her left hand she held a handkerchief, pressed into a wad, which she frequently slipped beneath her veil, to her eyes.

Marie, the maid, was in the basement. She had gone there to make sure that the furnace was drawing well. As she was coming up again, however, a sudden lassitude had caused her to sink down upon the steps; where she still sat, still languid with that odd, half-pleasant weariness. She was looking at Cyril, Monsieur le Colonel's orderly, who was blacking Monsieur le Colonel's boots. Cyril's red trousers were turned up at the bottom, his shirt was turned up at the elbows; the vizor of his *kêpi* and his nose were turned up parallelly—so that he looked like a wistful interrogation point.

"Ah, mademoiselle," he was saying; "*si vous vouliez, si vous vouliez!* If you would, if you would!"

And the sigh following this exclamation condensed upon the Colonel's boots in a vapory cloud, which the vigorous brush immediately converted into black luster.

"How beautifully you polish boots, Monsieur Cyril," answered Marie. Her mouth was mocking, but her eyes were tender.

But really, we have nothing to do with this affair of Marie and Cyril—nor, in truth, much to do with Monsieur le Colonel and Madame la Colonelle. All this is merely to explain how Suzanne came to be alone in the nursery.

She was alone and, seated in a big, soft armchair, she was fishing out of the window.

It was a pleasant morning. A slight breeze bulged inward the white curtains, and with this breeze came the fragrance of the hawthorn hedge that lined the lane below. Between the lane and the garden was a stone wall ten feet high. On its garden side was a terrace, the plane of which was only a few feet from the top of the wall; to Suzanne the terrace was a pond.

She held in her fine little hands a broomstick; at the end of the broomstick a string was tied; at the end of the string a bent pin was hooked. The stick lay across the railing before the window; the string dropped in a slight diagonal past the obesity of the balcony of the lower story, then straight down; and the pin dangled somewhere on the surface of the terrace, out of sight because of the balcony, and two stories below the angler. At times stick, string, and pin became agitated with a convulsive movement. The little girl, greatly excited, drew them in, and jerked off the hook an invisible fish. She held it in both hands (it was always a big one), examined it carefully, and said, "This, it is a sturgeon," or, "This, it is a salmon." Then she slipped it into the pocket of her blouse.

(Which proves Suzanne to be an idealist; for it is manifestedly impossible to slip into a pocket as little as the one over her heart, big fish after big fish, even though imaginary.)

She had on a little black frock made of light material that looked like crêpe. There was a lacy fringe of whiteness, just a peep of it, along the skirt edge; the short socks above the buckled slippers also were white, as were the sash about her waist and the ribbon holding her brown curls—but this whiteness only emphasized the oldish black. With it went a certain mild sadness of visage and gesture. This was because Suzanne was an *orpheline.* To be an orphan in France is not a fact to be evaded. It is a condition that gives one a fixed place in society and demands a conduct rigidly codified. One wears mourning; one is an object of discreet but perfectly obvious commiseration from old ladies, of secret and admiring awe from boys and girls; and naturally, in this ambient atmosphere, one takes on a paleness, airs a little languid and sad—and one is filled with a subtle sense of importance that is not unpleasant.

But the crooked little frown between Suzanne's big eyes was not because of this. No; she had a worry. Every now and then she put away pole, line, and hook in a corner, and tiptoed down the long corridor till she was opposite the closed door of a room. There she stood awhile, the index and middle fingers of her right hand in her mouth, listening. From behind the closed door there came to her a sound of sobbing.

This had been going on since early morning, after breakfast. At first it had been violent, causing mostly fear; but gradually it had become softer and softer, arousing great pity. It was a gentle plaint now—and each time

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Suzanne returned to her window, the line in her forehead was deeper, and her fishing more languid.

The room from which came this dolorous music was that of Aunt Hélène (Aunt Lili, Suzanne called her)—and it was Aunt Lili who was weeping; beautiful, joyous, charming Aunt Lili was weeping. It was strange like the end of the world.

"Why does she weep?" asked Suzanne of herself.

Of course, that queer happening of the morning was the immediate cause. At breakfast, that morning, Grandpapa le Colonel, carefully looking past Aunt Lili, had said to Grand'maman la Colonelle: "I will have no longer foreigners in my home. This is a house French, Christian, and honorable. I will have no friend of traitors place his foot in it!"

Tears immediately had come to Grand'maman the Colonel's eyes. And Aunt Lili had suddenly risen, very tall—so tall that Grandpapa the Colonel, still in his seat, looked collapsed and quite short.

Then, just as both their mouths were opening, their eyes had fallen on Suzanne. With one movement they had stepped into the parlor, while Grand'maman had whisked Suzanne out into the garden.

There, in spite of distance and walls, she had heard sounds: first, the deep bass of the Colonel, then—oh, miracle!—a stamping of a foot that was not the Colonel's, and a reiterated exclamation, rising in a crescendo of passion, which sounded much like "*je-l'aime-je-l'aime-je-l'aime-je-l'aime*," like this, *ad infinitum*, and rapid as the shooting of a machine gun.

Since that:

Choleric disappearance of Monsieur le Colonel (to drill).

Limp departure of Madame la Colonelle (to the market).

Weeping of Aunt Lili (in her room).

An extraordinary state of affairs (everywhere).

Suzanne caught a big perch, slipped it into her pocket, and thought on.

All this had begun, she felt, with the advent of Monsieur Williams (she, the Colonel, Madame la Colonelle, Cyril, Marie—every one but Aunt Lili—pronounced it Monsieur Villiame).

For certainly, at that time Aunt Lili had changed. She would get very joyous suddenly, and romp like a boy; then tears would come into her eyes, and picking you up, she would hug you till it hurt.

And then, she had bought an Ollendorf book; she'd walk with it in the garden, and say to the blushing roses, or the pale lilies, or the rustling elms, "How do you do," and "Good morning," and "The shoes of the blacksmith's son are too large for the feet of the baker's granddaughter."

And last Fourteenth of July she had hung out of her window not only the French tricolor, but another flag, with red and white stripes and lots of stars in one corner. Grandpapa the Colonel had not liked that.

He also had changed. He was always grumpy in the morning now. And several times Suzanne had overheard the following conversation:

"At the end of it all, what does he want, this sort of a savage of *le Far West?*" asked the Colonel.

"Who, my friend: do you mean Monsieur Villiame?" counter-questioned Madame the Colonel suavely.

"Of course. What does he mean, visiting us every night—and staying and staying and staying—as if he did not know I must be up at six—and acting, my faith, as though he wished you and I were not there at all!"

"It is the custom of his land, maybe. And—maybe he—wants not us."

"Why comes he at all, then?"

Madame the Colonel hesitated. Then, with infinite caution, "Sometimes, *mon ami*, I think—he would—see Hélène—alone," she hazarded.

A terrific snort from Monsieur the Colonel: "*Il ne manquerait que cela, alors!!!*"

"*Il ne manquerait que cela*," literally translated, means, "There would lack nothing but that, then!" But really, it signifies, "We are coming to the end of the universe!" (only, that's too weak); or, "Of all the absurdly impossible and preposterous ideas!" (only, that's not quite it, either); or, "May I be eternally parboiled in the caldrons of the ten million devils if ever I heard of such knock-me-down impudence!" (only, that's not strong enough). In short, it means the abomination of desolation in the only language that knows how to express it.

This is all that Suzanne knew.

What Suzanne did not know was:

That there was a Dreyfus affair.

That when you are a colonel in the French

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BEAUTIFUL, JOYOUS, CHARMING AUNT LILI WAS WEEPING.

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army, and your name is Jacques Puvis de la Bourdonnerie, and you are a Christian (which means a Catholic) and a patriot (that is, a Frenchman), you abhor all these socialists, anarchists, atheists who are seeking to demolish the holy institutions of France (or what is left of them) by destroying their bulwark, the army, through the simple process of siding in with a traitor and setting him free.

That it is supremely annoying, at such a crisis, to find in the daily papers telegrams tending to show that all the foreign enemies of France have the impudence and bad taste openly to announce their designs by declaring themselves emphatically in favor of such socialists, anarchists, atheists, and traitors.

That of all these foreigners the Americans, who get up monstrous petitions calmly asking their President to step across the Atlantic for a few minutes and settle for France its question of Honor (which is none of their business), are the most exasperating.

That at such a time it is the limit to have one of those savages (a dauber of paints, to boot, who wears a red necktie) come to your hearth evening after evening, and ignore you and your wife, and spend hours staring like a cow at your sweet and dutiful daughter.

That the limit is passed when that insolent young barbarian asks for the hand of said daughter, calmly, in the most casual way, as though it were the most natural thing in the world (instead of the most monstrous), and in a tone that suggests that it doesn't matter the least in the world, anyway, *what* your answer is going to be.

That the situation becomes absolutely intolerable when that young Iroquois, upon being firmly told that Mademoiselle Hélène belongs to a family French, Christian, and honorable, and will marry only a gentleman from another family French, Christian, and honorable, makes light of this categorical refusal, couched, as it should plainly appear to any man of taste and breeding, in terms containing an undercurrent of discreet reproach—and leaves the house smilingly declaring that he loves Mademoiselle Hélène and *will* have her——

So that there is none left to take to task excepting said Mademoiselle Hélène——

Who forthwith is transformed from a sweetly brooding, gracious, and submissive young woman to a virago who stamps her foot and says, "*je-l'aime-je-l'aime-je-l'aime-je-l'aime*" with the rapidity and the strength of a machine gun.

"Too-*too*-toot-toot*oo*tootoot*oo*-toot-too; too-*too*-toot-too-too-*too*-too-too-toot," went the bugles in the distance.

Then, "poompoompoompoo-oo-oom, poom-poompoo-oom, *poo-oom*poompoom, poom-*poo-oom*, poom-poom; poompoompoompoo-oo-oom, poompoompoom, *poo-oo-oom*poom-poom, poompoompoom*poomp*," went the big basses, the trombones, the barytones, the cornets, drums, and cymbals. Oh, the garrison was having a beautiful drill. That's what one gets having an indignant colonel!

"Ah, mademoiselle," Cyril was saying, rubbing his fifth pair of boots (boots were the one luxury the Colonel freely allowed himself); "ah, mademoiselle! If only you would listen to me a bit. My service expires in two months; Monsieur le Colonel says he will take me as valet—and you are here—and it is a good place—and—and——"

"*Regardez*, here is a spot there," said Marie, pointing to an infinitesimal speck in the lacquer-like blackness of boot No. 10.

Suzanne, above, caught a pike.

She was deftly taking it off the hook when suddenly she saw, framed in the hawthorn of the hedge across the lane, a man who was watching her.

To be watched by a man, if one is a future American miss, is not so terrible; when one is a French demoiselle in the bud, it is, to say the least, very disconcerting. Suzanne gave a start, her hands opened; and the imaginary pike flopped to the floor, where straightway it became convulsed with imaginary convulsions.

A second glance, however, stolen at the man in the hedge, reassured Suzanne. He seemed a nice man. He was young, for one thing, and had no ugly, bristly beard. He wore a big straw hat with the brim turned back in front; his necktie was tied like her hair ribbon—and it was red!

This red necktie captivated her. She looked at him now frankly. His eyes, even at that distance, shone friendly. Suddenly his mouth opened in a smile. She smiled too—she could not help it. Then his right hand rose to his mouth and threw her a kiss.

A big weight seemed to fly from her. The impalpable air of mourning that gently stifled her lifted. There was no pity, no commiseration, in *his* ways. Right away he had assumed the joyous manner. Her little hand rose to her mouth and, bird-like, fluttered toward him in a kiss.

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He seemed hugely delighted. His head reared back, and a double row of teeth (very white teeth) flashed in the sun. Then *both* his hands went to his lips, threw another kiss —and he was gone!

Suzanne was again alone—and like an airy pall, a mournfulness again descended about her. She fished on—but without interest.

This solitude, however, did not last long. After a time he reappeared, the funny man. He carried a long pole, taken, Suzanne surmised, from the Granjean hop-field near-by, and he was smoothing one end of it with his knife. When he had it quite smooth, he began, for her benefit evidently, an extraordinary gesticulating, like the pantomime, at the circus, of the clown announcing the trick he means to attempt. Then, seizing the pole a little above the middle with his left hand, and higher up with his right, the point thus dropping toward the ground, he began to run across the lane and toward the wall at full speed!

What was he doing! Suzanne's eyes almost leaped out of her head. Surely he would smash his head against the wall! With a sharp crunch the lower end of the pole sank into the ground; his arms, still holding the upper half, stretched taut above his head—and suddenly his body rose into the air! He was flying! "Oh-oh-oh," cried Suzanne with rounded mouth, both her little hands clutching her dress above her heart.

He rose and rose and rose—like a balloon; then he was motionless, hovering above the top of the wall, perched on his stick like a bird on a telegraph-pole. Smoothly, as if by tacit agreement, man and pole parted. The pole swung back the curve it had come, and clattered to the ground on the outside of the wall; the man dropped lightly on his feet upon the terrace—inside the wall.

He stopped there the merest fraction of a second, putting on the big straw hat that had flown off during the performance—fortunately, on the garden side of the wall—then, bending low, he made toward the house and disappeared beneath the balcony that protruded one story beneath Suzanne's window. She leaned out perilously far, but could not see him.

She was trembling a little with excitement at this extraordinary phenomenon—and the fishing-rod, laid across the rail, was loose in her surprise-limp hands. So it was that, when a new fish bit ferociously, the rod came near tumbling out, and it was not till she had received from it a smart rap on the chin that she mastered its evident intention to make a get-away.

Finally, though, she had it firmly in hand. But it was behaving scandalously; surely it was a whole whale that she had hooked this time. She drew in. A cry came to her lips. On the hook was a fish; not an imaginary fish, but a real fish, made of folded paper!

"*Zut!*" said Suzanne gently, regarding her prize; "*ça, c'est trop fort!*"

It was. It was altogether too "strong" for a little girl to keep all to herself. She unhooked the mysterious fish and trotted with it to Aunt Lili's room. She listened at the closed door. There was no sound of weeping. This was reassuring. Came a rustling of paper. Could Aunt Lili be reading? Very much encouraged, Suzanne tapped gently. No answer. Another tap. "What is it?" asked a melancholy voice. "It's me," said Suzanne. "What is it, Suzanne; what is the matter, little girl?"

"I have a fish for you, Auntie."

"Auntie is very tired. Be a good little girl and play on."

"But Auntie, I have a fish, a real fish made of paper."

"Then put it in the bath-tub and let it swim."

"But Auntie, it is a real one, of paper; it can't swim."

A silence, then the door opened, and Auntie peered out with a dolorous face. "*What* is it, *chérie?*"

"Here is the fish. I caught it for you. Out of the window."

Aunt Lili took the fish, gave it an absent glance, started, and with fingers that trembled, tore it open (it was a fish that opened into an oblong sheet of paper). She threw the light of her two glowing, devouring eyes upon it, then, swooping down till her face was at the height of Suzanne's, she took her in her arms. "Where did you get that?" she asked vehemently, almost fiercely; "where—when—how—did you find it?"

"I fished it," answered Suzanne comprehensively.

"But where did you get that note—that paper, *chérie?*" Her voice now was imploring.

"I fished it—in my room—through the window."

"Oh-oh," said Aunt Lili—and she stood up, both hands holding her heart. "Let me see," she said.

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Suzanne led her to the window. Aunt Lili put her head out, then leaned far out, much farther than Suzanne could do—and suddenly drew back. And again both her hands clutched at her heart—and she stood there, swaying a little, and very pale.

"I must not," she whispered to herself. '*Non-non-non-non-non-non*, I must not"—and with a flurry of skirts she had disappeared down the corridor. There was the sound of a door being closed. The click of a key being turned in the lock—and Suzanne was again alone.

"*Décidément*," she said, a little angry, "*dé-ci-dé-ment*—" But words painting the conduct of people that morning were not in her vocabulary. She shrugged her angular little shoulders philosophically, and returned to her fishing.

"Ra-ta-ta-ta-tat; ra-ta-ta-ta-tat," went the pole, dancing on the sill; "ra-ta-ta-ta-tat."

She drew in hastily. Another fish—again real, of paper.

She ran with it to Aunt Lili's door. "Aunt Lili," she cried; "here's another fish."

There was no answer.

"Another fish, Aunt Lili."

Again silence.

"Aunt Lili, it is great big. Come look at it."

Again silence. Then, hesitatingly: "Slip it—under—the door, Suzanne." Somehow Aunt Lili's voice seemed to be blushing (a voice *can* blush).

Suzanne slipped the fish across the sill and waited. After a moment there was a sly rustling of paper. Aunt Lili had taken the fish. Suzanne went back to the window—for another one. It came, almost immediately.

"Aunt Lili, here is another one."

"Slip it under the door, Suzanne."

Again a sly rustling announced Aunt Lili's fall to the temptation of paper fish.

They bit fast after this. In as many minutes Suzanne had passed five under the door. As she was returning for a sixth, however, the door opened and Aunt Lili called her. She was sitting at her dainty desk, and she was writing. She would write a sheet of paper, read it—then tear it up; write another, read it—and tear that up. Finally she had one that she did not tear. She folded it in a neat square. "Suzanne," she said sweetly, "put this on your hook. It is—it is—the bait."

Suzanne trotted off. But she had gone only a few steps when Aunt Lili cried: "No-no-no, Suzanne, you must not; come back!"

Suzanne went back. Aunt Lili took the note and read it. Then, "Yes-yes-yes," she said breathlessly; "put it on the hook; put it on!"

What a queer Aunt Lili she was getting to be, and what a queer complexion she had—all white one moment, all red the next!

Suzanne baited her hook, cast it out beyond the balcony, and let it slip to the terrace. Almost immediately there was a sly twitching, as if some wily old campaigner of a trout had nosed off the bait without touching the hook. This was all for quite a while. Then a furious tugging caused her to haul up hurriedly. On the hook was a piece of paper, but not at all shaped like a fish. A sense of some one's disloyalty pinched the little girl's heart. When one laboriously builds up a bubble, it is mean for another to blow it into naught. She did not know that, but obscurely she felt it. It was a disappointed Suzanne that delivered the new catch to Aunt Lili. But Aunt Lili was not disappointed. She pounced upon that piece of paper as though she were hungry, jerked it open, devoured it (with her eyes), and straightway sat down at her desk. This time she tore only three sheets in evolving a satisfactory "bait."

The game grew more and more exciting after that. Down Suzanne would drop a note, up she'd whisk another; down would go Aunt Lili's bait, up would come a docile fish. And each time Aunt Lili was nearer to receive it. Finally she was in the nursery altogether, pad and pencil in hand—and the game ceased to be one for Suzanne. Suzanne stood in a corner, big-eyed—and forgotten; while Aunt Lili baited and fished. It was scratch-scratch-scratch, drop the line, up with the hook, read, scratch-scratch-scratch. And what an Aunt Lili! Pale as a lily—red as a rose—gurgling with laughter—wiping her eyes—clapping her hands—clutching her heart—trembling—*what* an Aunt Lili!

At last there came a note that must have been of tremendous import. Aunt Lili read it, then dropped seated to the floor, as if faint. A great blush passed over her face and neck. She reread the note, sprang to her feet, ran to the window, leaned far out, withdrew, walked up and down the room, sat down again on the floor, was motionless a long moment, got up, walked to and fro along the corridor—and her eyebrows were getting closer together all the time, and her mouth tighter. At last,

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sitting down upon the floor with great determination, she wrote a word upon the pad.

It was a very little word. It looked like "*Oui.*"

She folded up that little word, shut her eyes—and threw it out of the window.

The effect was singular—and almost instantaneous. From beneath the balcony the red-necktied man (maybe he had been hiding there all the time, eh?) shot out as if helped by a catapult. He streaked across the terrace; with one bound he was on the top of the wall—with another spring he had dropped ten feet into the lane—in two steps he had crossed the lane—and then he was in the hedge, his shoulders and head rising out of the flowery hawthorn like those bodiless angels you see in pictures, emerging from a rose (only, though a good-looking young man, a very good-looking young man, he was not angelic in appearance). He remained there a moment, waving his arms, throwing kisses, like a circus-rider who has accomplished his trick—then, as if suddenly remembering an important errand, he turned and was gone.

At the same time Aunt Lili pivoted upon her high little heels and whirred off down the corridor to her room. "Marie, Marie, Marie," she called, whisking open her trunk and emptying into it the contents of a whole drawer. "Marie, Marie, Marie—help me pack," she said breathlessly, as Marie came running in, the stupefied face of Cyril appearing at the door in the background.

(Both Marie and Cyril were dazed, it must be said, for the sake of precision—dazed as if suddenly they had been awakened out of a beautiful dream.)

Marie and Cyril packed, while with trembling hands Aunt Lili put on her cloak and turban. She ran down the steps to the porch—and a few minutes later Marie and Cyril followed, dragging the trunk. By some miracle a cab—*the* antediluvian town cab—was standing before the gate. "Put the trunk on," said Aunt Lili, panting.

Cyril put the trunk on. Aunt Lili stooped, picked up Suzanne with a tense little hug, kissed her, put her down again—and stepped into the cab, which forthwith rumbled off down the street toward the station. As it crossed the lane, a man sprang out from behind the hedge, pulled the door open, and dived in (head first, it looked). The door slammed shut, and the cab, at the best trot of its old gentleman of a horse, rattled on over the cobbles.

Marie and Cyril, still on the porch, turned upon each other eyes like soup-plates.

"She is gone!" said Cyril finally.

"Gone!" echoed Marie.

"With the monsieur that makes fishes!" completed Suzanne shrewdly.

"With the monsieur that makes fishes?" ejaculated Marie and Cyril in astounded chorus.

"With the monsieur that makes fishes," repeated Suzanne firmly.

"My faith, the whole world is mad this morning," said Marie.

"Excepting us two," suggested Cyril, nudging her softly.

"Excepting us two," agreed Marie.

This time it was Suzanne's turn to wonder.

From the direction of the station came the toot-toot-toot of an approaching train. There was a screech of brakes, a silence, then the bang-bang-bang of compartment doors slammed by the station-master, the tr-i-i-illl of his silver whistle, an answering toot-toot, a grinding of chains, a choo-choo-ing, and then a rumble that first increased, then gradually diminished, till it sank off into a hum, far-off, over there toward Paris.

At twelve o'clock sharp, Madame the Colonel returned to the house, Josephine following majestically behind, the full basket upon her arm.

At twelve o'clock sharp, Monsieur the Colonel, on his Anglo-Arab white with froth, returned to the house.

They met at the gate and went up the steps together. Madame the Colonel had found consolation in the absorbing strategy of market-bargaining. Monsieur the Colonel had blown off much of his irritation in hard work (i. e., the work of his little infantrymen) and felt much better.

Marie, strangely enough, was nowhere to be seen. As soon as she had taken off her cloak and hat, Madame the Colonel went upstairs with a muttered pretext. She had not been there long when her voice, full of alarm, brought Monsieur the Colonel up after her.

He found her in Aunt Lili's room. At first he had visions of assassinations, of burglary at least. The drawers were all pulled out and empty, the closet doors wide open, a heap of miscellaneous clothing lay in the center of the floor, the desk was upset.

But Madame the Colonel passed him a note that she had just read.

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He glanced at it, uncomprehending.

"She is gone," said Madame the Colonel dazedly.

"Gone—who is gone?"

"Hélène!"

"Hélène?— Gone? Where?"

"With him."

"Him?"

"Yes, him—with that Monsieur Villiame!"

Then the poor Colonel sank very suddenly into the armchair behind him. He trembled as with palsy, his face was violet, and across from him, limp in another chair, Madame the Colonel, her face hidden in her handkerchief, held with both her hands, was weeping like a fountain. About their feet, agitated by the breeze coming in through the open windows, eddied bits of paper—the torn fragments of Suzanne's fishes. They rustled dryly like the dead leaves of autumn.

This is about all there is to tell of Suzanne's fishing (and Suzanne's fishing is the subject of this narrative).

For many days she hung her pole out of the window of mornings, but really without conviction. And not the slightest nibblet of a nibble rewarded her.

It was a dull occupation. At her back she could feel the house, resonant with emptiness. Marie spent nearly all her time in the basement now. There was no sound of weeping from Aunt Lili's room, no sound of any kind, in fact, and when you peeped in, you were scared: it was so carefully ordered now, this room, every chair in its place, the counterpane drawn over the bed without a wrinkle, the carpets pulled skintight, the blinds closed—it was arranged with a beautiful and unnatural precision.

Even when Monsieur the Colonel and Madame the Colonel were in, the house seemed empty. It certainly was silent—except for discreet snifflings. The very walls, at times, seemed to have caught this trick of sniffling.

Sometimes, in the evening, Suzanne tiptoed down the stairs in her nightgown (she had reached the age when it becomes impossible, no matter what your elders may think of it, to go to sleep at seven o'clock).

HE CARRIED A LONG POLE, TAKEN FROM THE GRANJEAN HOP-FIELD NEAR-BY.

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"MARIE, MARIE, MARIE—HELP ME PACK," SHE SAID BREATHLESSLY.

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Peering into the dining-room, she saw her grandfather and her grandmother sitting at the hearth, which had no fire. They sat there without speaking, Grandpapa the Colonel slightly collapsed in his armchair, a pipe that was not lit between his teeth. Grand'maman, the Colonel embroidered; once in a while she would get up, and going to the other side of the table, with her back to the Colonel, she would put a handkerchief to her eyes.

Every morning the same scene would occur: As Monsieur the Colonel, having mounted his horse, saluted Madame the Colonel, standing there on the porch, she would say timidly, "My friend, if we telegraphed!"

To which Monsieur the Colonel (his neck was getting redder every day) would answer angrily, "Never of this life!"

One morning, though, Suzanne found herself saying (it had popped out of her little mouth before she knew it): "Grandfather Colonel, if we telegraphed!"

"You see, madame," said Monsieur the Colonel, turning to his wife coldly; "you see how, with your *obstination*, you train even this little child to be disrespectful to me."

"Oh, Puvis!" said Madame the Colonel reproachfully. But he had ridden off.

A moment later, however, he came galloping back. "Telegraph!" he shouted in a terrific voice; "telegraph, woman, telegraph away—I wash my hands of the whole affair!" And, pivoting, he was off again.

That evening for the first time, but not the last, Suzanne was allowed to eat dinner at the table of her elders. She sat on one side, and opposite her, side by side, sat Monsieur and Madame the Colonels. She was carefully steering a big spoon full of soup toward her small mouth, when suddenly spoon and soup clattered back into the plate. Her mouth stayed open.

Guess what had happened?

No, it's no use—you couldn't guess that in a thousand million years. The door had opened behind Monsieur and Madame the Colonels and—who had come in?

Aunt Lili and the monsieur who made fishes.

Aunt Lili—and how beautiful she was! Much more beautiful than ever—shining like the moon. And Monsieur Villiame, very nice too, in a neat blue suit, with a pretty gray tie, not tied like a hair ribbon, and a little red rosette in his buttonhole. Aunt Lili stepped behind Monsieur the Colonel, Monsieur Villiame stepped behind Madame the Colonel (and he winked at Suzanne); they looked at each other, and, timing themselves, they each dropped their hands lightly over the eyes of the one before them.

"*Qui est là?*" chirped Aunt Lili.

"Kee hay law?" asked Monsieur Villiame (he looked rather foolish).

But there was no guessing. Monsieur and Madame the Colonels sprang up together, pivoted—and there followed a general *embrassade*. That is, to be precise, Madame the Colonel kissed Aunt Lili, then kissed Monsieur Villiame, then kissed Suzanne, then kissed Monsieur the Colonel, then began all over again; and Monsieur Villiame kissed Madame the Colonel, then Suzanne, then Aunt Lili; and Aunt Lili kissed Monsieur the Colonel, then Madame the Colonel, then Suzanne, then Monsieur Villiame, then began all over again; and Monsieur the Colonel kissed Aunt Lili, then Madame the Colonel, then Suzanne. And behind the door Cyril kissed *some one*, and Marie kissed some one. But Monsieur the Colonel did not kiss Monsieur Villiame. And Monsieur Villiame did not kiss Monsieur the Colonel.

That is about all. Except that, later, as Suzanne sat on the lap of Monsieur Villiame, she said, "What is that red ribbon there on your buttonhole?"

Monsieur the Colonel pricked up his ears. He also was very much "intrigued" by that red ribbon.

"That, little girl," answered Monsieur Villiame, pretending to be much confused about it, "is the ribbon of the Legion of Honor."

"Oh-oh—what for?"

"For my painting. It is about Lafayette and Washington. They are on a hill, looking at a lot of Englishmen they are going to capture."

"Oh-oh," said Suzanne.

After a while Monsieur the Colonel got up, walked around the room, and finally stood near Monsieur Villiame. "*C'est entendu*," he said, giving him a little tap on the shoulder. "Understood, that—*c'est bien*."

"Understood, what?" said Monsieur Villiame maliciously.

"That, about Washington and Lafayette. Let us have a little glass—to the two republics."

Which was extraordinary, because, at bottom, Monsieur the Colonel does not believe in republics—not in his own, at least.

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THE SHADOW WORLD

A Realistic Account of Occult Phenomena

By HAMLIN GARLAND

Author of "The Tyranny of the Dark"

II

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the second chapter in Mr. Garland's thrilling report of his excursions into the unknown. Taken by itself it is weirdly fascinating. To those who have read the first article it will have the cumulative interest of progressive evidence, for the investigators here put a medium to severer tests. They probe deep into the study of strange, apparently unaided movements of inanimate objects, and of the occult forces that seem to take temporary possession of the body and mind of the psychic. The author also introduces some remarkable evidence from the experiences of the famous British scientist, Sir William Crookes. As before, we present the facts, leaving the reader to form what conclusions he will.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The following articles are drawn from records of my actual personal experiments, and in all essentials they are as true as the reports that I made to the American Psychical Society. For literary purposes I have thrown them into a series of conversations, and for other, more obvious reasons I have concealed names and places; but no important phenomena have been consciously distorted. Without allegiance to any theory, I have followed where the evidence led.

Hamlin Garland

I WAS a little late at Cameron's dinner party, and no sooner had I shown my face inside the door than a chorus of excited inquiry arose.

"Where is the medium?" demanded Cameron.

"Don't tell us you haven't got her," exclaimed Mrs. Quigg.

"I haven't her in my pocket, but she has promised to appear a little later," I replied serenely.

"Why didn't you bring her to dinner?" asked Mrs. Cameron.

"Well, Mrs. Smiley seemed a little shy, and, besides, I was quite sure you would all want to discuss her, and so——"

"Yes, do tell us about her. Who is she? Does she perform for a living? What kind of a person are we to expect?" volleyed Miss Brush.

To this I replied: "She is a native of the Middle West—Ohio, I believe. No, she does not do this for a living; in fact, she makes no charge for her services. She is very gentle and ladylike and much interested, naturally, in converting you to spiritualism. For, like most psychics, she believes in spirits. She says her 'controls' have especially urged her to give me sittings. I am highly flattered to think the spirit folk should consider me so particularly valuable to their cause. Seriously, I hope you will all appreciate the wonderful concessions Mrs. Smiley is making in thus putting herself into our hands with the almost certain result of being discredited by some of us. I believe she really is doing it from a sense of duty, and is entitled to be treated fairly."

"Has she been in the business long?" asked Mrs. Quigg, with lurking sarcasm.

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"Ever since she was about ten years old, I believe, but she sits only 'to spread the glad tidings'."

"Is she married?"

"Yes, and has a devoted husband, and a nice little American village home. I know, for she sent me a photograph of it. She has two children 'in the other world'."

At this point dinner was announced, and the dining-room became the field of a hot verbal warfare. The members of the society were all present excepting Mrs. Harris, who had been greatly upset by her own performance and whose absence I had advised. Bart Brierly, the painter, was there to defend the mystery of life against our scientific friend, Miller, whose conception of the universe was very definite indeed. Mrs. Quigg supported Miller. Young Howard was everywhere in the lists, and his raillery afforded Cameron a great deal of amusement.

I contented myself with listening for the first half-hour, but at last took occasion to say to Miller: "Like all violent opponents of the metapsychical, you know very little of the subject you are discussing. To sustain this contention, let me ask if you have ever read the account of Sir William Crookes's experiments with psychic force?"

Miller confessed that he had not. I continued: "Crookes began by pooh-poohing the whole subject of spiritualism, very much as you do, Miller, but after three years of rigid investigation he was forced to announce himself convinced of the truth of many of the so-called spirit phenomena. It is instructive to recall that when he was willing to hazard his scientific reputation on a report of this character to the Royal Society, of which he was a member, his paper was thrown out. The secretary refused even to enter it upon the files of the institution."

PREJUDICE AMONG SCIENTISTS

"I know about that," replied Miller, "and I consider the secretary justified. He thought that Crookes had lost his head."

"No matter what he thought," I replied. "Any paper by a man of Crookes's standing, with his knowledge of chemistry and of life, and his long training in exact observation, should have been considered. The action of the secretary was due simply to prejudice, and many of those who voted to ignore that report are to-day more than half convinced that Sir William has been justified. It is a pleasure to add that our own Smithsonian Institution published two of his papers some years ago. So it goes—the heresy of to-day is the orthodoxy of to-morrow."

"Didn't Crookes afterward repudiate that report?" asked Miller.

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES'S EXPERIMENTS

"On the contrary, in 1898, upon being elected to the presidency of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, he said—I think I can recall almost his exact words: 'No incident in my scientific career is more widely known than the part I took in certain psychic researches. Thirty years have passed since I published an account of experiments tending to show that outside our scientific knowledge there exists a force exercised by intelligences differing from the ordinary intelligence common to mortals. This fact in my life is well understood by those who honored me with the invitation to become your president. Perhaps among my audience some may feel curious as to whether I shall speak out or be silent. I elect to speak, although briefly. I have nothing to retract. I adhere to my published statements. Indeed, I might add much thereto.' And when you realize that this includes the astounding experience with 'Katie King,' his words become tremendous in their significance."

"What was the 'Katie King' experience?" asked Mrs. Cameron. "I never heard of it."

"It is a long and very interesting story, but in substance it is this: While in a condition of disbelief as to the alleged phenomena of spiritualism, Sir William chanced to witness a séance wherein a young girl named Florence Cook was the medium, and her doings so puzzled and interested him that he went again and again to see her. Dissatisfied with the conditions under which the wonders took place, he asked Miss Cook to come to his house and sit for him and his friends. This she did. She was a mere girl at this time, about seventeen years of age, and yet she baffled this great chemist and all his assistants. He brought to bear all his thirty years' training in exact observation, and all the mechanical and electrical appliances he could devise, without once detecting anything deceitful.

"But before going into that, let me tell you some of the other results he got. He said (among other amazing things) that he had seen a chair move on its own account, without contact with a medium. He saw David

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Home—another medium with whom he had sittings—raised by invisible power completely from the floor of the room. Under rigid test conditions, he says, he has seen 'a solid, self-luminous body the size of an egg float noiselessly about the room!' But wait! I can quote from my notes his exact words."

Here I produced my note-book, and continued: "'I have seen a luminous cloud floating upwards toward a picture. Under the strictest test conditions, I have more than once had a solid, self-luminous, crystalline body placed in my hand by a hand which did not belong to any person in the room. *In the light*, I have seen a luminous cloud hover over a heliotrope on a side-table, break a sprig off, and carry it to a lady; and on some occasions I have seen a similar luminous cloud condense to the form of a hand and carry small objects about. During a séance in full light, a beautifully formed small hand rose up from an opening in a dining-table and gave me a flower. This occurred in the light in my own room, whilst I was holding the medium's hands and feet. I have retained one of these perfectly lifelike and graceful (spirit) hands in my own, firmly resolved not to let it escape, but it gradually seemed to resolve itself into vapor, and faded in that manner from my grasp. Under satisfactory test conditions, I have seen phantom forms and faces—a phantom form came from the corner of the room, took an accordion in its hand, and glided about the room playing the instrument.'"

As I paused, Harris said, "Was all that in his report to the Royal Society?"

"It was."

"Well, I don't wonder they thought he was crazy."

MATERIALIZATION OF A "SPIRIT"

"But that is not all," I hastened to say. "Under rigid conditions scales were depressed without contact, and a flower, separating itself from a bouquet, passed through a table. Crookes might have induced his brother scientists at least to listen to his report had he stopped with this. But he proceeded to say that he had witnessed the materialization of a sentient, palpable, intelligent human being, who walked about in his household, conversing freely, while the medium lay in the cabinet like one dead. It was his account of this 'spirit,' who called herself 'Katie King,' that caused the whole scientific world to jeer at the great chemist as a man gone mad."

Mrs. Cameron drew a long breath. "Do you mean to say that this 'Katie King' phantom actually *talked* with the people in the room? Does Sir William Crookes say that?"

"Yes. Over and over again he declares that 'Katie King' appeared as real as any one else in his house. He becomes quite lyrical in description of her beauty. She was like a pearl in her purity. Her flesh seemed a sublimation of ordinary human flesh. And the grace of her manner was so extraordinary that Lady Crookes and all who saw her became deeply enamored of her. She allowed some of them to kiss her, and Crookes himself was permitted to grasp her hand.

"KATIE KING'S" FAREWELL

"She was usually dressed in white and wore a turban, and was utterly unlike Miss Cook in several physical details. She was half a head taller, her face was broader, her ears had not been pierced, and she was free from certain facial scars that Miss Cook bore; and once when Miss Cook was suffering from a severe cold, Sir William tested 'Katie King's' lungs and found them in perfect health. On several occasions he and several of his friends, among them eminent scientists, saw 'Katie' and the medium together, and at last he succeeded in photographing them both on the same plate, although never with Miss Cook's face exposed, because of the danger, to one in a trance, from the shock of a flash-light.

"For months he brought all his skill to bear on Miss Cook's mediumship without detecting any fraud or finding any solution of the mystery. The sittings, which took place in his own library, were under his own conditions, and he had the assistance of several young and clever physicists. The story of the final séance, when 'Katie King' announced her departure, is as affecting as a scene in a play. She had said that her real name was 'Annie Morgan,' but that in the spirit world she was known as 'Katie King.' She came, she said, to do a certain work, and now, after three years, that work was done and she must return to the spirit world.

"'When the time came for "Katie" to take her farewell,' writes Crookes, 'I asked that she would let me see the last of her. Accordingly when she had called each of the company up

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to her and had spoken a few words in private, she gave some general directions for the future guidance and protection of Miss Cook. From these, which were taken down in shorthand, I quote the following: "Mr. Crookes has done very well throughout, and I leave Florrie [the medium] with the greatest confidence, in his hands." Having concluded her directions, 'Katie' invited me into the cabinet with her, and allowed me to remain until the end. . . . After closing the curtain she conversed with me for some time, and then walked across to where Miss Cook was lying senseless on the floor. Stooping over her, 'Katie' touched her and said: "Wake up, Florrie, wake up! I must leave you now."

"'Miss Cook then woke and tearfully entreated 'Katie' to stay a little time longer.

"'"My dear, I can't; my work is done. God bless you," 'Katie' replied, and then continued speaking to Miss Cook for several minutes. For several minutes the two were conversing with each other, till at last Miss Cook's tears prevented her speaking. Following 'Katie's' instructions I then came forward to support Miss Cook, who was falling onto the floor, sobbing hysterically. I looked round, but the white-robed 'Katie' had gone.'"

CROOKES'S RESULTS UPHELD

I glanced about the table at my silent listeners and added: "Could anything be more dramatic than that? Evidently the fourth dimension is both near and very far."

All the women were deeply impressed with this story, but to Miller it was as idle as the blowing of the wind. "The man was duped. It is absolutely impossible to think that he was not grossly deceived."

"Wait a moment," said I. "At that time there was almost no other scientific man in the metapsychical field. Sir William stood alone. But public sentiment changed as the years passed, the English Society for Psychical Research was formed, and one by one scientific men were convinced of the truth of these phenomena. And in 1891, in Milan, a group of scientists, among them Lombroso and Richet, came near to *proving* that most of Crookes's observations were sound, though it is true that they put a different interpretation on what they saw. In 1892, Lombroso, after witnessing a remarkable sitting with a psychic in Milan, wrote: 'I am filled with confusion and regret that I have combated with so much persistency the possibility of facts called spiritualistic,' and a year later he admitted not the possibility of the facts but the facts themselves.

THE MEDIUM ARRIVES

"'Until the year 1890 spiritualism had no fiercer or more obstinate opponent than I,' Lombroso writes. 'It was only after seeing experiments of the order of those reported by Crookes with Home and "Katie King" as well as those by Richet and others that I felt myself compelled to yield to the conviction that spiritualistic phenomena, if due in great part to the influence of the medium, are likewise attributable to the influence of extraterrestrial existences, which may, perhaps, be compared to the radio-activity which still persists in tubes after the medium which originated it has disappeared.'"

At this moment the bell rang, and Mrs. Cameron exclaimed: "There! that may be your wonder-worker."

I looked at my watch. "I shouldn't wonder. She is a prompt little person."

We trooped into the sitting-room, where Mrs. Smiley, a plain little woman, with a sweet mouth and bright black eyes, was awaiting us. She was perceptibly abashed by the keen glances that the men directed upon her, but her manners were those of one natively thoughtful and refined. She made an excellent impression on every one.

"Did you bring your magic horn, Mrs. Smiley?" I asked, to relieve her embarrassment.

"Oh, yes!" she answered brightly. "I carry that just as a fiddler carries his fiddle—ready for a tune at any moment."

She brought a large package from the foot of the sofa and gave it to me. I took it, but turned it over to Miller. "Here, open this parcel yourself, Mr. Scientist. I want you to be satisfied as to its character."

Miller undid the package as cautiously as if it were an infernal machine. As the paper opened and fell away, a short, truncated cone of tin was disclosed, with another smaller one loosely held within it. The two sections, when adjusted, made a plain megaphone, about twenty-four inches in length and some five inches in diameter at the larger end.

"What do you do with that?" asked Mrs. Cameron.

In a perfectly matter-of-fact way Mrs. Smiley replied: "Many of the spirit voices are

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very faint, and cannot be heard without this horn. I am what they call a 'trumpet medium,'" she added in further explanation.

I set briskly to work arranging the library for the circle. In the middle of the room I placed a plain oaken table, which had been procured specially for the sitting. On this I stood the tin horn, upright on its larger end; beside it I laid a pad, a pencil, and a small slate.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST FRAUD

"Mrs. Smiley, you are to sit here," I said, drawing an armchair to the end of the table nearest the wall. She took her seat submissively; and looking around upon my fellow members with a full knowledge of what was in their minds, I remarked: "If all goes well to-night, this little woman, alone and unaided, except by this megaphone, will utterly confound every one of you. Mrs. Smiley and I understand each other perfectly. I am going to treat her as if she were an unconscious trickster. I am going to use every effort to discover how she accomplishes these mysterious results, and Miller is to be notably remorseless. We are going to concede (for the present) the dim light required. I don't like this, but as Mrs. Smiley is giving us every other condition, and as this is but a trial sitting, we grant it." I turned to Miller: "The theory is that light acts in direct opposition to the psychic force, weakening it unaccountably. Nevertheless, Maxwell secured many convincing movements in the light, and no doubt we shall be able to do so later."

"Who is Maxwell?" asked Miss Brush.

"Dr. Joseph Maxwell—deputy of the attorney-general at the Court of Appeals in Limoges, and doctor of medicine. He is a noted experimenter with psychic forces. Now, Mrs. Smiley, I wish to begin my tests by tying your wrists to the arms of your chair. May I do so?"

"Certainly," she cheerfully answered. "You may padlock me, or put me in an iron cage, if you please. I leave it all to you."

"Well, there is a certain virtue in silk thread, because it is impossible to untie, even in the light, and to break it will invalidate the sitting. For to-night we will use the thread."

Accordingly, I took from my pocket a spool of strong silk twist, with which I very carefully fastened the psychic's wrists. Each arm was tied separately in such wise that she was unable to bring her hands together, and could not raise her wrists an inch from the chair. Next, with the aid of Mrs. Cameron, I looped a long piece of tape about Mrs. Smiley's ankles, knotted it about the rungs of the chair at the back, and nailed the loose ends to the floor. I then drew chalk marks on the floor about the chair legs, in order that any movement of the chair, no matter how slight, might show. Finally, I pushed the table about two feet away from the psychic's utmost reach.

"With this arrangement we ought to be able to detect any considerable movement on your part," I said. "At any rate, I think we can keep you from jumping upon the table. Miller, you are to sit at her left. I will keep watch and ward at her right; the rest of the society members may take seats as they please —only, the sexes are to alternate. Cameron, please lock both doors and keep the keys in your pocket."

As soon as we were all seated and Cameron had locked the doors, I asked him to turn down the light, which he did, grumbling: "I don't like this part of it."

"Neither do I, but at a first sitting we must not expect too much. I am sure we shall be able to have more light later on. And now, while we are all getting into a harmonious frame of mind, suppose we ask Mrs. Smiley to tell us a little about herself. Where were you born, Mrs. Smiley?"

A CHILD PSYCHIC

She replied very simply and candidly: "I was born near Cincinnati. My father was a spiritualist early in the 'craze,' as it was called, and I was about nine when I became a medium. At first we did not know that I was the medium. The power seemed to take possession of our house, and for a while nothing movable was safe. After a while my father became sure that I was the cause of these disturbances, because everywhere I went raps were heard; the movement of small objects near where I sat made me an object of aversion or of actual terror to my schoolmates. So finally my father asked me to sit. I didn't want to do so at first, but he told me it was my duty. I have been devoted to the cause ever since. After my father and mother died, I gave up all opposition to my gift, and now it is a great comfort to me, for I get messages from my little son and daughter almost every day."

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"Do they speak to you directly?" I asked.

"Sometimes. Sometimes they write, and often they speak to my husband."

She gave this account of herself with an air of quiet conviction that deeply impressed the circle, and at the end of her little speech I added: "She has agreed to put herself into our hands for a series of experiments, and if her health does not fail, I think we shall be able to rival the doings of Florence Cook and David Home, whose mediumships were the basis of Crookes's report. Now let each one of you spread his hands, or her hands, upon the table, just touching the little fingers, in order that a complete circuit may be established. Miller and I will make connection with our psychic."

WHY PROFESSIONAL MEDIUMS CHEAT

"What may we expect to happen first, Mrs. Smiley?" asked Mrs. Cameron, after a pause.

"I don't know," she answered frankly. "I have very little control over these forces. Often when I am most anxious, nothing happens. Please don't expect much of anything to-night; my first sittings in a new place are seldom very good, and so much depends upon those who make up the circle."

I helped her out in explanation: "The honest medium does not advertise to perform regularly, for the reason that this force, whatever it is, seems to lie almost wholly outside the will. Flammarion says, 'It may be set down as a rule that all professional mediums cheat.' That is putting it pretty strong, but it seems true that the condition which leads to these phenomena is a very subtle physical and mental adjustment, and that the slightest distraction or mental unrest defeats everything. If the medium is paid for her work, she is too eager to serve; and everything tempts her to deceive. Furthermore, it has been proved that the psychic is in the very nature of the case *extremely liable to suggestion*. We may not secure a single movement to-night, and, indeed, we may have two or three barren sittings, but I am confident that in the end you will be satisfied. I am going to put Mrs. Smiley to sleep now, and when she is in her trance, we can discuss the matter freely."

I began to hum a low, monotonous tune, and one by one the others joined in the refrain; soon the psychic's breath became labored, and in the pauses of the song she moaned. At length she drew her hands as far away from Miller's and mine as the threads would permit.

DR. MAXWELL'S RULES FOR SITTINGS

"She is in trance," I reported. "Now we have nothing to do but wait. You may say anything you please, tell stories, or sing songs; only don't argue. We will remain as we are for a while, and if the 'guides' are dissatisfied, they will order a change. Generally speaking, the 'controls' are very notional, and when we get into full communication with 'them,' the entire arrangement may be broken up. The theory is that all success is due to the co-operation of those 'on the other side.'

"After many years' exhaustive study of these antic spirits (approaching them always from the naturalistic side) Maxwell deduces certain helpful rules: 'Use a small room,' he says, 'and have it warm. Medium and sitters must not have cold hands or feet.' He finds dry air and clear weather most favorable. Rainy and windy weather cause failures. After proving that a white light deters phenomena, he uses green, violet, or yellow screens for his lamps. 'Any kind of a table will do for the raps, or for levitation,' he says, 'but one with a double top seems to give best results.' His sitters use wooden chairs with cane seats. And my own experience is that a bare floor helps. He especially directs that the guide be consulted; 'let the phenomena come as spontaneously as possible,' he adds.

"He finds that six or eight people, men and women alternating, make the best circle. 'Take things seriously, but not solemnly,' he advises. 'Don't argue; address the "control," and follow his advice. Avoid confusion by electing a director and asking for only one thing at a time. Keep the same people in the group for at least six sittings. Sit in a circle and touch hands. Be patient and good-tempered. A worried, irritated, sullen medium is a poor instrument. Finally,' and this is most important, 'don't overwork the medium.' And with this important statement he ends: '*I am persuaded of the absolute harmlessness of these experiments, provided they are properly conducted.*'"

"I am glad to know that," said Mrs. Quigg. "After seeing Mrs. Harris's trance, I was in doubt."

"All these points are extremely valuable to me," I continued, "for they confirm my own methods, some of which I had to learn by

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tedious experience. If I had known, for instance, the folly of allowing everybody to quiz the psychic, I might have been spared many hours of tiresome sitting. Maxwell is indeed an ideal investigator—he has made a great advance in methods, and his conclusions, though tentative, are most suggestive. No reasonable man can finish his book, 'Metapsychical Phenomena,' without feeling that its author is a brave and fearless writer, as well as a cautious and sane reasoner. His published experience throws a flood of light on mediums and their puzzling peculiarities."

"But it seems to me those rules give the medium and his 'guides' the free hand," said Miller discontentedly.

"By no means," I retorted. "Maxwell plainly says 'Where the "control" is insisting upon something which I do not like, I politely resist, and end by getting my own way.' Note the 'politely.' In short, he recognizes that a genuine medium is a very precious instrument, and he does not begin by clubbing him—or her—into submission."

"Have you ever had any convincing movement of objects without contact?" asked Harris.

TABLE FLOATING IN AIR

"Yes. I have had a table rise at least twenty inches from the floor in the full light, with no one present but the medium and myself, and while our finger-tips alone touched the top. It felt as if it were floating in a thick and resilient liquid, and when I pressed upon it, it oscillated, in a curious way, as if the power were applied from below and in the center of the table. The psychic was a young girl, and I am certain played no trick. I could see her feet on the floor, and her finger-tips were, like mine, on the top of the table. This was the clearest test case of levitation I ever had."

"I see you have acquired all the 'patter,'" remarked Miller.

"Oh, yes, indeed; all the 'patter,' and some of the guile. For instance, when I want to use 'those who have passed on' I do so, and when I don't I invent means to deceive 'them.'"

Mrs. Quigg caught me up on that—"Can you deceive 'them'?"

"I don't know that I do, really, but, at any rate, 'they' are not omniscient—that I have proved very conclusively."

"I thought 'they' could read one's every thought."

"I do not find that 'they' can read so much as *one* of my thoughts. 'They' always seem very human to me, and nothing 'they' do startles me. I have no patience with those who make much of the morbid side of this business.

COMMUNICATION BY TAPS

"But all this verges on the controversial and is not good for our psychic. Let's sing some good old tune like 'Suwanee River' or 'Lily Dale.' We must keep to the genial side of conversation. Spread your hands wide on the table and be as comfortable as you can. We may have to wait a long time now, all on Miller's account."

"Because he is a skeptic?"

"No; because he's belligerent," I answered. "It doesn't matter whether you believe or not if you do not stir up controversy. Miller's 'suggestion' is adverse."

For four hours we sat thus, and nothing happened. How I kept them at it I do not now understand, but they stayed. We sang, joked, told stories, gossiped in desperate effort to kill time, and not one rap, tap, or crackle came to guide us, or to give indication of the presence of any unusual power. Part of the time Mrs. Smiley was awake and sorely grieved at her failure. She understood very well the position in which I stood. To Miller I was a dupe, the victim of a trickster. He himself afterward confessed that at the time he almost regretted his preternatural acuteness. But I encouraged our psychic by saying: "Never mind, Mrs. Smiley, there are other evenings to come. We will not despair."

At last she sank into profound sleep, and at exactly twelve o'clock I heard a faint tapping on top of the piano, just behind Miller. "Hooray, here they are!" I exclaimed, with vast relief. "What is the matter?" I asked of "the presence." "Aren't we sitting right?"

"No," was the answer, by means of one decided tap.

"Am I right?"

"No," answered the taps.

I may explain at this point that in the accepted code of signals one tap means *no*, three taps mean *yes*, and two taps, *Don't know, will try*, or any other doubtful state of mind. One has, of course, to guess at the precise meaning, but one may confirm one's interpretation by putting it in the form of a question that can be answered by *yes* or *no*.

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"Shall I change with Miller?" I asked.

Three brisk taps made affirmative answer.

I exchanged places with Miller, but did not again touch Mrs. Smiley's hand. Immediately thereafter, the sound of soft drumming came from the piano at a point entirely out of reach of the psychic, and at my request the drummer kept time to my whistling. After some minutes of this foolery "the force" left the piano abruptly, as if with a leap, and dropped to the middle of the table. A light fumbling noise followed, and I called out: "Is every hand in the circle accounted for?"

"SPIRIT" VOICES ARE HEARD

While the members of the group were, in turn, assuring me of this, a small bell on the table was taken up and rung, and the table itself was shoved powerfully toward the circle and away from the psychic. I assure you my sitters were profoundly interested now, and some of the women were startled. A sharp pecking sound came upon the cone. I called attention to the fact that this took place at least six feet from Mrs. Smiley, and a moment later, with intent to detect her in any movement, I leaned far forward so that my head came close to her breast. I could not detect the slightest motion. I could not even hear her breathe. All this, while very impressive to me, was referred by the others to trickery on Mrs. Smiley's part.

At my request, the drumming on the cone kept time to "Dixey" and "Yankee Doodle," and at length I said to "the spirit": "You must have liked topical songs when you were on the earth plane." Instantly *the cone was swept violently from the table, and a deep, jovial, strong whisper came from the horn to me.* "*I do now,*" was the amazing answer.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"*Wilbur, the guide.*"

"Oh, it is you, is it? Well, I am glad you've found a voice; I felt rather helpless up to this moment. Are we sitting right?"

"*All right.*"

"What are you going to do for us to-night? Can you raise the table?"

"*I'll try,*" he whispered again.

"Can't you write your name on the pad?"

There was a moment's silence, and then the sound of writing began in the middle of the table. When this had finished, I said: "Did you succeed?"

Again the cone rose, and the whisper came in a fainter, tired way: "*Yes, but the writing is very miserable.*"

The rest of the sitters were silent with amazement till Miller said in a tone of disgust: "That is of no value. It is so easy for some one to break the circle and write on that pad."

The psychic now began to twist and moan and struggle, choking, gasping in such evident suffering that Mrs. Cameron cried out: "Mr. Garland, don't you hear? She is ill. Let me go to her."

"Don't be alarmed," I replied. "This struggle almost always precedes her strongest manifestations. It seems cruel to say so, but, remember, Mrs. Smiley has been through these paroxysms hundreds of times. It appears very painful and exhausting, but she has assured me that 'they' take care of her. She suffers very few ill effects from it."

Miller, living up to his character as remorseless scientist, remarked: "I'd like to control her hands. Shall I try?"

"Not now, not till the 'guides' consent to it," I replied. "It is said to be dangerous to the psychic to touch her unexpectedly."

"I can understand that it might be inconvenient," remarked Harris.

Again we sat in expectant silence until several of the group became restless. "What is she about now?" asked Cameron wearily.

CONE MOVES WITHOUT CONTACT

"She is asleep, apparently. Please be patient a little while longer. Are you still with us, Wilbur?"

I was delighted to hear the three taps that answer "Yes."

"Will you be able to do something more for us?"

Tap, tap, tap—given apparently with the pencil.

I observed: "From a strictly scientific standpoint, the movement of that pencil, provided it can be proved to have taken place without the agency of any known form of force, is as important as the fall of a mountain. It heralds a new day in science." At this moment there was a rustling at the base of the cone. "Listen! 'they' are at work with the horn."

The cone rocked slowly on its base, and at last leaped over the shoulders of the sitters and fell with a crash to the floor. "Mercy on us!" shrieked Mrs. Cameron.

"Don't touch it! Don't move!" I called

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out. "Everybody clasp hands now. Here is a chance for a fine test. Wilbur, can you put the cone back on the table?"

Tap, tap, answered "Wilbur." The two taps were given slowly and I understood them to mean: "Don't know," or "Will try."

SUSPICIONS IN THE CIRCLE

"Miller," I said impressively, "unless some one of our circle is betraying us, we are having as good a demonstration as we could expect, barring the absence of light. Be watchful. Wilbur, we're trusting to you now. Let's see what you can do."

As I spoke, the horn with a ringing scrape left the carpet, and a moment later bumped down upon Mrs. Quigg's head. "Oh!" she gasped, "it hit me!"

Almost immediately a breathy chuckle came from the horn! "*Ha, ha! That shook you up a little, I reckon.*"

The other women were frozen with horror. "Don't let it touch me," pleaded Miss Brush.

And Mrs. Quigg, much shaken, called out: "Frank Howard, are YOU doing this?"

He was highly indignant. "Certainly not. Are you not holding one hand, and Miss Brush the other? I swear I am in-no-cent!"

I commented on their dialogue severely. "See how you all treat an event that is wonderful enough to convulse the National Academy of Science. I do not believe the psychic's hands have moved an inch, and yet, unless some of you are false to your trust, the miraculous has happened.—Are you there, Wilbur?" I queried of the mystic presence.

The cone swung toward me, and "Wilbur" answered: "*I am, old horse.*"

"Well, Wilbur, there are two bigoted scientific people here to-night, and I want you to put them to everlasting rout."

"*I'll do it. Don't you worry,*" replied the voice, and the cone dropped with a bang on the table, again making everybody jump. "*That brought the goose-flesh,*" said "Wilbur," with humorous satisfaction.

I took a malicious delight in the mystification of my fellows. "Go down and shake up young Howard at the foot of the table," I suggested. "He is a little in the conjuring line himself."

Almost instantly Howard cried out: "The blooming thing is touching me on the ear!"

"Observe," called I, in the tone of a man exhibiting some kind of trained animal, "the cone is now at least six feet from the psychic's utmost reach. How do you account for that, Miller?"

"The boy lied," said Miller curtly.

Howard was offended—"I'll take that out of you, old chap, when we meet in the street. I am telling the square-toed truth. I am not doing a thing but hold two very scared ladies' hands."

"Oh, come now!" I interposed. "If we are to be so 'tarnal suspicious of one another, we might just as well give up the sitting. If each of us must be padlocked, proof of any phenomenon is impossible."

A firmer hand now seemed to grasp the cone, and a deep whisper that was almost a tone came from it. "*You are right,*" this new personality said, with measured and precise utterance. "*We come with the best tests of a supremely important revelation; we come as scientists from our side of the line; and you scoff, and take it all as a piece of folly, as an entertainment. Is this just? No, it is unworthy men of science.*"

"You are quite right," I responded. "But who are you?"

"*My name on the earth plane was Mitchell.*"

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Mitchell, and your rebuke is deserved. I, for one, mean to proceed in this matter seriously. What can you do for us to-night?"

"*Be very patient. Carry this investigation forward, and this psychic will astonish the world. Do not abuse her; do not tax her beyond her strength.*" He spoke with the precise and rather pedantic accent of an old gentleman nurtured on the classics, and produced upon me a distinct impression of age and serious character utterly different from the rollicking, not too refined "Wilbur."

"I will see that she is treated fairly, Mr. Mitchell, but of course this is not a rigid test. Will you be able to permit conditions more convincing?"

"*Yes, very much more convincing,*" he replied slowly and ponderously, "*but do not worry the instrument to-night. Narrow your circle; be harmonious, and not too eager, and you will be abundantly rewarded.*"

The horn returned to the table quietly, and young Howard was the first to speak. "That is a fine piece of ventriloquism, any way you look at it," said he.

"So far as I can judge, so far as my sense of hearing goes (and I have kept my ear close to the psychic's face), Mrs. Smiley has not

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moved, nor uttered a sound. What is your verdict, Mr. Cock-sure Scientist?"

For the first time Miller's voice indicated some slight hesitation. "I haven't been able to *detect* any movement on the part of the psychic," he replied, "but of course I can't answer for the rest of the company. The performance has no scientific value. In the dark, deceit is easy."

"Why not accuse the arch-conspirator of us all, our director?" exclaimed Mrs. Quigg.

"You flatter me," I responded. "If I could produce those voices I would go on the vaudeville stage to-morrow. I give you my word I am acting in entire good faith. I am seeking the truth. But, hark! the cone is on the wing again."

The megaphone was indeed moving, as if a weak, unskilled hand were struggling with it, and at last it swung feebly into the air, and a whisper that was hardly more than a breath was directed toward Mrs. Quigg—"*Daughter!*"

"Are you speaking to me?" she asked, in a voice that trembled a little.

The answer was but a sibilant sigh: "*Yes.*"

"Who are you?"

"*Mother.*"

The answer was so faint that no one save Mrs. Quigg could distinguish the word. Almost at the same moment, I caught the sound of other whispering lips in the air just before me. "Who is it?" I asked. Like a little, hopeless sigh the answer came, "*Jessie.*" This was the name of my youngest sister. Then the cone dropped as though falling from exhausted hands, and I had no further message from the "spirit."

As we waited breathlessly, the horn once more swung into the air, with its larger end toward me, and the clear, silver-sweet voice of a little girl was heard by every one at the table. "*Good evening, everybody. I am Maud; I came with my mama. I have come to ask you to be very kind to her.*"

"I am very glad to hear you, Maud," I answered. "Are there other spirits present?"

"*Yes, many, many spirits. My grandpa is here; he is treating my mama so that she will not be sick. Some one is here to see you, but is too weak to speak. My grandpa says 'we are trusting you.'*"

With astonishing clearness, this voice created in my mind (not as light would create it) the vision of a frank, charming, self-contained, womanly little girl, whose voice and accent formed a curious silvery replica of the psychic's; and as she chatted with me for a few minutes longer, she deepened the impression she had made of her essentially human character. At last she said "Good-by," and the cone was softly laid upon the table.

All of this was performed in profound silence. There was no sound in the cone, except that of the voice, no rustle of garments, no rasp of fingers on the tin; and though I leaned far over, and once more placed my ear close to the psychic's lips, I could not trace the slightest movement connecting her with the movements on the table. I had the conviction at the moment that Mrs. Smiley sat in a death-like trance at my side.

A few moments later, the cone was jammed together, and thrown upon the floor, announcing that the sitting was ended.

While the sitters still waited I said: "Now, Cameron, you may turn on the gas, but do so very slowly. Mrs. Smiley seems in deep sleep, and we are warned not to startle her."

PHYSICAL STATE OF PSYCHIC

When the light became strong enough to see her, we found our psychic sitting limply, her head drooping sidewise, her eyes closed, her face white and calm. The cone was lying not far from her chair, separated into two parts. The threads that bound her to her seat were to all appearance precisely as at the beginning of the sitting, except that they were deeply sunk into the flesh of her wrists. Her chair had not moved a hair's breadth from the chalk marks on the floor.

A moment later she opened her eyes, and smiling rather wanly, asked of me: "Did anything happen?"

"Oh, yes, a great deal. 'Wilbur' came, and 'Maud,' and 'Mr. Mitchell.'"

"I am very glad," she answered with a faint, happy smile.

Mrs. Cameron bent to her pityingly. "How do you feel?"

"Very numb, but I'll be all right in a very short time. My wrists hurt; your thread is very tight. My arms always swell. Please give me a drink of water."

As I held the glass to her lips, I was conscience-smitten to think that for five hours she had been sitting in this constrained position—a martyr to science, but I waited while Miller examined every bond. I had to use a small pair of scissors to cut the thread out of the deep furrows in her wrist, and it took a

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quarter of an hour of chafing to restore her arms to their normal condition.

Miss Brush was indignant. "I think it is a shame the way you have treated your psychic."

After Mrs. Cameron had taken Mrs. Smiley to the dining-room for a cup of tea, the rest of us remained staring at one another.

"Now, which of us did that?" I asked.

"So far as the psychic was concerned, I don't see how she could have had any hand in it," said Miller. "But then it was all in the dark."

I had to admit that this diminished the value of the experiment. "But now listen," I said; "as we all seem to be suspicious of one another, I propose that we resort to a process of elimination. I shall take 'Mitchell's' advice and narrow the circle. Howard, you are a suspect. You are ruled out of the next sitting."

"Oh, no," protested Howard. "That isn't fair. I did nothing, I swear!"

"You admit being a prestidigitator?"

"Yes, but I had nothing to do with this performance."

"Nevertheless, so far as conclusive proof is concerned, your presence in the circle invalidates it. Now I propose that Mrs. Smiley go to Miller's house, with no one present but Mr. and Mrs. Cameron and Mr. and Mrs. Miller. If we secure these same phenomena under Miller's conditions, we will then readmit one by one the entire membership of the society."

To this the others reluctantly agreed, and the hour of meeting was decided upon. Cameron volunteered to see that Mrs. Smiley got to her home.

Miller and I walked away to the club together, pondering deeply on the implications of the night's performance.

"I don't see how it was done," Miller repeated. "Certainly she did not rise from her chair, not for an instant, and yet to believe that she did not have a hand in what took place is impossible. What is your belief?"

"I have seen enough to make me believe in Zöllner's fourth dimension, but I don't. My mind is so constructed that such wonders as we have seen to-night produce very little effect on me. They are as normal to me now as the popping of corn or the roasting of potatoes. But as for belief—well! that is not a matter of the will, but of evidence, and the evidence is not yet sufficient to bring me to any definite conclusion. In fact, in the broad day, and especially the second day after I have been through one of these experiences, I begin to doubt my senses. Richet speaks of this curious recession of belief, and admits his own inability to retain the conviction that at the moment of the phenomenon was complete. 'No sooner is the sitting over than my doubts come swarming back upon me,' he says. 'The real world which surrounds us, with its prejudices, its scheme of habitual opinions, holds us in so strong a grasp that we can scarcely free ourselves completely. Certainty does not follow on demonstration, but on habit.'"

Miller plodded along by my side in silence for a few minutes, and then asked abruptly: "What is the real reason that you keep up the fiction of the 'guide' when you don't believe in him?"

"The reason is that I think Mrs. Smiley is honest in her faith, and to be polite to the 'guides' is one of the first requisites of a successful sitting. Suppose the whole action to be terrestrial. Suppose each successful sitting to be only a subtle adjustment of our 'collective consciousness' to hers. Can't you see how necessary it is that we should proceed with her full consent? After an immense experience with all sorts of mediums, after lining himself up with Crookes, Rochas, Lodge, Richet, Duclaux, Lombroso, and Ochorowicz, Maxwell says: 'I believe in these phenomena, but I see no need to attribute them to any supernatural intervention. I am inclined to think they are produced by some force within ourselves——'"

"Just what does he mean by that?"

"I can't precisely explain. It's harder to understand than the spirit hypothesis. He himself goes on to say that while he is certain that we are in the presence of an unknown force, he is convinced that the phenomena will ultimately be found orderly, like all other facts of nature. 'Some future Newton will discover a more complete formula than ours,' he prophesies. 'Every natural fact should be studied, and if it be real, incorporated in the patrimony of knowledge.' He then adds, with the true scientist's humble acknowledgment of the infinite reach of the undiscovered universe, 'Our knowledge is very limited, and our experience young.'"

In the June number Mr. Garland will discuss ***Spirit Hands.***

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WHEN E. H. Sothern revived "Our American Cousin," the discovery was made that *Lord Dundreary* is not merely a stage fiction but an institution. In the years during which the elder Sothern played the character, from 1858 until his death in 1881, he stamped it so clearly, so forcefully upon the people of his time, that it still remains distinct in their memories. And they have transferred to the younger generation a definite picture, which has remarkable reality. It is no uncommon thing for those who were born after the elder Sothern died to declare that they saw him play *Dundreary*, so vivid is the idea of him that they have gained from others. And this is true of no other stage character that I can recall.

The names of Sothern and *Dundreary* are so indissolubly linked that it would seem an impertinence for any one, except the son of the creator of the character, to revive it. It is not conceivable that another actor could play it so well. To begin with, E. H. Sothern is one of the finest comedians in this country, and so good an actor that it troubles him not at all to play *Lord Dundreary* in the afternoon and *Hamlet* at night—and surely they are as far apart as any two characters of which one can conceive! Then, in addition to his native equipment, he has the prompt-books of the old comedy and the recollections of his father—his own, and those of others—which have been told him over and over again. But for all that, Mr. Sothern doesn't make the mis-

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take of trying to present an exact copy of his father. His own personal touches, his individual methods of scoring points, give *Dundreary* a vitality that must be lacking in a mere imitation.

It was supposed that "Lord Dundreary"—as "Our American Cousin" is now called—might possibly amuse audiences for a week. So eager were people to see it, so rapidly did the news of the younger Sothern's admirable performance spread, that the demand for seats compelled the continuance of "Lord Dundreary" for four weeks, and, had it not been for contracts calling for the production of other plays, it would probably have packed a big theatre during the whole of Mr. Sothern's New York season.

There isn't a joke nor a humorous twist in the whole performance that was not familiar to three-fourths of the people in the audience, so thoroughly has "Dundrearyism" permeated this country. To be sure, there were some to whom *Dundreary* appealed not at all, who sat glum and bored, wondering what species of madness was responsible for the gales of laughter that swept over the theatre. I can recall no other character that has made audiences laugh so continuously, so heartily.

Photograph by Hall's Studio, New York.

ANNA LAUGHLIN AS *KOKOMO* IN "THE TOP O' TH' WORLD."

He is a marvelous creation, is *Lord Dundreary*. All of the stage "silly ass" types that have followed him, if rolled into a composite, could not compare with him. One feels that *Dundreary* is a gentleman, that he has a code of manners, and a kindly heart, of which he is somewhat ashamed. For the rest, he is a caricature, of course; but an admirably executed caricature, no matter how exaggerated it may be, usually presents more truth than an absolutely faithful portrait. And *Dundreary* is so cleverly developed, is so absolutely consistent, that he compels audiences to accept him as genuine. The working of his mind is the most exact illustration of pure logic that I know. He starts from his premises and works toward his conclusion with a literal directness that is as truthful as it is absurd. He never attempts to overstep his limitations. I don't believe there was ever a characterization so perfect down to the smallest detail.

As a comedy, "Lord Dundreary" has the interest of a relic in a museum, which provokes the comment: "How do you suppose they ever used a thing like that?" It was written by Tom Taylor, an English playwright, who used to turn out plays while actors waited to rehearse them. Some of these dramas, like "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," survive, and effectively, to this day. But "Lord Dundreary" is so cheaply theatric, so crude, so impossible, that one wonders how it ever got a hearing. Indeed, Laura Keene put it on merely as a stop-gap. It was intended that *Asa Trenchard*, a weird British conception of a Vermont Yankee, should be the hero of the comedy. The late Joseph Jefferson "created" that rôle in this country. *Lord Dundreary* was a very minor character, so small, indeed, that the elder Sothern objected to playing it until he was given permission to do with it as he pleased. He made an instantaneous hit, which determined his professional career. He set about developing the character, and in the end there was nothing left of the author's idea but the name, *Lord Dundreary* having been so amplified that the comedy was little more than a monologue.

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Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

ADELINE GENEE, THE DANISH DANCER, IN "THE SOUL KISS."

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Such is the vitality of *Lord Dundreary*, and so really fine is Mr. Sothern's acting in the rôle, that I believe, if he chose, he could take the character where his father left it twenty-seven years ago and play it the rest of his life.

Maude Adams seems enamored of masquerading as a youth, else she would never have chosen "The Jesters" as a vehicle. It is a romantic trifle written in rhymed verse, and, in English, has little to commend it. In the original French form, in which Sarah Bernhardt appeared, it has a certain literary interest as a curiosity in clever versification. The English version rolls along in a merely placid fashion, and even Miss Adams cannot lift it from its dull monotony. She doesn't try very hard, it is true. She relies on her delicious, swaggering assumption of masculinity, on the tricks of speech and manner that are so delightful and so familiar. Those who admire her intelligently feel that an actress of her great capacity should not be content to depend upon past performances.

Of course "The Jesters," or rather, Miss Adams, draws large audiences. I have remarked before, in this department, that if she should elect to play *Little Eva* she could pack any theatre. I rather think I should prefer "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to "The Jesters." Certainly no other player could have saved

WILLIAM HODGE AS *DANIEL VORHEES PIKE* IN "THE MAN FROM HOME."

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Photograph by Sarony, New York.

NATALIE DAGWELL IN THE BURLESQUE OF "THE MERRY WIDOW."

that series of rhymed incidents from absolute failure.

Only one of the excellent players in Miss Adams's company has any opportunity, and he is a newcomer to the English-speaking stage, although he long ago won distinction among German players. Gustav von Seyffertitz has made a distinct hit as a professional medieval bully, and he shows a sufficient mastery of the English tongue to prove that he can overcome the only handicap to his taking a commanding place on our stage.

David Graham Phillips turned from novels to the drama long enough to write "The Worth of a Woman," in which Katherine Grey won the greatest triumph in her career thus far—and that is saying much. Mr. Phillips said his only purpose was to tell a story. The impression upon audiences was that he was seeking to present personal convictions and theories. "The Worth of a Woman" is a sex play, and that inevitably means a problem play. It is bold, vigorous, original, and for the most part it holds interest. As a drama, it has one powerful act, the third, and an excellent scene in the second act.

It is rather curious that Mr. Phillips, who is a militant socialist, should have written a play whose fundamental idea is individualism, which is, of course, anarchy. He makes his heroine avow certain sentiments that slap convention in the face, and with such vigor that some of the critics declared that there was

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

ARNOLD DALY AND CHRYSTAL HERNE IN "THE REGENERATION."

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JULIA MARLOWE AND WHITE WHITTLESEY IN "GLORIA."

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no answer to what she says. As a matter of fact, the heroine's views are particularly vulnerable, for morality is not a personal, but a social, thing, and no individual has rights superior to those of the social order. If his heroine and the unspeakable cad she married in the end—he plays what would commonly be called the hero — were alone on an island, her position would be unassailable—unless they expected some time to leave the island.

The only real people in the play were *Diana* and her father, the others being lay figures to express the notions of the author. Even that best of naturalistic actresses, Jane Peyton, couldn't make the character she played seem a genuine person. Miss Grey acted the difficult rôle of *Diana* with fine intelligence, depth of feeling, and great emotional force. Frank Young, who played the father and made a marked impression, has been on the stage for half a century, but never before has he been privileged to play before a New York audience.

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

OTIS SKINNER AS *COLONEL BRIDAU* IN "THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY."

Otis Skinner, who is now probably our foremost actor, is tasting the sweets of what will possibly prove the greatest financial success of his career. After making his reputation in classic plays, or plays in the classic form, he appeared last season in a modern rôle, in "The Duel," a powerful French play that was successful but too fine to be really popular. "The Honor of the Family" certainly can never deserve that criticism. It is one of the three or four big dramatic successes of the season in New York, from a box-office standpoint, and almost wholly because of Mr. Skinner's acting.

"The Honor of the Family" is based on one of Balzac's three stories of provincial life, called in the original "La Rabouilleuse." From this a French playwright took certain incidents, and it is his play that Paul Potter made over into English, with modern colloquialisms that seem

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rather incongruous. In the original story, *Colonel Bridau* is one of the most despicable characters in the *Comédie Humaine*. The only period in his life when he is not utterly repulsive is seized upon by the playwright, and simply by the suppression of certain eloquent facts about him he is made to appear a fairly interesting and admirable creature.

As Mr. Skinner presents him, *Colonel Bridau* is a vain, handsome swashbuckler, with a clear brain, unmeasured audacity, which passes for courage, and a sense of humor. Above all, Mr. Skinner gives a suggestion of real force in *Bridau*, a force as potent in intrigue as in fighting. The action of the comedy shows the former Napoleonic officer, whose prodigious assumption of manner makes one forget his shabby clothes, in a war of wits with the rustic beauty into whose hands his senile, rich old uncle has fallen. *Flora* is aided by a man, also a former Napoleonic officer, who expects to marry her after she has gained possession of the old man's money, and the two are very clever people.

Mr. Skinner's characterization is marvelously fine. He is always spectacular, yet always real. Probably he never gave a clearer-cut character study than this, and at the same time I doubt if he ever played an important rôle that made so few demands upon him. It is a theatric rôle, one of those in which the tricks and artifices of the stage abound. Few players know these better than Mr. Skinner, and fewer still have such nice discernment as to the limitations of these artifices. But Mr. Skinner gives *Colonel Bridau* a quality and a distinction that do not depend upon tricks.

The whole play is almost perfectly acted. Percy Haswell, with her fine contralto voice and the admirable acting skill that comes from intelligent work in stock, plays *Flora*, and so far as mere appearance goes, she looks as if she might have stepped out of Balzac's story, though she has difficulty in making herself appear as wicked as *Flora*. A. G. Andrews, long with Richard Mansfield, plays the senile *Rouget* as Mansfield might have played it, while fine old legitimate actors like Joseph Wheelock, Sr., Walter R. Scott, Frederick Sargent, and Harry Barfoot play the retired officers with exquisite skill and finish.

"Twenty Days in the Shade" is a lively French farce in which the basic depravity characteristic of these inventions for provoking laughter is glossed over in such manner as not to offend an American audience. Paul Potter has accomplished this admirably without sacrificing the fun. "In the shade" is a French colloquialism for jail, and the activities turn upon a young French nobleman's hiring a scholarly scamp who makes a business of impersonating others in taking examinations, to go to jail for him. Complications are piled up with great skill—farce building, by the way, is the most exact of the dramatic forms—and the play rushes along in mad haste, with a plausibility that is very often lacking in these vehicles.

It is excellently acted, the chief honors going to Charles Dickson, who plays *Pantuche*, the professional impersonator, with lightness, certainty, and a fine sense of humor. Also there is Dallas Welford, that amazing Englishman who jumped into fame as *Mr. Hopkinson*, and who, in this farce, is a cockney thief. He looks more like a fat pig than anything human, and he manages to keep audiences in a roar when he is on the stage. Richard Bennett, Frank Burbeck, Jeffreys Lewis, and Grace Heyer make up a really distinguished company of players, and there is also Ernest Lawford, fresh from his triumph as the pirate captain in "Peter Pan"; his lisp and highly refined voice again give additional humor to a character.

"The Merry Widow" has a rival, which also came out of Vienna, and which promises to have the success here that it has already won abroad. Though the waltz song in "A Waltz Dream" has no strains that will gain the popularity of the few bars in "The Merry Widow" waltz that have taken the whole civilized world captive, it is, on the whole, much more moving. Indeed, many of the elect declare that the music of the opera, in its entirety, deserves higher esteem than that of "The Merry Widow." "A Waltz Dream" has a libretto with an interesting story, and although it seems to have been somewhat manhandled in the adaptation, in order to interject fun, it still grips audiences. It is a romantic, rather than a comic, opera, and it has a tragic ending. That, I think, is due in less measure to the construction and intention of the plot than to the excellence with which Sophie Brandt plays and sings her rôle—that of the Viennese leader of a woman's orchestra.

You see, there is an Austrian lieutenant who, at the command of his emperor, marries the daughter of a minor ruler, and on the evening of his wedding he fares forth to seek

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adventure, merely as a protest against being compelled to marry. He flirts with the orchestra leader, who promptly falls in love with him. There is a fine dramatic moment when his royal father-in-law and his bride discover *Lieutenant Niki* and march him off in disgrace, while the girl leader falls fainting. When the curtain rises a moment later, *Franzi* is fiddling away for dear life, her face white and set, and from that moment one thinks infinitely more about her than about any one else. This is true even in the end, when the lieutenant and the princess-bride are reunited and one sees *Franzi* pouring out her heart through the wailing notes of her violin. One comes away from the theatre with moisture about one's eyes and a tugging about one's heart, and the memory of the sorrowing violin strains haunts one for days.

By this performance Sophie Brandt has advanced to the front rank of light-opera singers at a single bound, an achievement due rather more to her acting than to her voice. And Edward Johnson, a real tenor, made as big a hit as she, because he can sing as no other tenor has sung in light opera for years. He had made a reputation as a church singer and in oratorio, but he had no real stage experience. In the beginning as wooden as the average comic-opera tenor, he has made remarkable progress in the art of acting. Indeed, so favorable was the impression he produced in "A Waltz Dream" that it was straightway announced that he would be educated for grand opera.

Charles A. Bigelow, with his own bald head and his acquired white hosiery, is funnier than usual in "A Waltz Dream," and there is the inimitable Josie Sadler to help along the merriment.

When Adeline Genee came upon the stage in "The Soul Kiss," I realized how it was that people of an older generation could rave over Fanny Elssler, Taglioni, and other dancers whose fame has come down to us. This little Danish woman is a creature apart from all other dancers I have seen. She seems an elfin spirit of the air, independent of the solid earth—so gracefully, so easily does she float through space. I did not think it possible that any one could express so much in the dance. It is not at all remarkable that a crowded theatre was aroused to great enthusiasm when she made her first appearance, nor that people rave over her. "The Soul Kiss" is a Ziegfeld musical show that is mostly girls in various stages of undress and activity, with at least one comedian, Cecil Lean, who came up from the chorus a year or two ago. Genee's genius and skill enable her to rise superior to the comedy, and that is a very great achievement.

The latest George M. Cohan show to reach Broadway is "Fifty Miles from Boston," with Edna Wallace Hopper as the star. The show has been on the road for months. It belongs fifty miles from Boston—due east, I should say, for it is quite the worst Cohanism that has been perpetrated. It has some redeeming qualities in the laughter-provoking lines, and at least two real characters. One of these is played by that wonderful youth, Lores Grimm, who has been on the stage ever since he could toddle, and the other by Emma Janvier, long with Richard Carle. The rôle of the village gossip, who also sets the styles, is admirably played by Miss Janvier, whose skill in making eccentric characters appear real is extraordinary. Edna Wallace Hopper seems to grow prettier and daintier as the years roll on, and she is clever, within narrow lines. But when she tries to "emosh," as they say in vaudeville, the result is curious and unfortunate.

There have been few musical shows on Broadway better than "Bandanna Land," in which Williams and Walker are exploited. This is particularly notable because the show is wholly the work of colored people. The book was written by J. A. Shipp and Alex. Rogers, who play prominent parts. The music, which is really beautiful, is by Will Marion Cook, who long ago proved that he not only has the gift of melody but is a finished musician as well. Surely there isn't a comedian on the stage funnier than Bert Williams, and the spectacular George Walker is an excellent foil for him. No other musical comedy has known such singing as that of the Williams and Walker company; and one isn't sure whether the singing or the real fun in the show is the more pleasing.

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A MUCH-EXCITED MAN SAID HIS HORSE HAD BEEN TAKEN BY A CONVICT.

The Awaited Hour

By EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES

Illustrations by H. E. Townsend

THE Reverend Frank Long, newly appointed chaplain of the penitentiary, turned his eyes to the warden.

"What can you tell me of No. 1237?" he said.

"So you've noticed Colby?" replied the warden. "As it happens, I can tell you all about him; he was sent up from this very town."

"One would think that people in a penitentiary town would be especially circumspect," said Long. "What was his offense?"

"He was convicted of forging the name of his employer—Farwell, the banker—to the endorsement of a large check that was sent to a New York broker with an order calling for a thousand shares of Tidewater Terminals—and Tidewater jumped thirty points in as many days. Colby might have cleared a fortune, but he was detected. The broker had done business with Farwell; the signature aroused his suspicions. He made inquiries; Farwell denied the signature." The warden halted. "Er—Farwell acted very decent about it. He tried to keep the broker from prosecuting—so the latter stated, on the stand—and gave his evidence with reluctance. Colby's defense was curious, too. He pointed out how clumsy the forgery was, made imitations of Farwell's signature that couldn't be picked from the real thing; assured the jury that the forgery would have been still undetected had it been his work. He denied any knowledge of letter, order, or check, and swore the whole affair was a carefully laid conspiracy to ruin him."

"Is—is there doubt about his guilt?" asked the Reverend Frank.

The warden evaded. "The evidence was direct and absolute. The trial judge—since exposed as an unholy scoundrel—gave him fourteen years. He has been here six."

"Fourteen years!" cried the Reverend Frank. "For a first offense! Awful!"

The warden spoke fast. "Colby was a brilliant young fellow, just getting his stride. He had a happy home—" He hesitated. "Conviction of felony gives a divorce here,

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you know?" The chaplain nodded. "Well—Colby's wife is married to Farwell now. It has an ugly look. . . . The doctor reports him perfectly sound in mind and body. Your predecessor's effort to get in touch with him was met with perfect indifference. Colby hasn't beliefs nor doubts; wants neither consolation nor sympathy. When he first came, he asked for hard work—his only request. We put him to firing the engines. He has done his work, violated no rules, made no complaints, expressed no desires, repelled all advances."

The Reverend Frank shuddered. What were this prisoner's thoughts as he held aloof, self-contained, brooding, through the long, silent years?

On his way to his rooms, he stopped and let the cool wind blow over his bared head. "Fourteen years! Merciful God!" said the Reverend Frank. "And the man may be innocent!"

Within the massive prison were convicts of all kinds: brazen, unblushing rogues, already planning fresh crimes; men sullen, stubborn, and dangerous; men broken in mind and body; canting hypocrites, sanctimonious of phrase and face; savage and blasphemous wretches. Some who, with humble and contrite hearts, endured the penalty of their wrong-doing—for even in a penitentiary there are penitents; some few who, with high courage, planned to begin life anew, to retrieve the false step. Convicts loudly protesting entire innocence; convicts wistfully silent, seeing the uselessness of protest; pitiful whiners, blaming others for their own faults. Chronic grumblers, with petty grievances; fawners, toadies, spies; cool, defiant, hardened scoundrels. Reformers too—yes, heroes — fighting hopelessly, desperately, against unjust rules, losing every battle, yet often winning in the long run. Model prisoners, cheerfully making the best of a bad business, setting a good-natured example; model prisoners, again, with a selfish eye to the rewards of good conduct. Weaklings—effortless, uncaring, motiveless; strong men, with the priceless gift of making their strength a refuge for the weak; others as strong, born to the freedom of storm and sea, whose wild hearts beat at the iron walls, and broke with their own fierce struggles. A strange, sad world locked within the four gray walls—much like the world they locked out.

Among them, resembling none, 1237 moved like a shadow in a dream, untouched by shame, dishonor, or degradation; his manhood unshaken, his courage unbroken; wasting no strength of body or mind in grief, in rage, in rebellion. Petty tyrannies or well-meant favors he accepted with neither resentment nor gratitude. There was no outcry, no complaint, no comment, even. He wrote no letters, received none, made no inquiries. During his third year the warden sent for him and told him of his wife's marriage to Farwell; 1237 evinced no surprise, sorrow, nor anger. Indeed, for all interest he showed in the ordinary affairs of life, for all evidence of feeling—regret, memory, love, hatred, fear, or hope—1237 had turned to rock. He went about his work unseeing, unheeding, absorbed. Yet at times, when sure that he was alone, something hotter than the fires he tended burned in his eyes, as the furnace doors, when swung open, let the dazzling light leap out across the dark. Then the doors close with a clang, and the gloom falls heavy again.

Much like 1237's own soul was the engine-room. Save at these flashes it was always dim twilight in the vast, dusty place. The great doors were locked and barred, opening only for the lock-stepped march of the firemen to their work, or back to their cells. Guards and convicts were at home in this semi-darkness; but a visitor's eyes could discern only denser shadows moving in obscurity, till the door was thrown open and he caught a momentary glimpse of the Inferno and the toiling Demons of the Pit; or of the mighty fly-wheel, tireless, silent, threatening.

Just under the eaves, forty feet above the floor, there was a window in one of the otherwise blank walls. Before it the spinning belt passed on its endless journey to the wheels above. On clear days, the sunlight burst in at this window and smote down through the shadows like a beautiful thought, making bright the gloom. 1237 watched the great belt sway and swing, sweeping resistlessly onward, flashing from darkness to mystery across this narrow shaft of trembling light, on to outer mystery—like life. Watched, too, the dancing motes in the sunlight—unnumbered mazy myriads, drifting, floating, caught up by unseen currents, whirled hither and thither; as helpless, thought 1237, as even men might be.

Well-fed philosophers, prosperous and complacent, might have pointed out the unchanging purpose of the whirling belt; might

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SOMETHING HOTTER THAN THE FIRES HE TENDED BURNED IN HIS EYES.

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have shown that each slightest atom, in its wildest vagaries, was as true to immutable Law as all the systems of leagued and obedient suns, and have drawn comfortable philosophies therefrom.

No. 1237 was no philosopher: he was a man wronged, betrayed, robbed of youth and love and hope and happiness by those he trusted most. To him, these dancing atoms were types of lives, worlds, systems, blown by the merest breath of chance, wandering—forsaken—into nothingness and night; hurled aimlessly into the abyss of eternity by some uncaring, reckless Force, powerful, pitiless, and blind. And he waited; waited, with every energy of heart and body and brain turned to one unwavering, resolute, patient purpose—Revenge.

One evening, when the whistle blew and the convict firemen lined up to be marched to their cells, the idea came to him as he watched the gradual slowing down of the enormous fly-wheel. For many nights thereafter he watched it, calculated how many revolutions it made after steam was shut off; how many times the belt lacing flashed by before it stopped. Slowly, patiently, he wrought out his plans—searching for flaws, weak places; rejecting, altering, adjusting, elaborating, perfecting; foreseeing everything, leaving no detail to chance, no emergency uncovered.

No. 1237 was the only fixture in the engine-room. The others were changed from time to time. Carefully, after long waiting, he selected a fit instrument from them to serve his need. His choice fell at last upon Jimmy Adams — No. 942 — a confirmed criminal, whose term expired within the year.

He began talking to 942—a thing easily done here, despite prohibitions, under cover of the endless noises. When work brought them close, without turning his head toward 942, he told him—a sentence or a phrase at a time—his history and his plans; explained where he would need 942 when set at liberty, and what his reward would be.

Colby had several thousand dollars in safe hands. This, Adams was to receive by way of earnest money; more, with small risk to himself, if all went well. If Adams refused or betrayed him—well, Colby would be out some day.

Adams had no notion of treachery. Hardy and daring though he was, 1237 had gained complete ascendency over him. The Plan chilled his blood, yet he shrank from incurring the enmity of this man, whose unflinching and desperate resolution appalled and fascinated him by turns.

After weeks of drilling, 1237 gave him final instructions.

"When all arrangements are complete—when Farwell will certainly be at home and alone, you will have a letter sent to the chaplain announcing the death of my brother at Pittsburg. If I am to escape on the Tuesday following, my brother died on Tuesday; if on some other day, his death must take place accordingly."

Months of patient waiting followed the release of 942, before all the conditions Colby had specified were in conjunction. But at last the chaplain sought him out and told him that his brother had died in Pittsburg, on the previous Thursday. This was Monday.

Thursday night, as the whistle blew, 1237 stepped back from his furnace door. The tumult dwindled from a roar to a lessening clatter. The blur of spokes in the enormous wheel turned to definite shape as it slowed down; the great belt flopped up and down loosely. 1237, coming slowly, could see the laced work of the joined ends flying down—closer—closer—now! He jumped, grasping the edges of the belt. He was jerked from his feet and whirled upward. Death above him, below, behind, before him, shouted and waited. Death in the mangling wheels if he went too far, death if he fell, death if the guards should guess.

He swung his body from the swaying belt, under it, backward and forward—hurled himself through the air. . . . His hands clutched the window-sill. He drew himself up; the window framed him a second. Vaulting swiftly over the sill, he dropped to the sloping shed roof outside, slipped, slid down, shot through the air and lit on the earth at last, jarred but unhurt.

Not till he landed did the guards realize that an escape had been carried out before their eyes. They unlocked the great doors, fumbling the key in their haste. They were just in time to see a black horse round the corner at top speed. On his back crouched a figure in the familiar convict garb.

Shouts, rifle-shots, clanging of bells! North, south, east, west, the telegraph flashed its warning. Men rode forth in furious pursuit, only to find that the fugitive had gained the hill-crest, far out of gunshot.

"On his job, that fellow," said one, as they raced along. "He's heading for the swamp, where the dogs can't follow. No chance to

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head him off by wire, neither. He's pretty apt to make a get-away. Plenty of nerve!"

"I'd take a lifer before I'd ride that belt," said another.

The pursuit streamed out across the country. Just before dark, the foremost dashed through a covered bridge. In a lonely stretch beyond, they came upon the panting black horse, a buggy, a set of harness strewn on the ground, and a much-excited man, who said his horse had just been taken from him by a convict.

They rode on. But dark fell before they reached the swamp. So they rounded it in opposite directions, giving the alarm to farmers; one rode slowly back to report. The black horse and the buggy were gone. So were Adams, erstwhile 942, who, clad in an imitation convict suit, had ridden the horse to the bridge, and Adams's confederate, who, under cover of the bridge, had taken Adams's place and ridden on, leaving Adams to hide til the pursuit had streamed by. By successive degrees the fugitive vanished into thin air. The guards *knew* he was in the swamp.

Meanwhile, within ten feet of the mill wall, 1237 lay under a pile of lumber. When it was quite dark he crawled out, dragging a suit-case after him. In the deep shadow he stripped off the convict suit, exchanging it for a shabby, worn one from the suit-case. He next put on a wig, a beard, and a mustache, and walked away.

In the poorer part of town he entered a cheap lodging-house. Here he took a bath, carefully removing all traces of the coal grime, and substituted decent clothes for the shabby ones. Next he checked off the further contents of the suit-case. Handcuffs, a length of stout rope, a loaded six-shooter, money, a railroad ticket, two shining keys. "All complete!" he said grimly. "Adams has earned his pay."

At a modest hotel he ordered supper brought to his room, and studied railroad time-tables in the daily.

"I will leave about midnight," he said, as he paid his bill and took the key.

Roger Farwell sat in his private room at home, planning certain shrewd operations that were to double his capital. That his gain was not in the course of production, but the exact measure of others' losses, troubled him not a whit.

Yes, he was particularly well pleased with his cleverness to-night. A smile flitted over his smooth, handsome face as he reviewed his successes past and prospective. He had a luxurious home, a beautiful wife, and was in a fair way to become a millionaire. Also he was a power in local politics. Young, healthy, popular—in his fancy, honor after honor came within his reach.

How he had outstripped all the other boys he had known! He thought of them with smiling contempt—plodding along, most of them, with no outlook but year after year of grinding toil, no reward but the barest necessities of life. Weaklings—slaves of copy-book morality, predestined to serve such as himself. The men who had opposed him, or merely stood in his way—how he had crushed them! Strong men had fallen before his patience, skill, and resource; gifted men served his cunning.

From these comfortable thoughts he was roused by a shadow on the desk before him—the shadow of a man.

Farwell swung round and sprang to his feet. A grim, masked figure held a gun in a motionless hand.

"Very quietly!" said an even voice, in the most matter-of-fact tones.

Annoying, thought Farwell, as his hands went up. It was not worth while to take chances for the paltry sum he had with him.

"Turn and cross your hands behind your back," said the conventional voice.

Farwell obeyed—a pair of handcuffs snapped on his wrists. "You'll be sent up for this—you scoundrel!" he gritted out.

"Perhaps, perhaps—one can never tell. *You* never have had them on before?—I have." Something hard and cold pressed against the banker's ear; a gag was forced into his mouth. "My business here will take some time. I can't have you giving an alarm," explained the burglar.

He stepped back, returning with a rope. He adjusted the hangman's loop to Farwell's neck, threw the loose end over the chandelier, drew up a chair, and pulled on the rope. The banker stepped up in the chair, and the other fastened the rope tightly.

Farwell was furious. Not that he feared for his life; but it was obvious that he would have to stand in this humiliating position till the servants found him in the morning. This was the burglar's device to prevent him from giving the alarm.

The burglar stripped the desk of its contents, threw them into the fireplace, and touched a match to them, while the horrified

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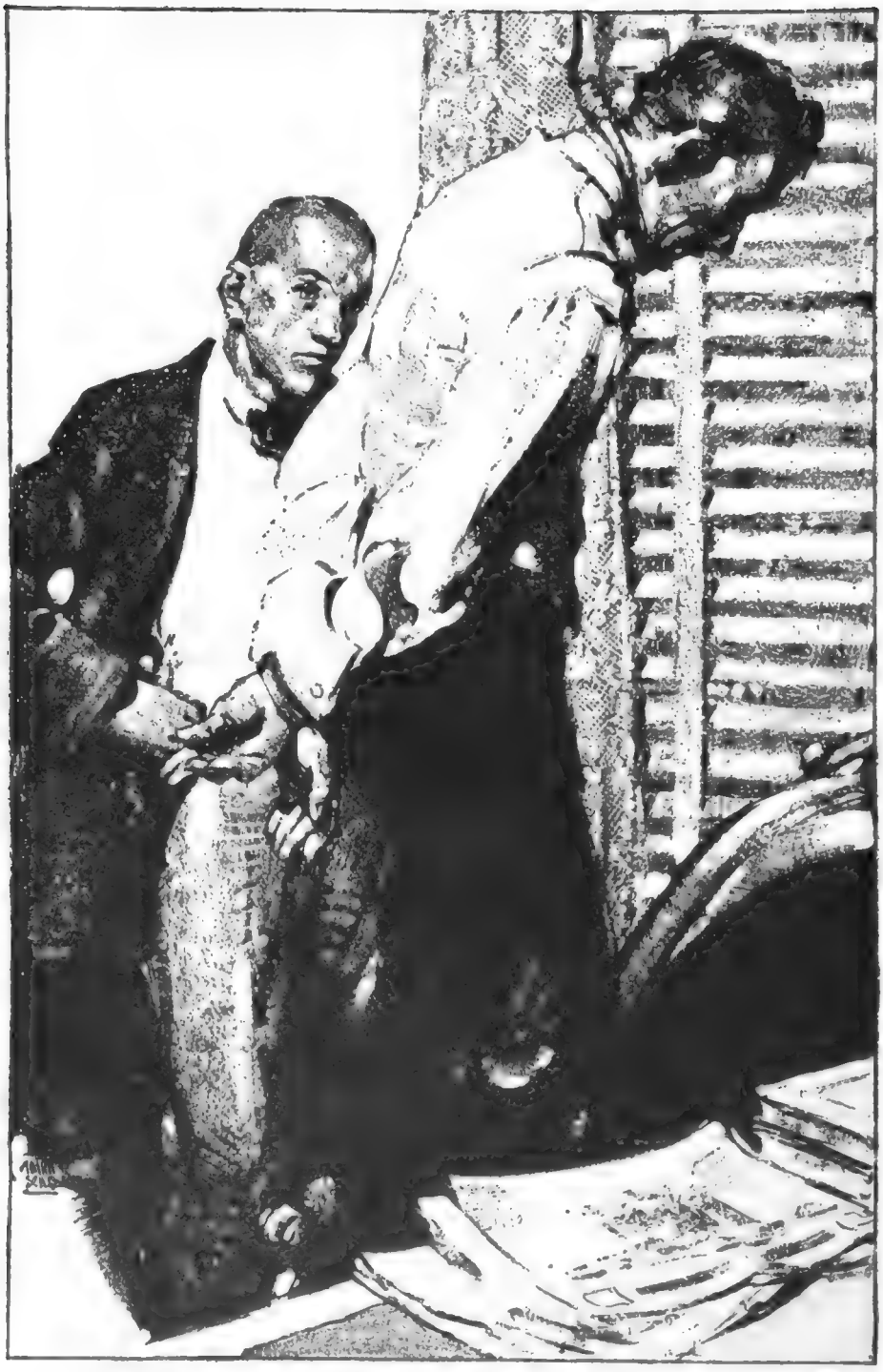

COLBY—PAST BOLT AND BAR AND GUARD AND WALL—STOOD THERE TO CLAIM HIS HOUR.

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banker squirmed in protest. Then, with nonchalant certainty, he opened a secret drawer and took out a bundle of the banker's most sacred and private papers, the inside records of certain transactions of the past.

Sweat stood on Farwell's face. Visions of blackmail floated before him. He was completely in this man's power, if the man but knew it. And the stranger was glancing over the documents, nodding his head understandingly.

"Changed your combination, I see!" said the robber, putting the papers in his pocket. Farwell felt a trembling in his knees. To-morrow was pay day at the mines, and he had an unusually large sum at the bank for cashing the pay checks, as well as funds for a certain deal shortly to be put into execution. To lose this would undo the work of years. It would require all his skill and his credit to prevent a crash. And he would be bled in the future. *Who was this man who knew his most intimate secrets?* But one other had ever known that hidden drawer, and he— His scalp prickled in fear of he knew not what . . . something unguessed . . . horrible . . . fatal.

If the man would only speak! Why did he sit there, silent, inscrutable, detached? Farwell began to be aware of the insistent, tireless ticking of the clock above the desk.

The burglar rose, took the portrait of Farwell's wife from the desk, tore it carelessly into strips, tossed them on the floor. The banker's heart slowed down to half-minute thuds. Tick, tock; tick, tock! When that clock had struck last, how he had congratulated himself on his rosy prospects! A memory drifted through his numbing brain. . . . "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

With a gesture of courtesy, beard and wig were swept aside. Colby, his victim, half-forgotten—past bolt and bar and guard and wall—stood there to claim his hour.

In Farwell's dimmed brain pictures flashed and faded: Colby's pleasant home; Colby's fair wife—*Farwell's* now; the first stolen hour; Colby in the prisoner's dock; Colby receiving his sentence. And the woman would come to-morrow to find— *To-morrow? To-morrow?* If only he could stop that clock, throbbing, throbbing incessantly. . . . A clear river, where the May blew over them; he and John—John Colby, his playmate—slender, happy, exultant, young—planning out their lives together. . . . Then the plunge to reality. This was the end. John Colby stood before him—unwavering, relentless Hate. No speech, no reproaches, no curses would break the silence nor drown the ticking horror of the clock. Colby had bidden farewell to trivialities.

Was there nothing to do? He struggled—no, he struggled to struggle, but he had met ability at last. Never had he bound a poor devil more hard and fast than he himself was now bound. To die! Not now, when fame and fortune waited. *To die!* Think of it! To DIE! If he could speak!—offer half his fortune, *all* of it—confess, clear Colby's name, take his place in prison—to *live—only to live!* Swaying, writhing, helpless, his imploring eyes met no change in the calm face of 1237, who never so much as watched his hopeless struggles. A face as expressionless as the clock itself, whose maddening iteration echoed in his brain. Tick, tock; tick, tock; tick, tock! It would be beating so to-morrow, when he— *To-morrow? What if old tales were true? If, after all, there was a God?*

Colby spoke at last; passionless, deliberate, implacable. He told how he had escaped, how the officers were even then guarding the swamp for him.

"And now," he concluded, "I have some hours before me. After your—suicide, I will remove the handcuffs and all evidence of my presence here. I will then go to the bank. I have your keys and your combination. I do not want your money—it goes to the accomplice who made my revenge possible. I will take it only that your memory may be dragged in the dust. Your books will be mutilated, confused, or destroyed. These burned papers, together with the telltales that you were foolish enough to keep" (he fondled the papers taken from the secret drawer) "and that I shall leave at the bank—will sufficiently explain your suicide.

"I have my convict suit still, and a ticket for the city. I take the train at four in the morning. It stops for a moment at the crossing of the Northern. There I step off, unobserved in the dark. It is only a mile to the swamp. I put on my prison clothes again, rub on a little coal dust, and sink my disguise in the quicksand. No one will connect me with your embezzlement and death. At daylight I shall be caught and go back to serve my time."

He paused—the clock ticked on. Farwell's face was frightful.

"And you—cheat, coward, perjurer—

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seducer, traitor, and *fool!* Go now to serve yours!" He stooped, and, as politely as a waiter, took away the chair.

An excited crowd was on the platform at Flanders Station as the Capital Accommodation stopped there. Mrs. Farwell raised the window and looked out with dainty curiosity.

A number of officers elbowed through the crowd. To one of them a convict was handcuffed, wrist to wrist. As he passed her window, he raised his head—and she looked into the eyes of the man she had sworn to love and cherish. Her head had lain on his breast. . . . Innocent, and rotting away in a living grave—innocent!

His lips curved in a slow smile. She has not yet forgotten that smile.

No. It took two lives to build her a soul, but what gentleman would refuse a gift to a lady?

Spring in England

By ARTHUR STRINGER

THE flowering quince flames up the cottage walls;
Remote and soft the first low cuckoo calls;
The skylark weaves its airy tower of song;
The telltale swallow-wort is thick along
The grassy lanes, and o'er the softening green
Of hedge and muffled wall the peach-boughs lean.

The drowsy wash of lowland air with Spring
Seems drowsier, the bees are on the wing,
And throstles from the quiet churchyard sing
Where wallflowers from the crannied tombs make sweet
The winding lane, the narrow village street.
The young girls in the quiet doorways dream,
The upland plowman whistles to his team,
Where merrily blow the grasses in the breeze
All starred with cowslips and anemones.

And old men sit a-dozing in the sun,
And count their wall-tree blossoms one by one,
And hear the low-toned bell call down the hour
With drowsy tongue from out the old gray tower
That seems to call its children back again
To sleep beneath the sunlight and the rain.

And down the soft and dreamy afternoon
The old bells tinkle out some old strange tune;
And all the world seems old, and 'mid the green
Lie ruins dark, sleep glories that have been.

Oh, this is not the careless joy and song
Of Youth! These are the beauties that belong
To twilight countries old and wise in tears,
To hills and homelands heavy with their years!
Too overscored by Time and Tragedy
Each soft green valley seems, too dark for me,
The child of casual years and younger land,
To know, as England knows, and understand!

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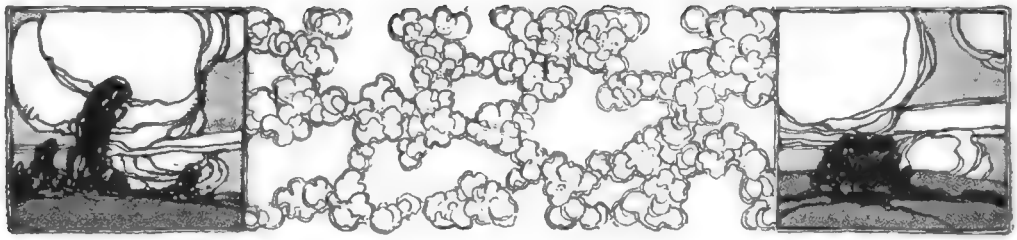

Little Stories of Real Life

A Call to Paradise

By Alice Louise Lee

IT came on the long-distance telephone the very morning I was studying the claims of F. M. Volks against the new trolley company. At that time I had ample leisure to look into other people's affairs, having but few of my own to engross my attention. In consequence, my friends were piously congratulating themselves on their good judgment, having a year previous assured me that there was no room in town for another lawyer. But I determined to hang on and see for myself.

In the mean time, those same friends passed by on the other side—literally, Samson's office being on the opposite side of the street! That was where I feared Volks would leave his case against the trolley-line, whereas I longed to conduct the prosecution myself, for reasons financial and otherwise. To the "otherwise," however, Volks was blind, and his daughter would not listen.

I had elevated my feet to the top of my unused desk and was deep in a day dream illuminated by saucy brown eyes, when *whir, whir-r-r* sounded the telephone, and Mr. Volks's voice presently *helloed*.

"It's the case," I told myself in jubilant excitement. I hoped Samson would have the defense and give me a chance to do him up. I'd make the speech of my life and so command Amy's admiration. My hand shook the receiver; the blood pounded in my ears until I could scarcely hear—then came the message, chilling my joyous anticipations to zero.

Mr. Volks's voice is peculiarly rasping and dry, as though all the milk of human kindness had been squeezed out of it. There was certainly none left for me in that message.

"This afternoon? Yes, with pleasure," I replied, in a tone that belied my words. "Tell her I will go out about two o'clock."

I hung up the receiver with a vindictive bang. My hopes of a $5,000 job were not large enough to dot the horizon. On behalf of Mrs. Volks, Mr. Volks desired to know, forsooth, if I would go out to Paradise, their country place, and "take Bounce."

Take Bounce! I felt, as I jerked my camera out of its case, that I'd like to take him and wring his scrawny neck and rend his lean carcass limb from limb! The very idea of posing before the man whose law patronage I wanted, as an amateur photographer intent on a nondescript yellow cur! If only Mrs. Volks's taste had run to blooded stock, it wouldn't have been so bad. But the countryside was laughing at her love for Bounce, who had once done something or other to win her undying gratitude, and had ever since been a cherished inmate of Paradise.

I loaded my plate-holders as though they were six-shooters destined to be trained on the offending dog. "I wouldn't go a step if it were not for Amy," I thought gloomily, though what on earth it would avail me to go because of Amy was not apparent, since Samson was always hanging around, not to mention those giggling girl guests of Amy's who made me appear at my awkwardest. At

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times I decided I had no show at all. Then, again, Amy—well, Amy is unexpected. A man never knows whether she is going to admit him to Paradise or consign him to a place farther down the road!

It was one o'clock before I set off on my bicycle for the five-mile ride through dust that simmered in inch-deep whiteness under a sun record of 95° F. Not a breath of air moved between the cloudless sky and the scorched fields, and not so much as one leaf's shade fell across the long, straight, hard road to Paradise.

When I leaned my wheel against the lamp-post at the entrance pillars, wiped my dripping face, smoothed my wet hair, ascertained that my collar was a damp wreck, and that I had forgotten the focusing-cloth, my one consolation was the thought that at that hour in the afternoon the young ladies would be asleep and Volks at the office. Therefore, I ventured around to the west side of the house in my shirt-sleeves.

Alas for my consolation! I was greeted from the upper veranda by a chorus of laughter. I looked up; there sat Amy in fluffy white, surrounded by her guests and that obnoxious Samson. There was mischief, that boded no good for me, simmering in Amy's brown eyes, and her red lips curved saucily upward. Mischief radiated from the dimples in her round cheeks, while a spirit of fun seemed to possess every lock of her sunny brown hair, dancing lawlessly about her temples above the fan that Samson was lazily wielding.

Samson wore white ducks and looked as cool as though Paradise were located next door to the North Pole. That cad always gives me a bad case of nerves. He curls his hair over his forehead, and has a waist like a girl's and hands that a baseball would knock into smithereens—yet Amy calls him handsome. She also admires his wit. So does he! I do not.

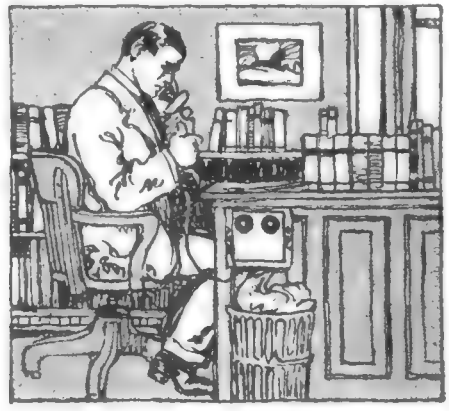
Still, I must acknowledge that Samson is a good lawyer, and of late he had seemed so confoundedly at home in Paradise that I pulled down what hopes remained to me in connection with both love and law as I set up my camera.

Never had the machine given me so much trouble. The screws fell out, the shutter threatened to stick, one plate-holder proved to be warped, I stepped on the bulb and fell over the case.

Meanwhile, my temperature rose steadily, increased by the amusement on the upper veranda, the anxiety on the lower, and the scrutiny from the hammock on the lawn. Mr. Volks occupied the hammock. Like his eldest daughter, Mr. Volks is unexpected; therefore, instead of being at his office, he was at home, adding to my discomfort. He pierced me through and through with glances shot out above his spectacles and the paper he pretended to be reading.

Mrs. Volks and the younger children held sway on the lower veranda, with the servants peering through the curtains of the open windows. They had all been favoring Bounce with such nervous and constant attentions in preparation for his photographic operation that the bewildered dog was reduced to a state of hang-tail terror and the evident determination to vacate Paradise the moment the dozen staying hands were removed.

"Will you take me, later on?" Samson called down just as I was searching among urns, flower-beds, and rustic chairs for a vacant spot large enough for the tripod.



"THIS AFTERNOON? YES, WITH PLEASURE," I REPLIED.

"No," I replied, with a feeble-minded attempt at a joke, "I have more important business to attend to later on."

"Real estate case or criminal?" There was malice in his tone. Every one knew I was not burdened with law cases. "I assure you it would be criminal if you took me," he gibed, and every one laughed, except myself and Mr. Volks. I had failed to tighten the screw in one of the legs of the tripod, and the machine at that instant crashed sidewise into the hammock, giving him a sharp rap on the shin.

That tripod has always been vindictively disposed toward me, its legs and mine

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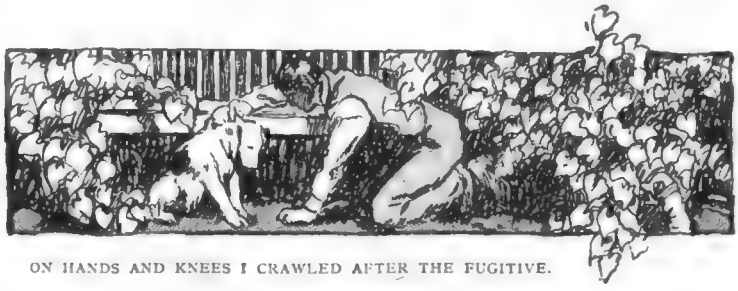
usually getting all but inextricably tangled up; but I'm obliged to fool with it because the majority of people wish their photograph to appear on the perpendicular rather than toppling rakishly on the diagonal down the plate, an effect that I invariably get when I hold the camera in my hands.

I rescued my machine — and, incidentally, the suffering Mr. Volks — and, shutting my lips tightly, indicated a sunlit spot on the edge of the veranda as being suitable for snap-shot work. The twelve willing hands dragged the unwilling dog thither on unbending legs and there planted him, protesting, from his shaggy tail, curled between his legs, to his sullen head, hidden in the folds of Mrs. Volks's skirt.



ON HANDS AND KNEES I CRAWLED AFTER THE FUGITIVE.

All this time Samson's voice was thrashing away at nothings overhead. "I wish," he said, leaning comfortably on the railing, "that you'd come over to the office some day when you've nothing else to do"—I winced —"and train that thing on me through the window when I'm pegging away on some difficult case"—the girls all glanced at him admiringly—"and so am feeling natural. This going to a photographer and— Wilmot, pardon me, but that camera is too near the dog. He will be out of proportion to the size of the picture."

I snapped my teeth together wordlessly and began a wild hunt for the focusing-cloth, forgetting I had left it behind.

"This going to a photographer"—Samson picked up the thread of his discourse—"and making a foolish attempt to look intelligent and animated when you feel dull and bored is about the limit, anyway." Amy nodded her curly brown head in gay approval. "Wilmot, I beg your pardon—I really hesitate to call your attention to the fact—but you seem unconscious that you have planted your feet in Miss Volks's pansy bed!"

Amy looked at the pansy wreck—and me —with such disapproving eyes that I stuttered while asking for something to take the place of my focusing-cloth.

"Mamma," she volunteered sweetly, "there's the black shawl. I'll get it." Her eyes danced with malicious glee as she threw it down to me. It proved to be deceased Grandmother Volks's black winter shawl, which had been packed away in moth balls. Reverently wishing that the old lady had taken it with her on her trip to the larger Paradise, I held my breath, enveloped my head in its smothering folds, and took the bearings of the yellow dog.

"His head must just skip the wistaria vine and his tail the leg of the porch chair in order to have him within range of the lens," I explained gaspingly under that awful shawl.

From the balcony I heard Samson softly humming, "No moths on us, no moths on us," to the accompaniment of feminine giggles.

Below the giggles, six anxious hands pulled Bounce nearer the wistaria. Simultaneously, six jerked him back toward the porch chair, while the suffering cur, having had no previous experience in osteopathic treatment, howled an indignant remonstrance.

"No," I directed, "leave his body in the center of the space, and straighten out his tail and his head."

The youngest Volks possessed herself of the end of the yellow tail, braced her sturdy little legs, and carried out my direction literally and forcefully. Mrs. Volks, her face drawn into red wrinkles, laid hold of the growling animal's ears and impatiently twisted its head toward me, while Mr. Volks unexpectedly cackled, "Take 'em, Wilmot! Take 'em all just as they are!"

In his glee he sat up and clapped his hands. Instantly the field of the lens was vacated. Bounce rid himself of his tormentors at one bound, overturned the rustic chair, bolted through the wistaria vine, and took refuge beneath the veranda.

"Have you given up?" asked Amy softly, resting her round chin on the railing and smiling down at me, her brown eyes deceptively sympathetic.

"No," I returned grimly.

"No?" replied Amy amusedly, innocently

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adding, "I ought to have remembered—giving up isn't your forte!"

She spoke from five years' experience; therefore her remark drew to my face all the blood in my body not already there. On hands and knees I crawled after the fugitive, followed by Mr. Volks's thin, crackling laugh and accompanied by the reflection that a mere handful of girls can make the biggest man alive feel equal to crawling through the smallest hole.

By the scruff of his yellow neck I drew Bounce out and set him again in the patch of sunshine. I made no comments. I had set out to get that dog's photograph, and it never occurred to me to give up the task.

Therefore, swallowing my resentment, I ordered everybody into the background and patted the homely brute into comparative quiet. Gently, in a tense silence destructive to nerve tissues, I coaxed him into place. With greater persistence than I had ever had opportunity to display in a law case, I induced him to sit down and "look pleasant." Patiently I tried to persuade him that it was not his duty to snap at every fly that showed up about the place. Finally, even Mr. Volks nodded approval.

"Fair position for a shot Bounce is in now," he murmured.

I arose quickly and reached for the bulb, but its services were not required. With lightning rapidity that cur dropped on the floor and went after a flea. He couldn't locate it on the instant; therefore, with teeth and toe nails he tore up and down his sides, making his shaggy hair stand out in sixteen different directions at once. That operation over and the flea quieted, Mrs. Volks fell on him with comb and brush until fifteen of the directions were changed and his coat was again smooth.

INGRATIATINGLY I INDICATED A ROBIN ON A NEAR-BY BUSH.

"He dearly loves to be brushed," his mistress assured me. "It will soothe him wonderfully."

It did. It soothed him into a deep sleep; not a graceful, curled-up, head-on-paw restfulness, but a stiff-legged, twitch-eared, muttering, gurgling sleep from which I could not arouse him by ordinary slaps, jerks, or whistles—by this time hoarse from overexertion.

"What a deuced lot of musical talent Wilmot has," I heard Samson observe. "If he happens to survive this attack of photography, I'll get him a place in the church choir!"

I made up my mind to survive long enough to get even with him—and Bounce!

Furtively watching until the attention of Mrs. Volks and the children was momentarily called elsewhere, I gave that dog a prod in the ribs that effectually broke up his siesta and brought him belligerently to his feet. Again I calmed him and got him located correctly. Slyly I moved his tail around in a graceful loop. Ingratiatingly I indicated a robin perched on a near-by bush, and up came his big ears.

"Ah!" breathed Mrs. Volks in ecstasy. "Quick, please! He's a beauty now!"

I stepped aside hastily and squeezed the bulb, turned, and said "Da-darn!" with a force that caused a series of explosions from the balcony.

That beast had moved forward so that only his tail and one hind foot would be photographed on the plate!

"Poor, long-suffering—doggie," quoth Samson when I had explained the nature of the catastrophe. "We ought to have a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals here. Its first duty would be to smash Wilmot's camera. Look up here, Bounce," he twaddled, "fix your eyes a bit higher—roll 'em to the left so the whites will show. That's right. Tip your chin back a bit, please. Thank you, that's right. Now lop one ear over artistically and lift the other—" And so on and on, while Amy's clear laugh rang out as merrily as though she had something worth while to laugh at, and all the girls giggled in chorus.

I managed to raise a smile, but no remarks, and asked for a piece of meat, whereupon Samson added quickly: "That's right, Wilmot, it must seem to you time for refreshments. Better bring him some bread and water, too. It *is* hot work—evidently."

Little rivulets of perspiration were running down my face in confirmation of his words, and every one laughed wickedly except the victim, who gave his undivided attention to Bounce. Meat in hand, I coaxed and petted and tempted him back to the sun spot, got

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him seated in a beautiful pose, eager and prick-eared, his big eyes glowing at the delicacy. Then with my chest rising triumphantly, with the people above nearly dislocating their necks to see, with even Mr. Volks breathless in delighted anticipation, I retreated backward, grasped the bulb, and gave it a squeeze.

"There, he's took!" exclaimed the cook, from behind the window curtains, "and him so beautiful a-sittin' up."

With loud cries of joy the children raced down the walk, followed by a revivified Bounce. Mrs. Volks, without so much as a grateful glance in my direction, drew a long breath, and sighing, "I've not worked so hard in years," went inside. Mr. Volks got stiffly out of the hammock, rubbing his shin, and followed, casting another sharp glance over his shoulder, but saying most cordially, "You're to stay to dinner, remember, Wilmot."

"I DIDN'T MEAN—THAT WAY!" SHE WHISPERED.

On the balcony there was a general stir, a shuffling of feet and chairs. Then, "Congratulations," sounded a mischievous voice, and a white rose fell at my feet. "The victor deserves his reward. Come up here and rest." Amy's voice was seductively sweet.

I smiled—not a spontaneous smile—as I slipped the slide over the plate, and remarked that I had better leave photography and hire out as a— I got no further. A sudden and awful thought paralyzed my tongue. I had made a double exposure! I had forgotten to remove the plate on which was the record of Bounce's caudal appendage, and it required only a measuring glance between the porch chair and the wistaria vine to assure me that the tail would show up squarely across his head in the second exposure.

I was helpless in the matter, I meditated, as I retired to the bath-room to make myself presentable. I would not own to such a blunder before those giggling girls and that Samson. I'd pretend to spoil the plate in the bath or—no, I'd say my machine leaked light! That would be no fault of mine. Then some day when Bounce came to town I'd waylay him, administer chloroform, tie him into a shapely position, and photograph him to Mrs. Volks's satisfaction.

These treacherous thoughts ran on as an undercurrent to the distant sound of Samson's voice, which became more and more distinct as I moved toward the balcony, resolving itself, as I reached the door, into words that made me long to strip off my coat and pitch him over the railing.

"Photography," he was saying, looking about for Amy, "always seems like child's play to me, anyway. It gives a fellow a chance to put himself a good bit in evidence, however, and to look wise, whereas it's really the simplest thing in the world from A to Z—" Samson had never touched a camera, so could speak with great certainty on the subject.

Again his eyes wandered from the group of girls clustered around him at the farther end of the balcony; but Amy stood quite near the hall door, hidden behind a wistaria-draped pillar, looking down pensively over the railing. As I joined her, she asked timidly, without glancing up, "Will you take me, Willis?"

Now that was very like a question that I had asked her at intervals for five years, and to hear it from her blotted out the past and the future, leaving only a very intoxicating present—Amy is certainly unexpected!

"Take you, Amy! Why, it would make me the happiest man in the world," I stammered inanely but promptly, and took her—literally—at her word, behind the welcome pillar.

For one blissful moment I failed to realize that this time it was I who had done the unexpected. Then she released herself and stepped back, half laughing but wholly confused.

"I didn't mean—that way!" she whispered. "I meant—the camera," and she blushed.

Now I had seldom seen Amy blush, and never before had she appeared confused in my presence; therefore I boldly took possession of the hand nearest me. "In law," I said firmly, "the intentions cannot be con-

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sidered—it's the words that are binding, and I hold you bound by yours!"

"Come, Amy," called one of those obnoxious girls, "we're going for a walk—beyond Paradise."

"We'll come in a moment," replied Amy in an adorably uncertain voice.

"No, we won't," I sent over my shoulder determinedly. "I've just reached Paradise and there I shall stay!"

As he passed, Samson regarded us suspiciously.

"Foolish boy," smiled Amy, but her lips were curved downward tremulously in spite of her light words. "You might have reached there long ago."

I gasped, "Oh, see here! I've asked you for five years——".

"Yes, but you never *made* me before——"

"Hey, there, Wilmot!" yelled Samson from below.

I leaned over the rail. In the midst of the gay group Samson did not look happy; but a melancholy cast of countenance, I discovered, is most becoming to him.

"Look at this wreck," he continued. "Bounce has resolved himself into a committee of one to prevent future cruelty to animals. One leg is broken, the bulb chewed to a pulp, and the ground glass returned again to the earth——"

"What an inane pun!" whispered Amy, leaning a fraction of a degree nearer to me.

I turned on her in astonishment. "Why, I thought that you thought he was witty——"

"Stupid!" she murmured.

Now, whether that was applied to Samson or to me I did not know, and had no opportunity of inquiring, as Mr. Volks's thin voice at that moment sounded from the hall:

"Where's Wilmot? Oh, here you are! Well, sir, I've got something to say to you."

He sat down on the railing and looked at me sharply through his glasses. I shivered despite the heat.

"I like a young man who can work steadily under difficulties," he began in his dry tones.

Remembering my late blunders, my shivers turned to shudders.

"One who does not retreat before ridicule."

A cold chill attacked my spine.

"One who hangs on until the desired end is attained."

Alas for that double exposure!

"Therefore, Wilmot, I have decided to retain you in my suit against the trolley company, if you'll take it."

The Reprobate

By Fanny Antisdel Simons

"NO," said Tommy, slowly shaking his head, "I dassen't spell it."

"Not even spell it?" asked Deane disappointedly. "It oughtn't to hurt you, just spelling it."

"I don't know," replied Tommy, puckering his brow. "I ain't going to try."

They sat on the curb, and as Deane glanced at the asphalt pavement, its smooth, hard surface furnished an inspiration.

"Write it," he exclaimed excitedly, and fishing in his pocket, he produced a stub of chalk. "You can write one letter at a time and rub it out with your shoe."

"Wait till this man goes by," said Tommy, and with the air of having nothing in particular to do, the two small boys sat suspiciously quiet, till a furtive glance satisfied Deane that the coast was clear. "Here's the chalk. Write it slow," and Deane leaned over eagerly.

Tommy found a spot to suit, brushed it a bit with his shoe, and with great solemnity drew a big fat D, then hastily rubbed it out.

"Go on," whispered Deane. "Nobody's coming."

Tommy printed an A staggering on uneven legs.

"D—A," said Deane.

Tommy scowled. "Don't you dast spell it out loud, or I won't write the last letter."

"I won't. Go on," and Deane waited with impatience while Tommy paused for a grocer's wagon to go by.

Then a wabbly M made its appearance and disappearance, and Tommy commanded, "Cross your heart you won't tell, forever and ever."

"I won't," answered Deane, following instructions. "But say, did your brother *really* and *truly* hear Dr. Mack say it?"

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"Uh—huh," nodded Tommy. "He heard him last night in Peters's grocery."

"What did Mr. Peters do to him?" asked Deane with great interest.

"I dunno." Tommy shrugged his shoulders.

Deane looked absently down the road for a moment. "I s'pose he's sorry now. It must be awful to think you're going to—you know," he remarked soberly.

"Hello, there," shouted a boy, racing down the street. "Say, heard about Harold? Goin' to have his hair cut off."

"Cut off?" Deane stared at him uncomprehendingly. "Not *all* off?"

"CROSS YOUR HEART YOU WON'T TELL."

"Yep, *all* off, for the party. You'll see! He's goin' to get 'scused at two o'clock sharp." John eyed Deane's hair. "Too bad you can't have yours cut any shorter," he added sympathetically.

But Deane did not seem to hear. He forgot the two boys, he forgot that it was time to start for school, he forgot everything except the fact that he would no longer have a solace for his misery. He detested the short ringlets that curled prettily and luxuriantly almost—not quite—to his collar. But Harold had been compelled to wear long curls. That was infinitely worse. The fact that there had been one step lower, more humiliating, had been a comfort to him. When the sorrow of his lot had rested too heavily upon him, when slurs and taunts had wounded him, he had frequented Harold's neighborhood, and soothed himself with the sight of Harold's degradation. But now Deane suddenly felt the world going to pieces.

The school bell began its clanging call. The three were joined by others, and the news passed eagerly from lip to lip—Harold's hair was to be cut off! The small world of the Second-Grade Room heard the astounding news with incredulity, and after the opening of the session it eyed Harold curiously. Two wonderful things in one afternoon were almost too much for this little world: Marvin Lathrop's party, and Harold's hair to be cut! No wonder the fever of excitement ran high. Even Miss Barkley felt it, and frowned and sighed as she looked over the restless rows.

Promptly at two she nodded to Harold. He strode proudly into the dressing-room and out again, and as he opened the door into the hall he looked back at the watching school and smiled. It was true, then, Deane told himself. After this he must occupy alone the place of ignominy and torment. He had anticipated Marvin's party with delight; but now—he wasn't going. He wished to go, and he didn't wish to go. Harold would be the center of attraction, while he—he knew what they'd say. Well, he wasn't going. That was all there was to it. If he could only have his hair cut! Might not his mother yield now that Harold's mother had given in? Hopeful thought! He raced home after school and bounded breathlessly into the sitting-room, but it was two or three minutes before Mrs. Thorrell could make any sense out of his hurried, jumbled sentences.

"You have your hair cut? Deane Thorrell, aren't you ashamed to act so? Just as if I were cruel to you and made you wear curls like Harold!" Mrs. Thorrell looked indignant. "I'd like to know what objection anybody possibly can have to your hair. Just because I don't keep it clipped close to your head, you're fretting all the time. You're a very naughty boy to worry me this way. Did you ever see the like of the child, Aunt Mary? And he has the handsomest head of hair in town, too!"

Aunt Mary looked at Deane severely through her big, gold-rimmed glasses.

"You ought to be ashamed, bothering your

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mother so, when she is always so good to you, and tries so hard to make you happy."

Deane sullenly turned toward the door.

"Here! Where are you going?" called Mrs. Thorrell.

"Oh—out in the yard."

"No, you're not, either. You're *going* to that party. I won't have any stubbornness about it."

"But I don't want to go."

"But I say you must. There's no sense in your feeling so about your hair. It's just stubbornness. Go up-stairs and get washed. Your other suit and your best blouse are on the bed. You see how kind mother is to you. Now go up-stairs as I tell you. I'll be up presently to see that you get yourself clean."

But Deane stood still.

"Did you ever see such stubbornness, Aunt Mary?" asked Mrs. Thorrell, tears of vexation in her eyes.

"Well, he'll have to learn to mind you. You must discipline him," replied Aunt Mary sternly.

"Deane, go up-stairs at once," commanded his mother.

He eyed her—not insolently, hardly that, but curiously, as if he wondered what she would do to him. Then he drew a deep breath. In his misery the world held nothing for him. He cared not what became of him—he wished never to see the boys at school again—nothing, nothing mattered to him, not even hell!

"Damn," he said aloud. He said it courageously, as if, hero-like, he braved his soul's destruction; and there was a certain relief when the word was out. One's extremity must be great when he braves everlasting

HE CAME TO TAKE THE PUNISHMENT.

punishment. But it was worth it. Certainly he couldn't go to the party now. Probably this would mean a dark closet and bread and water. The sensation he created satisfied him. No, they'd never let him go after that, not anywhere.

"Deane! Deane Thorrell!" gasped his mother.

"I'm astonished!" cried Aunt Mary, and she looked it.

"Your father must know of this."

Deane winced a bit. He had forgotten his father. It would make his father sorry, he knew, to find that his son had to go to hell. His father liked him. Yes, he'd be sorry. Deane himself began to feel sorry for his father.

"What shall I do, Aunt Mary? What *shall* I do with that dreadful child?"

"Discipline him, I tell you. Make him go to the party, as you set out to do, and let his father punish him for swearing when he comes home."

Deane looked suddenly concerned.

"Why, I—I can't go," he exclaimed, strong in the conviction that boys couldn't play with him, because, you see, boys never, *never* play with other boys who swear; but things take a queer swing sometimes in this perverse old world.

"I say you shall go. Walk—up-stairs—this—instant!"

Deane went, but his world had gone wrong. The scales of justice did not balance true. Even a culprit might not reckon on them. He was tractable enough while being dressed, and his mother triumphed in her superior will power; but the boy was slightly bewildered, and was trying to adjust himself to new circumstances. Yes, he was going to hell, he told himself that in an awed sort of way—even if his mother didn't care—but it was unfair, he thought rebelliously, to have to go to the party, too.

Suddenly, while his tie was being tied, he spied some silver coins on his mother's bureau. If they were only his, he'd get his hair cut. Well, why not take them? He was going to hell anyway. Stealing couldn't matter now. He had never before in his life taken anything that was not his to take, and his whole being shrank from this shame; but what was the difference—what did it matter? He was doomed already. An opportune moment arrived—he was left alone. He slipped a quarter into his pocket, as if he cared nothing about the theft; but his soul protested within him.

As soon as he left the house he hurried to the barber's. The shop, one his father occasionally visited, was some three blocks away, but he arrived there in remarkably

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short time. Now came the difficulty. What was he to say? The intense longing to have his hair cut swept the last of his scruples away. If questioned, he must lie—well, he would. He was going to hell, but he was going with his hair cut.

The barber was in a hurry and cross. He had some razors that needed honing before his busy hours began, and the boy received scant attention.

"Want your hair cut, eh? Where's your money?" and he tucked the towels around him quickly.

The deed was done. Deane watched the snipping scissors with a strange feeling of exultation. His hair was cut. They might kill him, but they couldn't put it back again. It would take time for it to grow. Ah! It was worth hell to attain this pinnacle of delight. He went out from the shop like a man drunk to the point of exuberant happiness.

They were on the lookout for him at the Lathrops'. Harold, shorn of his curls, was foremost, and the eagerness with which he waited showed the bitterness that had dwelt in his heart.

But when they beheld Deane, cap off, in the hall! Well, there are some things men work for all their lives, to find only failure and ashes after all, but this was supreme happiness that filled the small reprobate. He saw no shadow. His happiness was *all* for the time. The mind's eye had not even the power to look into the future and see swift-coming punishment.

Fate so arranged that his mother should know about it before he returned. She telephoned the Lathrops' to make sure he had reached his destination, and Mrs. Lathrop, innocently enough, let the cat out of the bag. So Mrs. Thorrell was waiting for him when he came home, and the ominous silence that greeted him meant doom. The jaws of punishment were already yawning for their prey. But as Deane removed his cap, the sight of him, shorn of the curly locks of which she had been so proud, brought sudden tears to the mother's eyes.

"Oh, Deane, Deane, how could you!" she cried, and she sank, sobbing, into a chair. "Your father is in the library. Go to him."

Deane felt a quick pang of remorse. He had not meant to hurt his mother—he had thought only of himself and his troublesome curls. The brave shoulders drooped a little, the air of bravado slipped away, the chin quivered a bit; but he went on sturdily and resolutely. They were honest eyes that looked into the father's face, and they held an unspilled tear or two. The childish mouth kept itself as firm as the boy's misery would allow. There was no flinching, no cringing, no pleading. He came to take the punishment he knew he deserved, and he did not ask for quarter.

"AND HE DIDN'T WHIP ME," MUSED DEANE.

The father glanced up as Deane entered, and looking reminiscently at this new, closely cropped son of his, so like himself, said quietly:

"Come, Deane, tell me all about it."

An hour later, thoughtful and quiet, Deane went to bed. He had given a promise of good behavior in the future, and he meant to keep it. How well his father had seemed to understand it all—what the boys had said and how he had felt.

"And he didn't whip me," mused Deane, when he had clambered into bed, and lay looking out the window at the great bright stars. "I guess he must have had curly hair, too, when he was a boy."

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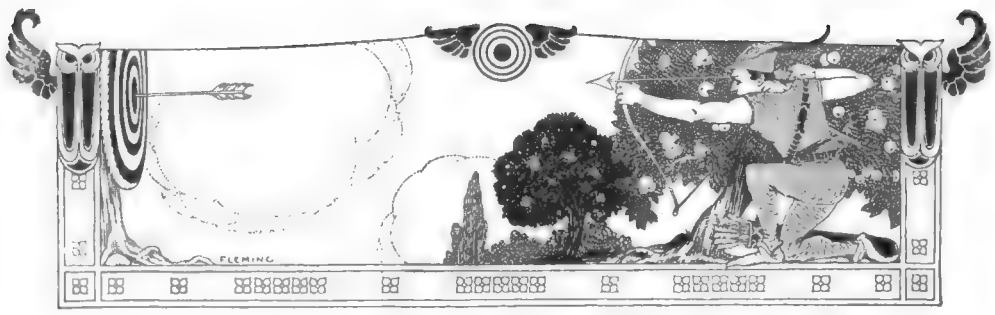

STRAIGHT TALK

If at any time there are statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or views expressed to which you take exception, or subjects discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your initials unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or to any one selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

RACE-TRACK GAMBLING

THE April number of EVERYBODY'S came to hand to-day. I was very glad to take time immediately to read Mr. Cullen's article on "The Racing Game." As you say, he gives us a "picture," but I think his "picture" the strongest kind of an argument that race-track gambling is an evil, ever and always, and that it should be banished from our state, as our worthy governor and some of our legislators are endeavoring to have it banished.

I thank you for this article and many others that are intended for the public welfare.

Binghamton, N. Y. L. A. R.

WHY ARE "SPIRIT" MESSAGES TRIVIAL?

MR. GARLAND'S article on "The Shadow World" this month (April) concerns and interests me deeply. But I am still left with the one query, which seems to me the unavoidable and obvious one, unanswered and unsubdued: i. e., *Why is it that messages from this Shadow World, in whatsoever form they come, seem perpetually to deal with things comparatively trivial and not to the point?* The automatically written message or the "impersonation" almost invariably deals with matters that a dignified and apparently fitting conception of the mysterious Beyond immediately cashiers. With faith in my friends who have gone, whose ideals, problems, and wonderings I have somewhat shared, I cannot in justice to them, or to the magnitude of my perplexity, believe the "solution" they send "over" to me should give no clue. I want to know for my own comfort and for the sake of meaning in this life, what reality or new opportunity for growth they may or may not have found—and instead of this I see their "spiritual control" expended in the tawdry, theatric jugglery of table-tipping and chair-rocking; I get instructions to "paint rocks and sands and old boats at San Remo"; I am treated (?) to "impersonations" of those who are little or nothing to me, who seem to be occupied in still temporal and bodily forms of hatred, violence, or materialistic suffering in the "cold and the dark"! It does not seem dignified, kind, or true that the craving for the comfort and the illumination of a ray of light from "the other side" should be answered by the freakishness of levitation and kindred bizarre but likewise not-to-the-point-at-issue "revelations"; which have always given the scoffer, the indifferent, and the scientist ample ground for the suspicion of charlatanry and lack of respectability.

The explanation of this, I know, as often given, is that those who are on the "other side" have as much difficulty in establishing connection with us as we have with them; that something analogous to a "trance" is the necessary condition there as here; that human normality is an insulating interposition; that the psychopathic and nerve-sensitive are the only possible means of transmission from the "beyond" to the "here." Yet even so the inevitable descent to triviality puzzles and distresses.

The message cited in this article, declaring this

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life to be "but the minutest segment of the great circle," although it is far above the average level, is nevertheless conventional and most easily "faked." Ought not a message from the "other world," however difficult of transmission on both sides, to be from a higher state to a lower and to ring true of itself? Should not the "medium," however imperfectly "attuned to the Infinite," be able to catch some trace of *infinity* if there is any to be caught? Ought not the message to be the impartation of something a bit beyond our previous, conditioning idea; or must we call in the handwriting expert even here as authenticator? It seems to me that an answer, if it is to come, must be self-authenticating to *some* extent before it is compelling. P. E. O.

Boston, Mass.

FATAL LACK OF TRANSPORTS

I HAVE read with much interest Lieutenant Johnson's article, "The Lamb Rampant," in your March EVERYBODY'S. This article should be a strong lesson for those Americans who are ever ready to assert that this country could lick any other nation with one hand tied. It should also do much to check that "chip on the shoulder" spirit so often in evidence.

As a private in the ranks during the Spanish-American War, I saw enough of the unpreparedness for war, that it is not at all difficult for me to believe all Lieutenant Johnson sets forth so strongly.

When we recall how expeditions were held up for weeks for want of transports; that some of the transports were old vessels entirely unseaworthy —some of them sank in the quiet waters of the harbor while waiting for troops to go aboard—we get the full force of the comparison of our unreadiness with Germany's means of rapid transportation of troops. Lieutenant Johnson's article rings true. Let us have still more light.

Rootstown, Ohio. R. J. A.

WHY MEN DON'T ENLIST

I HAVE just finished reading "A Private's" communication from Olongopo, P. I., in the April Straight Talk. It awakens memories of six years ago, when I was also a soldier and had grievances, in common with my mates, that were in no particular different from those which he relates. Things have not changed in the army; conditions have not improved. That much is made plain by "A Private's" statements.

I admire his spunk. I know, and he knows also, that if his identity as the author of those truths is discovered, he will have a long, hard row to hoe for the remainder of his enlistment.

The publication of his letter in a magazine like EVERYBODY'S, read by thousands of people, will not make the government's want ads for soldiers any more successful. It is complaints like these that have made the ads a standing joke. If ever there was an institution calculated to destroy patriotism, it is the United States army. "A Private's" wail from across the Pacific is only one of many that might be made if fear of consequences did not enter into the matter, and it will undoubtedly furnish food for thought to the officials who inquire wonderingly: "Why don't men enlist?"

Why don't they, indeed?

Six years ago in the town of San Fernando de la Union, P. I., a cavalryman, while riding, accidentally discharged his Colt in its holster, and the bullet entered his horse's flank. It became necessary to kill the animal. The captain of the troop made the following inhuman comment:

"The pity is he didn't shoot himself. The army can get all the men it needs, but good horseflesh is scarce."

Of course, remarks like these tend to make a soldier interested in his duty, and his standard of self-respect is raised. Of course he enjoys it, and will reenlist when his time is up—not.

To-day I possess an honorable discharge from the United States army. I am proud of it—not because it represents military service in two hemispheres, but for the reason that it is a memorial of innumerable occasions when I was sorely tempted to desert—and didn't.

Newark, N. Y. B. H. A.

"PARIS AND THE PARISITES"

PLEASE do not print anything again like "Paris and the Parisites." It is so thoroughly out of place among all the other really fine things in this number. Don't you know that any tourist twenty-four hours in Paris, London, or Berlin can write the same sort of article—does, in fact, often, and sometimes sells it?

You know, a few of us may have been in Paris ourselves—we might like something appreciative, not like this article.

A MERE TRAVELING SALESMAN.

Abilene, Kan.

GOVERNOR JOHNSON

MR. RUSSELL'S article about Governor John A. Johnson, in your April number, I consider the fairest view of the man so far put before the public. It is simply wonderful how he has *grown* since he became the chief executive of this state. And he has not got the "big head" yet, and as he does not seem to be made that way, it is probable that he will not acquire it.

I have known him since he was a small boy, and while I have never voted for him for any

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office, yet I have confidence in the man. It is very seldom that a man is successful in securing office without stultifying himself, without doing something, or allowing others to do it for him, which is low and mean. I have seen the best of men, square, honest Christians, seek for office when they knew that to be successful they must "make good" with the low-down gamblers, saloon men, and such, because they were the political power in their district. They did not put up money for that purpose *directly*, but their henchmen would tell them that it was necessary to have a certain amount of money to use in the campaign. The candidate would say, "Here is the money, but, remember, none of it must be used improperly." "Oh, of course not, we understand that," would be the reply; but the candidate would know how it was to be used, although he was never told.

Now I have never heard the governor accused of anything of that kind. But I have kept close watch of his public doings, and it has seemed to me that he was too much like McKinley —instead of going ahead and leading the people in reforms, he simply let the pressure for them come *from* the people. He has the opportunity to do one of the greatest works that lie in the path of public men to-day. If he would investigate and study the question, he would find that the evils of the liquor traffic affect every avenue of public and private life. There is no other question of its magnitude before the people to-day. Lincoln said that this would be the next great foe of the nation to be fought. But I have never seen a word about it in any of Johnson's messages or speeches. Is it timidity, in view of the vast power of the liquor interests in politics? Understand, I admire the man, and it grieves me that he ignores this question entirely. T. G. C.

St. Peter, Minn.

THE CANADIAN POINT OF VIEW

If Owen Wister shall succeed in arousing the American people to "investigate" the history of their country as it is taught in their school books, he will have done them the greatest possible service.

Is the United States not big enough yet to review the facts of the Revolution, freed from patriotic buncombe "for the edification of the young" and the maligning of all things British?

Likewise, could not Mr. Wister write in Everybody's a few illuminating facts about the War of 1812? Such an article would be appreciated by your many Canadian readers who chuckled delightedly over parts of both "A Nation of Villagers" and "An American in London." You see, we have the advantage of the proper perspective.

The spirit of such history is the spirit that rendered possible, yet cannot see, the facts exposed in "A Lamb Rampant," and

> "Blatant, bids the World bow down,
> And cringing, craves a word of praise."

Lest the friendly criticism of a Canadian be misunderstood and some Westerners should begin to "see red," I hasten to add that Kipling concludes that "The American Spirit" will yet save the American whole. Surely a justification of his sublime faith is to be found in the courage of Everybody's in daring to combat Fourth-of-July-nurtured patriotic illusions.

Any reports of seismic disturbances up in Canada may be attributed to the loud guffaw of the descendants of United Empire Loyalists over the discovery that the Saints of the Revolution were actually human, and swore, even. *O Tempora, O Mores!* M. C. B.

Regina, Sask., Canada.

WANTS HUGHES FOR PRESIDENT

Mr. Erman J. Ridgway: It was with keen delight that I read your article on Governor Hughes; it was just what we needed and longed for. I am glad you did not delegate your task to a "trained writer," as the personal touch gave a better picture, and a picture is what we needed. If the article and the serious photograph are not convincing to the American public, the snap-shot showing the teeth surely will be. The American, as you say, does like a touch of the "jolly."

As to the slapping on the back, however, how many men can boast of having slapped President Eliot on the back, or even of having seen him so slapped? And yet I doubt if there was ever a college president so esteemed not only by the community at large, but by the very students themselves who are ignored when he passes by in Harvard Square.

The Americans naturally tend more toward familiarity than dignity. Yet we fully appreciate dignity in the long run. Governor Hughes possesses this attribute, in addition to his many larger and more essential qualifications. You are backing the right man; I only trust the public will not fail to see their golden opportunity.

St. Louis, Mo. M. D. E.

"ALL TRUE," SAYS AN ACTOR

I want to say a word of thanks to Everybody's, and also to Mr. Hartley Davis, for the excellent article, "The Actor and the Manager," which appears in the March issue. Unlike so much that is written about the theatrical profession, every word of Mr. Davis's article is true. In justice to the actor, and for the benefit of those (and there are so many) who contemplate adopting the stage as a profession, believing that it is an easy, luxurious, and altogether desirable

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method of earning a livelihood, it is but right that the disgraceful conditions that exist in the profession should be given the light of publicity.

Unfortunately, there seems to be no remedy for the injustices that we are obliged to submit to. As Mr. Davis says, concerted action is impossible, and individual protest is nothing less than self-destruction, for there are scores, and hundreds, who are only too anxious to step into the place of him who is not satisfied with conditions as he finds them. What, then, can be done? I wish some one could tell me. F. H.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

"PA FLICKINGER"

I WOULD like, through you, to thank Miss Hoover for the substantial reward she has given to good old lovable Pa Flickinger. I know Pa Flickinger, lots of him. Here in Minnesota he is often down on the pay-roll as Ole Olsen or Mike Slavinski, but he is a friend of mine, whatever his origin. And I am very glad to know that his delineator has risen above mere art and has become "vicious"—as Jack London was "vicious" in East London—and has given him a good steady job at double pay, for in these hard times he needs it. And certainly there's no doubt as to his "e-fish-ency." E. R.

Duluth, Minn.

DEFENSES ON OUR WESTERN COAST

"THE LAMB RAMPANT," in your March number, was a great article and worthy of much praise for its purpose. Yet I fear the author has not too great a knowledge of conditions on this coast for defenses.

Last summer, military and naval maneuvers were held at San Francisco. The tests clearly proved the impossibility of an enemy's fleet entering the harbor, or of capturing the city by landing at Monterey Bay and approaching the city from the rear. The entrance to San Francisco Bay is extremely narrow—less than a half mile—and for a fleet to pass between the fire of powerful guns on both sides would be impossible. Besides the fort on the San Francisco side, there are huge disappearing guns stationed along the coast of the bay and outside of the harbor.

The author suggests that a foreign fleet in time of war would land troops at Bodega Bay. Such a thing could not be done under any but most extraordinary circumstances, since there is a sand-bar across almost the entire mouth of the bay, dangerous rocks lie all about it, and there is no place for ships to land. The only way for them to do would be to anchor about a mile from shore and land troops (that is, on the supposition that our fleet is not present) in small boats. A small number of men, protected from the fire of the guns of the ships by a bluff above the bay, could easily prevent the enemy from landing.

There is a militia averaging four thousand drilled men that could be called out into active service within a short while, and twice or three times that number more men could be enlisted on very short notice, and there is plenty of guns and equipment for them.

What does need to be taken into account in considering the defense of this coast is the Hawaiian Islands. For a foreign power, such as Japan, to gain possession of them would be practically an easy matter, and gaining that point would give control of the coast.

We on this coast admit that the coast defense might be greatly improved, but we will not agree that it is totally ineffective and that we are powerless against a foreign attack. T. H.

Santa Rosa, Cal.

THE NATIONAL GUARD

THE article appearing in your magazine for the month of March, while it might be good fiction, is certainly not a true statement of existing conditions.

It is well understood by those in the service that the present military policy of our government does not contemplate using our small regular army to do battle with the large, well-trained armies of other powers, but, as in times past, it is depending upon, first, the present reserves to the regular army, i. e., the National Guard; and second, upon the volunteer army, which even Mr. Johnson admits could be easily raised. Why then try to raise a National Bugaboo by comparing our regular army to those of other countries?

I would call your attention to the fact that the National Guard of to-day conforms, as required under the Dick Law of 1903, to the standard required of the regular army, has the same clothing and equipment, and is organized in precisely the same manner; and that, if it were necessary, our President could in twenty-four hours have an army of from 125,000 to 250,000 men on their way to any objective point, and that when they arrived there, which would be just as fast as special trains could carry them, they would be fully equipped to enter upon a campaign.

In nearly every city or town in every state, one company, and sometimes more, of the National Guard, is composed of officers and men who are not soldiers by profession, but by choice, and they are pledged and sworn to be ready to go when and where the President orders. Most all of the officers of these companies and a large number of the men are veterans of the Spanish-American War and have attended maneuver camps where campaigns were mapped and carried out, besides having the benefit of countless drills and schools. These men are just as well versed in military matters and just as well able

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to handle their rifles as our regular men, and perhaps better.

Mr. Johnson bewails the fact that our government does not invest millions of dollars, raised by taxation, in filling storehouses with guns, ammunition, and war supplies, which in three months from now might be out of date and have to be discarded for something more modern. He bewails the fact that our government does not own large factories for the manufacture of guns, and the fact that it takes a year to complete a gun. Evidently he does not know that there are hundreds of manufacturers in this United States who would be glad to make a contract with the government to turn out these guns in thirty, sixty, or ninety days' time. This in war time, understand, and our captains of industry would do this for self-protection, if for no other reason.

There are many men in civil life, members of the National Guard, etc., who are daily overcoming greater difficulties than those of organizing, equipping, feeding, and moving troops. There are many men in our National Guard who are fully capable of commanding batteries of artillery, troops, companies, squadrons, regiments, brigades, divisions, army corps, and if necessary we can do as we have done before and furnish a Commander-in-Chief of both Army and Navy.

In conclusion, I should like to impress upon the reader of this, that the past records, present merits, purposes, and intents of the National Guard or Militia entitle and demand a better recognition by the public in general. The state legislatures and the United States Senate should consider well the needs of our National Guard, and should remember that every dollar expended on them goes toward making the position of the United States, as a world power, more tenable and secure. A. S. H.

Captain in Ohio National Guard.

THE FRENCH CONEY ISLAND

YOUR current article on "Paris and the Parisites" ought to prevent many an American tourist from making his country the laughing-stock of French grafters; and its educational value is greater than is at once apparent, for the part of Paris with which the article contents itself is really but a degenerated Coney Island, and ought to be looked upon as such by those who aspire to be well informed. J. P. F.

Scranton, Pa.

PREFERS THE COLD, SILENT WASHINGTON

IN my opinion, the article on "The Freezing of Washington" did not make good. Mr. Wister has taken much away and he has given nothing in its place. He has given us a pompous, ponderous prig, without a grain of humor. Rather than this new effigy of dull, undignified, sentimental self-consciousness, I, for one, ardently long to have back my image of Washington. Almost on my knees I beg that I may again believe in the Washington of cold, silent majesty. I cannot see how Mr. Wister could have thought that by heaping opprobrium upon our country's idol he was making him more lovable. We don't have to cast aspersions upon Lincoln to make him human. He is not endeared to the American people through accounts of his rolling upon the ground, losing his temper, or making self-conscious comparisons between himself and a dray-horse. B. L.

New York.

MINNESOTA'S HARVESTER PLANT

Gentlemen: In examining EVERYBODY'S for February I found among other interesting articles —and particularly the Lawson correspondence, which greatly interested me—"The Romance of the Reaper," by Casson.

His article is in reality a "romance." A pat, as well as a characteristic, evidence of the utter unreliability of it, and of pretended facts heralded to the public therein, is well illustrated in what he says of and concerning an act of the last legislature of this state. For example, at the bottom of the second column of page 198 he says: "Through a total ignorance of the wide scope of a harvester business, the last Minnesota Legislature proposed to establish a complete harvester plant for $30,000, one-sixth of this to be spent for machinery."

The truth is that the last legislature of this state enacted a law authorizing, and passed a joint resolution directing, the State Board of Control to inquire into the feasibility of the manufacture at Stillwater, of binders, mowers, and rakes, to be sold through local selling agents to the farmers of this State, and authorizing and directing said Board of Control, if the result of the inquiry should show the feasibility of such manufacture, to get about the same as expeditiously as possible; and in connection therewith and as part and parcel of the law enacted, appropriated $200,000 available for the purchase of the necessary machinery, and $200,000 additional (in the General Appropriation Bill) available this year toward the part construction of the new prison plant expected to be in part the home of the manufacturing plant.

Yours very truly,

L. C. S.

We had taken great pains to assure ourselves of the soundness of our standpoint and of our facts in the "Reaper" series, before publishing any of it, and were satisfied with

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the results of our investigations. Accidents will happen, however, in spite of care and sincere striving for accuracy. Wishing to know the facts in this case, we sent the letter to the Governor of Minnesota. His answer follows, in part:

March 2, 1908.

My dear Mr. Ridgway: Further acknowledging your valued communication of February 21st, in which you enclose a letter from L. C. S., relative to some misstatement in a recent copy of EVERYBODY'S, in a series of articles on "The Romance of the Reaper," I beg to call your attention to the enclosed statement from Henry Wolfer, warden of the State Prison, to the Board of Control in this state. Upon the receipt of your letter, I asked the Board of Control for a statement of the legislation, and the work done under the authorization of the act. The report covers the matter, it seems to me, quite fully, and it is herewith enclosed for your consideration.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN A. JOHNSON,
Governor.

REPORT ON HARVESTER LEGISLATION

"Governor John A. Johnson, in his message to the Legislature in 1907, earnestly recommended that a law be passed authorizing and empowering the State Board of Control to establish, equip, and operate at the State Prison at Stillwater, a factory for the manufacture of rakes, mowers, harvesters, and binders. In response to this earnest recommendation the Legislature passed the following law:

"Section 1. The State Board of Control of State Institutions is hereby authorized and empowered to establish, equip, maintain and operate at the State Prison at Stillwater, a factory for the manufacture of rakes, mowers, harvesters and binders and the extra parts thereof, and for that purpose to employ such number of prisoners and skilled laborers as in their judgment may be necessary, and for the purposes of this act to use not to exceed two hundred thousand dollars ($200,000) of the existing revolving twine fund of this state, or so much thereof as said Board of Control may find necessary therefor from time to time.

"Approved March 16, 1907.

"Pursuant to the foregoing law the State Board of Control at once commenced to investigate the feasibility of such an industry. After careful investigation, it was determined that there were no insurmountable obstacles, and vigorous work was commenced at once to carry out the intent of the law. Many difficulties were experienced, but such hopeful progress has been made that we now have every reason to hope and expect that we shall be able to successfully build a number of high-grade type of harvesters and binders and a number of high-grade mowers in time to place them in the field for practical tests this coming season.

"The force employed in designing and manufacturing these machines are doing the work in one of the old prison shops—the state having a well-equipped machine and wood-working shop. The quarters now occupied answer the requirements for carrying on experimental work, but as soon as we are ready to manufacture farm machinery upon a commercial basis it will be necessary to provide for additional shop room, storage, and other manufacturing facilities."

Love's Dwelling-Place

By ARCHER M. HUNTINGTON

NOW hast thou come to set within my soul
Like lamps the gleaming moments of delight;
So, still in darkness, may I seek aright
The way that leadeth to thy heart, my goal.
And lo! the barge of life, past rock and shoal,
A crimson petal floats across the night,
Yet ever onward tossed to glorious light.
Come thou whose lips shall kiss and make me whole.
I know thou dwellest in some secret land,
Dear one, divinely guarded and at peace.
And wilt thou bring this dawn upon the sea?
My eyes are straining for the sun-kissed sand,
Where, like a joyous bird, I may release
My love and land and in thine arms be free.

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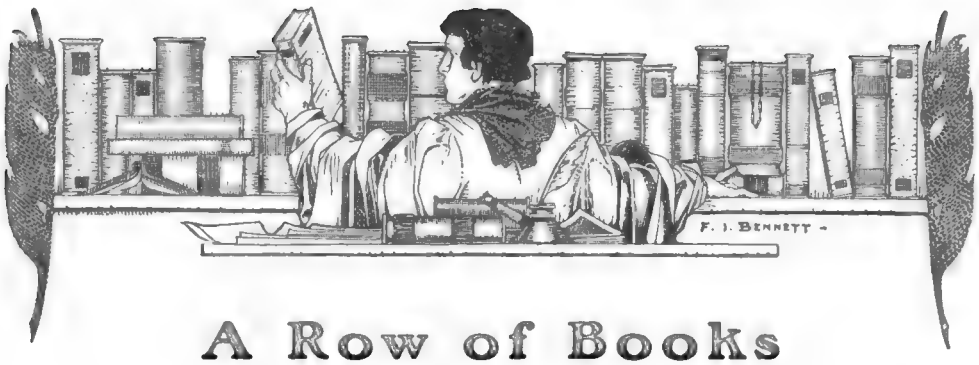

A Row of Books

By JOHAN BARRETT

It was in May, 1954. An old man with straggly gray hair had just laid a book down on the table at his elbow. He sighed as he did so, and a young woman, patching a pinafore at the front window, looked up anxiously.

"Tired of reading, grandfather?" she asked.

"No, dear, no," said the old man. "No, I've finished my book."

"Finished it? Really *finished* it? Why, whatever will you do now?" said she.

"Yes, I suppose I'll miss it," he answered. "Let me see. It was in the fall of 1907 that I began reading it aloud to your grandma. Dear, dear! You never saw her, did you?" he added. "Well, it's been a great refuge for me. And yet, somehow, I'm glad I've finished it."

"How does it end?" asked the girl.

"It doesn't end, dear. It just stops," said the old man.

"And what is it all about?" said she.

"Well, my dear, it's hard to say. The last part is all about the California climate and its effect on foreigners."

"And the beginning?" queried the girl.

"Ah! The beginning!" said the grandfather. "I often wonder about that. You see, it was so long ago!"

"Yes," he mumbled to himself, as the old will mumble "yes, I'll miss 'Ancestors.' A wonderful woman, Gertrude Atherton," he added, "a woman of wonderful endurance."

But let us return to the present.

Some one has somewhere said that, when he came to die, he hoped it would not be just as a new novel by one of his favorite authors was announced for immediate publication. For my own part, I am quite sure that, in the face of the approaching mysteries, I could give up with comparative equanimity almost everything that the publishers were promising. But I should hate to die just as a new book by William de Morgan was on the press. In reading, as in traveling, we scrape many acquaintances. We rub intellects with some; are entertained by others; find our understanding of ourselves and of our kind broadened both by our likes and by our antipathies. And occasionally we make a friend. Such a one is William de Morgan. One does not read him; one hobnobs with him. And to hobnob with a friend who has a supple imagination, a big heart, and a well-stored mind is one of the joys of life. Mr. de Morgan's latest book, called, with his quizzical genius for strange titles, "Somehow Good" (Henry Holt), is a tale that contravenes all the modern canons of fiction and rises smiling from their ruin. It has the plot of a penny-dreadful treated from the standpoint of a sentimentalist. Yet one lays it down with the satisfied consciousness of having heard the actual vicissitudes of real people intimately discussed by a delightful companion.

A pitiful but certainly a very interesting glimpse behind the scenes of recent history is to be had in a volume that, although first translated into English from the Russian over a year ago, is still but little known—"From Libau to Tsushima" (E. P. Dutton), by Eugene S. Politovsky. The author was engineer-in-chief of that Russian fleet whose progress toward the Far East and ultimate destruction was followed by the attention of the whole world. But the world was far from guessing the conditions that underlay that externally imposing demonstration: an Armada of scrap-heaps, manned by superstition and officered by incompetence, going forth in full conviction of defeat and experiencing daily panics over imaginary enemies. M. Politovsky himself went down with the flag-ship on the 14th of May, 1905, and the letters that comprise the present volume were written to his wife. Burdened with the task of keeping in repair a fleet whose engines were unrepairable and whose "units"

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were unable to keep out of one another's way, he found himself quartered in turn upon almost every ship. A constructing engineer and not a sailor, he was inspired by patriotic zeal but not silenced by *esprit de corps*. He writes with so open a frankness, so manifest a despair, and so naive an acceptance of amazing conditions as quite normal and unamazing, as to explain once for all the collapse of the Russian arms by land as well as by sea.

At least once a year every one should take a good dose of out-and-out romance. Nothing cloying, you understand, nor sticky; but the best, full-bodied, warm-hearted, glowingly colored decoction of idealized barbarism that one can find. You may not realize it, but you need it to keep in condition. For the fact is that deep down in every one of us, physically, esthetically, and theologically, there persists an impress of the ancestral barbarian. The chords that once thrilled to brute force, red and yellow headgear, and the voodoo, still vibrate to the heroic, the resplendent, and the transcendental. The instinct is disguised, refined, unrecognized; but it is there and it demands satisfaction. It is an appetite like another and, at the moment, there is nothing better to feed it with than Sir Gilbert Parker's admirably compounded ration, "The Weavers" (Harper). Here, after something of an interval, we encounter again the old Gilbert Parker of "The Seats of the Mighty." The same, yet another. For Cairo is a far cry from Quebec. But the story of David Claridge, Quaker, at the court of Kaïd, Prince Pasha of Egypt, is as glowing and as *vraisemblable* a romance as ever came from his pen. Its very color scheme, the Quaker gray against the scarlet and gold of Islam, is provocative and satisfying. We recommend it heartily as the yearly offering to atavistic cravings.

Most of us, in our youth, have had an Uncle Jim, or an Uncle Joe, who stood to us for all that was adventuresome, daredevil-like, and buccaneerish. He may have been (and frequently was) a sufficiently sedate and comfortable gentleman of middle years. In certain cases he even went about with snuff on his waistcoat and gold-rimmed glasses perched half-way down his nose. But we reveled in the record of his deeds and held his powers unfathomed. Now, to us Americans of this day of the world, fictionally speaking the West is our Uncle Jim. As we see it from car windows, as we look up and down its "Main Street" from the doorway of its "Mansion House," it is sedate and comfortable enough. But behind the snuff on its waistcoat, we divine and delight in the raciness of its younger days, and turn a willing ear to those who tell of them. Two of the newer books make, and make good, this familiar claim on our attention: Stewart Edward White's "Arizona Nights" (McClure), and O. Henry's "The Heart of the West" (McClure). Mr. White is a writer who has answered the call of the wild and in turn has made it articulate. More, perhaps, than any one of his generation, he has brought home to those who knew them not the spirit of the mountains and of the forests. In this volume he describes the scenes of a great ranch at round-up time and interlards his descriptions with yarns spun around the nightly camp-fire. Mr. Henry brings to the interpreting of the same life his very different gifts and widely differentiated angle of vision. Always impressed with the dramatic *chiaroscuro* of life and shaken by a somewhat sardonic humor, he shows us the heart of the West, beating indeed in its own breast, but pumping the same human fluid that O. Henry has studied in the slums.

There are many people who say that they "can't read Howells." Their trouble is exactly analogous to that of a person who says that he cannot see a schooner that a fellow seafarer has discerned on the horizon. The one has a preconceived notion of what a schooner should look like and, in trying to find the notion, overlooks the reality. The other, in trying to read his own preconceived form of fictional values into Mr. Howells's pages, misses those values in the accenting of which lies that writer's art. The remedy is the same in both cases—to stand behind the discoverer and look where he points. And the reward is the same—to find reality where apparently there was nothing. For Mr. Howells is the interpreter of the unnoticed. He deals in the dramatic meanings of the commonplace. And, once in a while, by way of showing that his rule works both ways, he lays a quiet and half-humorous stress upon the commonplaceness of the exceptional. There are examples of both methods in his last collection of tales—near-ghost stories and all-but psychical research cases—called "Between the Dark and the Daylight" (Harper). Those who *can* "read Howells" will need no recommendation to them. Those who think they "can't," will find the book a good one on which to begin.

Some one has described Arthur C. Benson's experiments in imaginative autobiography, of which "The Altar Fire" (Putnam) is the most recent and by no means the least interesting, as studies of "the anatomy of resignation." This is a department of mental physiology that, at first glance, might not be expected to commend itself to a hustling generation; the making the

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best of a bad job not being in their line, and the psychology of Colorado Springs being, conceivably, a matter of indifference to those whose economic and social motto is "Pike's Peak or bust." But first glances are sometimes superficial. As a matter of fact, the Book of Job is almost always included in the postgraduate course of the strenuous curriculum. And Mr. Benson is at once a sane and a sympathetic expounder of its philosophy. He is gifted, as his biographies of Edward Fitzgerald and of Walter Pater prove, with a peculiarly intuitive insight. He is singularly free from the artistic egoism of the impressionists. Given a type to study or a personality to interpret, he is more interested in looking at the world through his model's eyes than in portraying him as seen by his own. In "The Altar Fire" he has identified himself, in literary form as well as in mental feeling, with the character through whose experiences he seeks to make clear the reserves of faith and of fortitude that may be drawn upon by the unfortunate in a modern environment at once weak in faith and not guiltless of fanaticism in its worship of success.

Some years ago—the event itself will serve to indicate its remoteness—a friend of mine enjoyed for a season the ministrations of a servant of American nativity and New England extraction. This "hired help," to give her her self-elected title, was faithful, hatchet-faced, and, above all things, candid. Having, in the course of nature, parted company, it came about that, in the course of time, the mistress received a visit from her former maid, who, as my friend entered the room, rose from the edge of a straight-backed chair, looked her carefully up and down, and exclaimed, "Sakes alive, Miss Letty, how you do fade!" It is with impulses toward a like candor that one lays down Bettina von Hutten's latest novel, "The Halo" (Dodd, Mead). The impression is all the stronger because the story of this Norman musician whose vagrant ideals and temperamental inconstancies hid, even from himself, the faithful peasant strain on which his strength was reared, is so perfectly adapted to the spirit of the author. The whole situation springs from that unstable equilibrium between rebellious individualism and coercive convention so charmingly dealt with in "Our Lady of the Beeches" and in "Pam." It follows, one feels, that it is not an unfortunate selection of subject that has here eclipsed and coarsened the Baroness's delicacy of perception. It is a more personal and possibly a more permanent matter. Let us hope that its foreshadowing is premature.

OTHER BOOKS

"The Good Comrade" (Doubleday, Page), by Una L. Silberrad. A novel of English life, rather out of the common rut, by a writer who has never gotten into it.

"Henrik Ibsen" (Scribner). A sane and serviceable biography and critique by Edmund Gosse, one of Ibsen's earliest English admirers and personal friends.

"Her Son" (Dodd, Mead). An unusual and well-sustained story by Horace A. Vachell, author of "The Hill," "Brothers," and other fiction of merit.

"Bohemia in London" (Dodd, Mead). Personal reminiscences by Arthur Ransome, dealing with a country often sought for, but seldom seen.

"Arethusa" (Macmillan). One of F. Marion Crawford's easy-flowing tales. A diaphanous and iridescent romance of medieval Constantinople.

"The Ibsen Secret" (Putnam). An enthusiastic attempt, on the part of Jennette Lee, to convict Ibsen of more "symbolism" than he ever dreamed of.

"The South Americans" (Bobbs-Merrill). A volume of traveler's notes and general information, well planned and executed by Albert Hale.

"The Great Secret" (Little, Brown). E. Phillips Oppenheim's latest tale of high-pressure intrigue. A story with a good beginning, a vastly exciting middle, and a complete collapse for conclusion.

"Father and Son" (Scribner). Autobiographical recollections published anonymously, but written by Edmund Gosse and containing an interesting study of conflicting temperaments.

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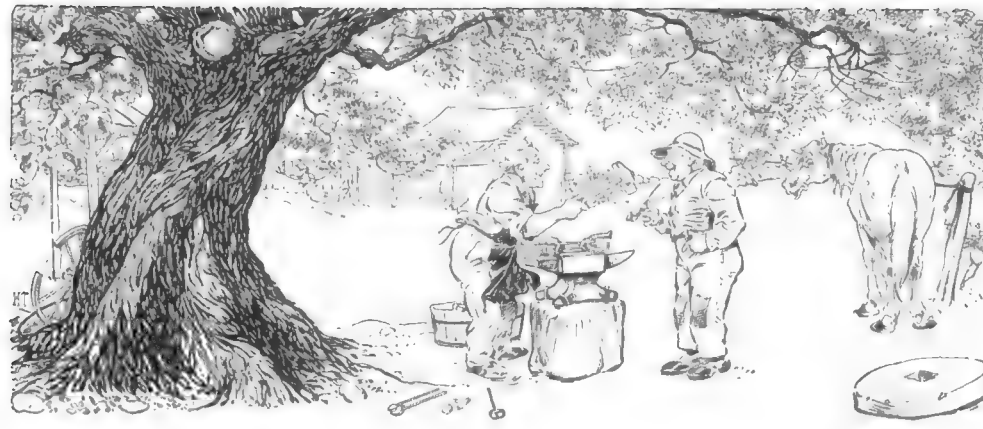

Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

It was sentence day in the city court. A man in the prisoners' pen, who had been sentenced to two years for larceny, began to cry softly. The big man next him, who was going to serve seven years for bigamy, said:

"Aw, wotcher snifflin' about?"

"I'm—I'm—th-th-thinkin' about leavin' [sob] my—my—family. Lea-leavin' my wife——"

"Aw, cut it out! Look at me. I ain't cryin', am I? An' I'm leavin' two of 'em."

It was the first vaudeville performance the old colored lady had ever seen, and she was particularly excited over the marvelous feats of the magician. But when he covered a newspaper with a heavy flannel cloth, and read the print through it, she grew a little nervous. He then doubled the cloth and again read the letters accurately.

This was more than she could stand, and rising in her seat, she said:

"I'm goin' home. This ain't no place for a lady in a thin calico dress!"

"Dose Irish make me sick, always talking about vat gread fighders dey are," said a Teutonic resident of Hoboken, with great contempt. "Vhy, at Minna's vedding der odder nighd dot drunken Mike O'Hooligan butted in, und me und mein bruder und mein cousin Fritz und mein frient Louie Hartmann—vhy, ve pretty near kicked him oudt of der house!"

The intoxicated individual who, after bumping into the same tree thirteen times, bemoaned the fact that he was lost in an impenetrable forest, is no greater disgrace to modern civilization than the hero of this story:

A citizen of Seattle who had looked upon the wine when he was no longer sure what color it was, in the course of his journey home encountered a tree protected by an iron tree-guard. Grasping the bars, he cautiously felt his way around it twice.

"Curse it!" he moaned, sinking to the ground in despair. "Locked in!"

A number of Confederate prisoners, during the Civil War, were detained at one of the Western military posts under conditions much less unpleasant than those to be found in the ordinary military prison. Most of them appreciated their comparatively good fortune. One young fellow, though, could not be reconciled to association with Yankees under any circumstances, and took advantage of every opportunity to express his feelings. He was continually rubbing

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it in about the battle of Chickamauga, which had just been fought with such disastrous results for the Union forces.

"Maybe we didn't eat you up at Chickamauga!" was the way he generally greeted a bluecoat.

The Union men, when they could stand it no longer, reported the matter to General Grant. Grant summoned the prisoner.

"See here," said Grant, "I understand that you are continually insulting the men here with references to the battle of Chickamauga. They have borne with you long enough, and I'm going to give you your choice of two things. You will either take the oath of allegiance to the United States, or be sent to a Northern prison. Choose."

The prisoner was silent for some time. "Well," he said at last, in a resigned tone, "I reckon, General, I'll take the oath."

The oath was duly administered. Turning to Grant, the fellow then asked, very penitently, if he might speak.

"Yes," said Grant, indifferently. "What is it?"

"Why, I was just thinkin', General," he drawled, "they certainly did give us hell at Chickamauga."

A Western weekly prints the following:

"Paterfamilias asks: 'How can I get an article into your esteemed paper?' It all depends on the article you want to get into our paper, Pater. If it is small in bulk, like a hair-brush or a tea-caddy, spread the paper out upon the floor, and, placing the article carefully in the center, neatly fold the edges over it and tie with a string. This will keep the article from slipping out. If, on the other hand, the article is an English bath-tub or a clothes-horse, you will find it more suited to one of the New York Sunday papers."

"Will," said a newly married friend to Will Maupin, the Nebraska poet, "I'm in a quandary as to just what I should call my wife's mother. I don't like to call her 'Mother-in-law' on account of all the comic-paper jokes on that name, and somehow there's a certain sacredness about the word 'Mother' that makes me hesitate to apply it to any but my own."

"Well," said Maupin, "I can only tell you of my own experience. The first year we were married I addressed my wife's mother as 'Say'; after that we called her 'Grandma.'"

Back in the dark ages, when the management of the Erie Railroad was not all that it should have been—the rolling-stock needing more oil and the common stock less water—a west-bound passenger train jolted into Corning one day two hours behind time, and halted to patch up the engine and take on such passengers as were in no hurry and preferred waiting to walking.

Just as the train was about to jerk itself into motion, an excited individual came rushing along the platform, dragging a heavy carpet-bag with one hand, and waving a telegram with the other.

"You must wait!" he shouted breathlessly. "I'm in an awful hurry! I want to get to Buffalo the worst way!"

"All right," sang out the conductor of the starting train. "Hurry up and jump aboard. You won't strike anything worse than this!"

One day, in the spring of '74, Cap Smith's freight outfit pulled into Helena, Montana. After unloading the freight, the "mule-skinners," to a man, repaired to the Combination Gambling House and proceeded to load themselves. Late in the afternoon, Zeb White, Smith's oldest skinner, having exchanged all of his hard coin for liquid refreshment, zigzagged into the corral, crawled under a wagon, and went to sleep. After supper, Smith, making his nightly rounds, happened on the sleeping Zeb.

"Kinder chilly, ain't it?" he asked, after earnestly prodding Zeb with a convenient stick.

"I reckon 'tis," Zeb drowsily mumbled.

"Ain't yer 'fraid ye'll freeze?"

"'Tis cold, ain't it? Say, Cap, jest throw on another wagon, will yer?"

A father, whose looks are not such as to warrant the breaking up of all existing statues of Apollo, tells this on himself:

"My little girl was sitting on my lap facing a mirror. After gazing intently at her reflection for some minutes she said: 'Papa, did God make you?'

"'Certainly, my dear,' I told her.

"'And did He make me, too?'—taking another look in the mirror.

"'Certainly, dear. What makes you ask?'

"'Oh, I don't know. Seems to me He's doin' better work lately.'"

Two Scotchmen occupied the same building, one of them living on the lower floor, and the other up-stairs. One evening the man on the first floor, hearing a commotion in the hall, went out to see what the trouble was, and found that his friend had fallen down-stairs. "Did ye fa' doon, Rob?" he asked.

"Aye," said Rob, "I fell doon, but I was comin' doon whether or no."

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Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
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31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

With "Everybody's" Publishers

"EVERYBODY'S must be hard up for subjects," said the active sociologist, who had dropped in upon us, "to have to take up spiritualism. Faugh! it smells to heaven of fraud and credulity and sensation-mongering."

"What is the greatest subject in the world?" we asked him.

"There are three great subjects that include all others," our mentor replied, promptly enough—"life, death, and immortality."

"And yet you criticize an honest effort to set before our readers the fruits of much investigation and theorizing that purport to explain these conditions, and to assure us of life after death. If there are truths in spiritualism, our readers need to know them. If not, they should know what all the talk they hear is about, what to believe and what to reject. When such men as Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, Lombroso, and other great European scientists, admit that certain phenomena produced by mediums prove either the survival of the soul after death or the existence of supernormal powers, the subject ceases to be negligible by the rest of us."

There, then, is the thesis for our "Shadow World." For years we have had in mind an idea for a series of articles that would tell people what had really been ascertained in regard to so-called "occultism."

THE RIGHT MAN

In our discussion of the subject, we agreed that the man to treat it must be some one of such fair reputation that the public would accept his explanations as worthy of consideration, if not of credence. Also that he must have a first-hand knowledge of the range of investigations into this subject, and be of such mental integrity and soundness as would enable him to weigh, in a judicial spirit, whatever evidence might come before him.

Soon after the appearance of his novel, "The Tyranny of the Dark," we put the problem of occultism before Hamlin Garland, and asked if he would undertake to enlighten our readers in regard to it. He replied that he was too busy with other work to give up the time and attention required. A year later, realizing how vastly important the subject had grown in the public estimation, and being free to devote himself to the task, he began.

TRYING TO SOLVE THE GREAT MYSTERY

The form he has chosen enables him to narrate incidents of his own experiences when, as a director and, later, as President of the Psychical Society, he conducted some of the best test experiments with mediums ever made in America. Also he sets forth the results of the investigations conducted in England, France, and Italy by the scientists who have taken up the subject in those countries. When the series is ended, our readers will know what the greatest minds of the day have definitely found out in regard to all these occult phenomena, and also the various theories as to their cause.

Here and there a friend will consider a discussion of spirits little short of sacrilege. In all ages some men have held as sacrilegious any prying into the ways of Providence. Especially, the great mystery of all time, the mystery of life after death—though it has pressed for solution in the mind of every living mortal—has been held by hosts of good people as the one business of Providence about which we are not expected to inquire. This may be so, but the exact contrary may be

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so. Who knows? And when scientific men of international reputation vouch for such remarkable experiences as Mr. Garland relates, no human being with mind and heart can help wondering and questioning. The wireless telegraph has probably turned the thought of men to mysterious messages from the other world, and we are becoming so accustomed to seeing impossibilities made possible that it would not shock us greatly to get a clear, unquestioned message from some great soul that has gone before.

Since deciding on this series, we have heard many remarkable personal experiences, which gave us the idea of offering prizes to our readers for the best accounts of any such occurrences. Note that this is not a literary competition. We are not asking you for fiction. We seek to bring forward facts of out-of-the-ordinary experiences. Mr. Garland has made it clear that the so-called mediumistic power is not confined to professional operators. There are "sensitives" in all walks of life, conscious, but suspicious, of powers and tendencies that, for want of a better term, we say are supernatural. What we desire to bring out, then, is authenticated reports of manifestations that are absolutely free from all taint of professionalism.

PRIZES FOR PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

Such narrations must be as literal as possible, and must be attested by affidavits of witnesses. Suppose some relative or friend has this curious power, and, though disliking to exercise it, is persuaded for experiment's sake to enter a séance. Strange things happen. You feel quite sure that there can be no imposture, because the medium has no personal interest in producing the action. Write out in simple, concise fashion what you did and what happened, have it typewritten, and send it in, addressed to "The Shadow World Editor." In order to certify its authenticity, have the persons who saw the performance make affidavits to the truth of your story. Thus Mr. Garland and other honest scientific investigators will gain possession of a vast store of experiences that will aid in solving these mysteries.

The prizes are also open to instances of telepathy. The power of mind to communicate directly to mind without speech seems to be shown by abundant evidence, and is fraught with great consequences, for its admission enlarges our conception of human powers to an extraordinary degree. Such instances of speechless communication must be clearly stated, and accompanied by affidavits and other evidences of reliability. Ghost stories we are not prepared to consider —unless the appearances were witnessed, and can be attested, by more than one person. Dreams are barred.

You may send your narrative now, or at any time during the next three months. We will give $500 to the reader who sends the most interesting and significant account, $250 for the second-best account, $125 for the third, $75 for the fourth, and $50 for the fifth.

We want you to understand that we are trying to get at the *facts* of occult phenomena. To that end we must insist on two points: first, that the experiences be *personal*—something that happened to you or that you observed. Second, that you go to some pains to assure us that it is fact and not fiction you are submitting.

THE APRIL COVER, which seems to have induced an epidemic of curiosity, has brought out a lot of very joyous letters.

We had nothing more intricate in mind than the revival of an old April-First joke, coupled with a covert suggestion that a careless kick landed on the American People would result in a "stubbed" toe. But from the apprehensive tone of some of the letters we might have been proposing a constitutional amendment.

Here are a couple of samples:

GENTLEMEN: ATLANTA, GA., March 24, 1908.

Why the hat?

And if you come to that, why the brick?

Is it an April Fool's Day joke on your readers?

Most everybody around the office reads EVERYBODY'S, and we've searched from the cover in question to the ads. in the back, but can't find the answer.

If the brick represents the American people, then what does the hat mean? And who is expected to kick it—and why—and when?

Please relieve our suspense, if necessary by wire—paid.

Yours, in anticipation, D. G.

DEMOCRATIC FLOTORIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

March 24, 1908.

GENTLEMEN:

It is a small thing to worry you about, but ever since your April number of EVERYBODY'S appeared at our newsstand we have held several conventions of the Wise Men to decide what is meant to be conveyed by the cover of the hat and the brick. Some say it is simply an April Fool, some say that it represents the American people covered over or imprisoned by predatory wealth, and that the end of the brick protruding from under the hat represents the Revolutionary progress, which is headed by EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, of the American people.

A large majority of our citizens read your magazine, and the cover has become the all-absorbing question and must be settled some way.

Please be kind enough to write me a full explanation upon this point so our town will be at rest.

Yours truly, J. L. G.

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Ain't we Cute
Cream of Wheat
Kids?

Painted by Harry Stacey Benton for Cream of Wheat Company.

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TROW DIRECTORY PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY

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Williams' Shaving Stick

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

A man's face is too conspicuous and too easily marred to risk the consequences of any shaving soap that is not as pure and soothing as Williams'.

IT COMES IN THE NICKELED BOX HINGED COVER

Williams' Shaving Stick can also be had in the leatherette-covered metal box as formerly.

Williams' Shaving Sticks sent on receipt of price, 25c., if your druggist does not supply you. A sample stick (enough for 50 shaves) for 4c. in stamps. *Address*

The J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A. Glastonbury, Conn.

Special Toilet Soap Offer

Ask your druggist for WILLIAMS' JERSEY CREAM TOILET SOAP. With 4 cakes (for a limited time) he will give you a handsome, heavily nickeled, hinged box for your soap, on the train, at the hotel, in your room, or the locker at your club or gymnasium. If he does not supply you send 60c. and we will forward the 4 cakes of soap and the soap box.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY

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